EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER *hath* 30 days *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS 1913

ON CONTEMPLATING NOVEMBER

In summer when the days are long
I have no subject for my song.
In winter it is just the same—
I can not seem to beat the game.

Oh, does it not seem hard to you
That such a state of things is true?
That there should be a gaping lack
Of themes to fill an ALMANACK?

1—Sa. —Benvenuto Cellini born, 1500. Systematic meteorological observations established, 1871.
2—Su. —St. John, N. B., captured by Americans, 1775. Marie Antoinette born, 1755.
3—M. —F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, composer greatest of anti-suffrage airs, died, 1847.
4—Tu. —ELECTION DAY. *Look out for headlines "Charges Fraud at Polls."*
5—W. —Candidates, successful, promise their cities a business administration, with freedom from graft, 1913. Gunpowder plot, 1605.
6—Th. —John Philip Sousa born, 1854. Newspapers denounce elected mayor, 1913.
7—Fr. —C. C. Maecenas, first to pay for poetry on acceptance, died, B. C. 8.
8—Sa. —McIntyre and Heath put on "The Georgia Minstrels," 1636. John Milton died, 1674.
9—Su. —New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad promises to investigate and Fix the Blame, B. C. 1815.
10—M. —Mohammed born, 570. Martin Luther born, 1483. Oliver Goldsmith born, 1728. Schiller born, 1759.
11—Tu. —*
12—W. —New York shops begin showing spring styles for 1914, 1913. James Creelman born, 1859.
13—Th. —Beelzebub drafts New York divorce law, B. C. 606.
14—Fr. —The Christian Commission organized, 1861. *Look out for snow.*
15—Sa. —EDITOR EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK one year older, 1913.
16—Su. —Tiberius born, B. C. 42. N. Y. *Evening Post*, still a good paper, first issued, 1801.
17—M. —Immigration treaty between U. S. and China ratified, 1880.
18—Tu. —New England shaken by earthquake†, 1755.
19—W. —Jay's treaty signed, 1794. Harry K. Thaw confident of release, 1974.
20—Th. —Chatterton born, 1752.
21—Fr. —Mary Johnston born, 1870.
22—Sa. —*Time to postpone Christmas shopping*, 1913.
23—Su. —John D. Rockefeller tells young men to save their money and to walk in righteous paths, 1913. Socialist Party gains 10,000 votes, 1913.
24—M. —Frances Hodgson Burnett born, 1849.
25—Tu. —Andrew Carnegie, exploiter of steel that builds steamships that import cheap foreign labor to exploit steel, born, 1837.
26—W. —First street-railway car exhibited and operated, 1832.
27—Th. —THANKSGIVING DAY. Bread pudding excluded from the ark as unfit for man or beast, B. C. 3812.
28—Fr. —Eighty million persons say "It seems like Monday," 1913.
29—Sa. —Wendell Phillips born, 1811. Essential monogamy discovered by Upton Sinclair, 1911.
30—Su. —Cyrus W. Field born, 1819. Wooden Pullman cars abolished, 2675.

*Editor Almanack. Didn't anything ever happen on this date? Editors EVERYBODY'S. Editors EVERYBODY'S: Look at all the things I gave you for the day before. They tired me, and I couldn't get my breath. Don't be tyrannical, please.

†Only way to shake it, too.

FASCINATING FACTS

A monument is in course of erection to George Witherbee, a dining-car waiter who once returned a tray of change containing a coin as small as a dime.

Speaking of eugenics, the inmates of insane asylums in the United States outnumber the college students.

The newspaper accounts of Yale-Harvard debates for the last 25 years would reach, if placed end to end, from Holworthy Hall, Cambridge, Mass., to Matthews Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; while the newspaper accounts of Yale-Harvard football games for the same period would stretch from New Haven, Conn., to Sydney, N. S. W.

THE FRAIL, UNVOTING SEX

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the ladies do then, poor things?
With pumps and thin hose
And the sheerest of clothes
They'll weather the wildest of storms, poor things.

EDITOR'S NOTE

On November 21, 1802, Jacob Sleeper was born. Mr. Sleeper was a philanthropic merchant, who in his day contributed to more than one hundred churches. We should have mentioned this fact in the regular place — the blank opposite November 21 in the calendar—but for the fact that we feared a great many readers might think we were aiming at a jest in a Mr. Sleeper contributing to churches. Nor do we wish to add to the too great number that refuses to take the Almanack seriously.

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"LONG, THIN, FANTASTIC COILS OF VAPOR-LIKE MATERIAL FLEW PAST ME AT GREAT SPEED . . . ONE OF THESE AIR-SNAKES WHISKED PAST MY VERY FACE, AND I WAS CONSCIOUS OF A COLD, CLAMMY CONTACT."

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Everybody's Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1913 VOL. XXIX. NO. 5

The HORROR of the HEIGHTS

by

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," "THE LOST WORLD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE idea that the extraordinary narrative which has been called the Joyce-Armstrong Fragment is an elaborate practical joke, evolved by some unknown person cursed by a perverted and sinister sense of humor, has now been abandoned by all who have examined the facts. The most *macabre* and imaginative of plotters would hesitate before linking his morbid fancies with the unquestioned and tragic facts which reinforce the statement. Though the assertions contained in it are amazing and even monstrous, it is none the less forcing itself upon the general intelligence that they are true, and that we must readjust our ideas to the new situation.

This world of ours appears to be separated by a slight and precarious margin of safety from a most singular and unexpected danger. I will endeavor in this narrative, which reproduces the original document in its necessarily somewhat fragmentary form, to lay before the reader the whole of the facts up to date, prefacing my statement by saying that if there be any who doubt the narrative of Joyce-Armstrong there can be no question at all as to the facts concerning Lieutenant Myrtle, R. N., and Mr. Hay Connor, who undoubtedly met their end in the manner described.

The Joyce-Armstrong Fragment was found in the field which is called Lower Haycock, lying one mile to the westward of the village of Withyham upon the Kent and Sussex border. It was on the fifteenth of September last that an agricultural laborer, James Flynn, in the employment of Matthew Dodd, farmer of the Chauntry Farm, Withyham, perceived a briar pipe lying near the footpath which skirts the hedge in Lower Haycock. A few paces farther on he picked up a pair of broken binocular glasses. Finally, among some nettles in the ditch, he caught sight of a flat canvas-backed book which proved to be a note-book with

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detachable leaves, some of which had come loose and were fluttering along the base of the hedge. These he collected, but some, including the first, were never recovered and leave a deplorable hiatus in this all-important statement.

The note-book was taken by the laborer to his master, who in turn showed it to Dr. J. H. Atherton of Hartfield. This gentleman at once recognized the need for an expert examination, and the manuscript was forwarded to the Obro Club in London, where it now lies.

The first two pages of the manuscript are missing. There is also one torn away at the end of the narrative, though none of these affects the general coherence of the story. It is conjectured that the missing opening is concerned with the record of Mr. Joyce-Armstrong's qualifications as an aeronaut, which can be gathered from other sources and are admitted to be unsurpassed among the air-pilots of England. For many years he has been looked upon as among the most daring and the most intellectual of flying men, a combination which has enabled him both to invent and to test several new devices, including the common gyroscopic attachment which is by his known name.

The main body of the manuscript is written neatly in ink, but the last few lines are in pencil and are so ragged as to be hardly legible—exactly, in fact, as they might be expected to appear if they were scribbled off hurriedly from the seat of a moving aeroplane.

There are, it may be added, several stains both on the last page and on the outside cover which have been pronounced by the Home Office experts to be blood—probably human and certainly mammalian. The fact that something closely resembling the organism of malaria was discovered in this blood, and that Joyce-Armstrong is known to have suffered from intermittent fever, is a remarkable example of the new weapons which modern science has placed in the hands of our detectives.

And now a word as to the personality of the author of this epoch-making statement. Joyce-Armstrong, according to the few friends who really knew something of the man, was a poet and a dreamer as well as a mechanic and an inventor. He was a man of considerable wealth, much of which he had spent in the pursuit of his aeronautical hobby. He had four private aeroplanes in his hangars near Devizes, and is said to have made no less than one hundred and seventy ascents in the course of last year.

He was a retiring man, with dark moods in which he would avoid the society of his fellows. Captain Dangerfield, who knew him better than any one else, says that there were times when his eccentricity threatened to develop into something more serious. His habit of carrying a shotgun with him in his aeroplane was one manifestation of it. Another was the morbid effect which the fall of Lieutenant Myrtle had upon his mind.

Myrtle, who was attempting the height-record, fell from an altitude of something over thirty thousand feet. Horrible to narrate, his head was entirely obliterated, though his body and limbs preserved their configuration. At every gathering of airmen, Joyce-Armstrong, according to Dangerfield, would ask with an enigmatic smile: "And where, pray, is Myrtle's head?" This dreadful question, and the strange fashion in which it was asked, froze the blood of men who were callous to the dangers of their perilous calling.

On another occasion, after dinner at the mess of the Flying School on Salisbury Plain, he started a debate as to what will be the most permanent danger which airmen will have to encounter. Having listened to successive opinions as to air-pockets, faulty engines, and over-banking, he ended by shrugging his shoulders and refusing to put forward his own views, though he gave the impression that they differed from any advanced by his companions. It is worth remarking that after his own complete disappearance it was found that his private affairs were arranged with a precision which may show that he had a strong premonition of disaster.

With these essential explanations I will now give the narrative exactly as it stands, beginning at page 3 of the blood-soaked note-book.

"Nevertheless, when I dined at Rheims with Coselli and Gustav Raymond I found that neither of them was aware of any particular danger in the higher layers of the atmosphere. I did not actually say what was in my thoughts, but I got so near to it that if they had had any corresponding idea they could not have failed to express it. But then they are two empty, vain-glorious

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fellows with no thought beyond seeing their silly names in the newspaper. It is interesting to note that neither of them had ever been much beyond the twenty-thousand-foot level. Of course, men have been higher than this both in balloons and in the ascent of mountains. It must be well above that point that the aeroplane enters the danger zone—always presuming that my premonitions are correct.

"Aeroplaning has been with us now for more than twenty years, and one might well ask, why should this peril be only revealing itself in our day? The answer is obvious. In the old days of weak engines, when a hundred-horsepower Gnome was considered ample for every need, the flights were very restricted. Now that three hundred horsepower is the rule rather than the exception, visits to the upper layers have become easier and more common. Some of us can remember how in our youth Garros made a world-wide reputation by attaining 19,000 feet, and it was considered a remarkable achievement to fly over the Alps.

"Our standard now has been immeasurably raised, and there are twenty high flights for one in former years. Many of them have been undertaken with impunity. The thirty-thousand-foot level has been reached time after time with no discomfort beyond cold and asthma.

"What does this prove? A visitor might descend upon this planet a thousand times and never see a tiger. Yet tigers exist, and if he chanced to come down into a jungle he might be devoured. There are jungles of the upper air, and there are worse things than tigers which inhabit them. I believe in time these jungles will be accurately mapped out. Even at the present moment I could name two of them. One of them lies over the Pau-Biarritz district of France. Another is just over my head as I write here in my house in Wiltshire. I rather think there is a third in the Homburg-Wiesbaden district.

"It was the disappearance of the air-men that first set me thinking. Of course, every one said that they had fallen into the sea, but that did not satisfy me at all. First, there was Verrier in France; his machine was found near Bayonne, but they never got his body.

"There was the case of Baxter also, who vanished, though his engine and some of the iron fixings were found in a wood in Leicestershire. In that case, Dr. Middleton of Amesbury, who was watching the flight with a telescope, declares that just before the clouds obscured the view he saw the machine, which was at an enormous height, suddenly rise perpendicularly upward in a succession of jerks, in a manner that he would have thought to be impossible. That was the last seen of Baxter. There was a correspondence in the papers, but it never led to anything.

"There were several other similar cases, and then there was the death of Hay Connor. What a cackle there was about an unsolved mystery of the air, and what columns in the halfpenny papers, and yet how little was ever done to get at the bottom of the business! He came down in a tremendous volplane from an unknown height. He never got off his machine, and died in his pilot's seat.

"Died of what? 'Heart-disease,' said the doctors. Rubbish! Hay Connor's heart was as sound as mine is. What did Venables say? Venables was the only man who was at his side when he died. He said that he was shivering and looked like a man who had been badly scared. 'Died of fright,' said Venables, but could not imagine what he was frightened about. Only said one word to Venables, which sounded like 'Monstrous.' They could make nothing of that at the inquest. But I could make something of it.

"Monsters! That was the last word of poor Harry Hay Connor. And he *did* die of fright, just as Venables thought.

"And then there was Myrtle's head. Do you really believe—does anybody really believe—that a man's head could be driven clean into his body by the force of a fall? Well, perhaps it may be possible, but I for one have never believed that it was so with Myrtle. And the grease upon his clothes—'all slimy with grease,' said somebody at the inquest. Queer that nobody got thinking after that! I did—but then I had been thinking for a good long time.

"I've made three ascents—how Dangerfield used to chaff me about my shotgun!—but I've never been high enough! Now, with this new, light Paul Veroner machine and its 175 Robur, I should easily touch the 30,000 to-morrow. I'll have a shot at the record. Maybe I shall have a shot at something else as well. Of course, it's dangerous. If a fellow wants to avoid danger he

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"AS I FELL OVER I BLAZED OFF BOTH BARRELS OF MY GUN, THOUGH IT WAS LIKE ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT WITH A PEA-SHOOTER TO IMAGINE THAT ANY HUMAN WEAPON COULD CRIPPLE THAT MIGHTY BULK.

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had best keep out of flying altogether and subside finally into flannel slippers and a dressing-gown. But I'll visit the air-jungle to-morrow—and if there's anything there I shall know it.

"If I return, I'll find myself a bit of a celebrity. If I don't, this note-book may explain what I am trying to do, and how I lost my life in doing it. But no drivel about accidents or mysteries, if *you* please.

"I chose my Paul Veroner monoplane for the job. There's nothing like a monoplane when real work is to be done. Beaumont found that out in very early days. For one thing, it doesn't mind damp, and the weather looks as if we should be in the clouds all the time. It's a bonny little model, and answers my hand like a tender-mouthed horse. The engine is a ten-cylinder rotary Robur, working up to 175. It has all the modern improvements, enclosed fusilage, high-curved landing-skids, brakes, gyroscopic steadiers, and three speeds worked by an alteration of the angle of the planes, upon the Venetian-blind principle.

"I took a shotgun with me, with a dozen cartridges filled with buckshot. You should have seen the face of Perkins, my old mechanic, when I directed him to put them in. I was dressed like an Arctic explorer, with two jerseys under my overalls, thick socks inside my padded boots, a storm-cap with flaps, and my talc goggles. It was stifling outside the hangars, but I was going for the summit of the Himalayas, and had to dress for the part.

"Of course, I took an oxygen-bag; the man who goes for the altitude-record without one will either be frozen or smothered —or both.

"I had a good look at the planes, the rudder-bar, and the elevating-lever before I got in. Everything was in order so far as I could see. Then I switched on my engine and found that she was running sweetly. When they let her go she rose almost at once, upon the lowest speed. I circled my home field once or twice just to warm her up, and then with a wave to the others I flattened out my planes and put her on her highest. She skimmed like a swallow down wind for eight or ten miles until I turned her nose up a little and she began to climb in a great spiral for the cloud-bank above me. It's all important to rise slowly and adapt yourself to the pressure as you go.

"It was a close, warm day for an English September, and there was the hush and heaviness of impending rain. Now and then there came sudden puffs of wind from the southwest—one of them so gusty and unexpected that it caught me napping and turned me half-round for an instant. I remember the time when gusts and whirls and air-pockets used to be things of danger—before we learned to put an overmastering power into our engines. Just as I reached the cloud-banks, with the altimeter marking 3,000, down came the rain.

"My word, how it poured! It drummed upon my wings, and lashed against my face, blurring my glasses so that I could hardly see. I got down on to a low speed, for it was painful to travel against it. As I got higher it became hail, and I had to turn tail to it. One of my cylinders was out of action—a dirty plug, I should imagine; but still I was rising steadily with plenty of power.

"After a bit the trouble passed, whatever it was, and I heard the full, deep-throated purr—the ten singing as one. That's where the beauty of our modern silencers comes in. We can at last control our engines by ear. How they squeal and squeak and sob when they are in trouble! All those cries for help were wasted in the old days when every sound was swallowed up by the monstrous racket of the machine. If only the early aviators could come back to see the beauty and perfection of the mechanism which has been bought at the cost of their lives!

"About 9:30 I was nearing the clouds. Down below me, all blurred and shadowed with rain, lay the vast expanse of Salisbury Plain. Half a dozen flying-machines were doing hack-work at the thousand-foot level, looking like little black swallows against the green background. I dare say they were wondering what I was doing up in Cloudland.

"Suddenly a gray curtain drew across beneath me, and the wet folds of vapor were swirling round my face. It was clammily cold and miserable. But I was above the hail-storm and that was something gained. The cloud was as dark and thick as a London fog. In my anxiety to get clear, I cocked her nose up until the automatic alarm-bell rang and I actually began to slide backward. My sopped and dripping wings had made me heavier than I thought, but presently I was in lighter cloud and soon had cleared the first layer.

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"I HAD HALF-TURNED MY MONOPLANE THAT I MIGHT LOOK AFTER THIS BEAUTIFUL

"There was a second—opal-colored and fleecy—at a great height above my head: a white, unbroken ceiling above, and a dark, unbroken floor below, with the monoplane laboring upward upon a vast spiral between them. It is deadly lonely in these cloud-spaces. Once a great flight of some small water-bird went past me, flying very fast to the westward. The quick whir of their wings and their musical cry were cheery to my ear. I fancy that they were teal, but I am a wretched zoologist. Now that we humans have become birds we must really learn to know our brethren by sight.

"The wind down beneath me whirled and swayed the broad cloud-plain. Once a great eddy formed in it, a whirlpool of vapor, and through it, as down a funnel, I caught sight of the distant world. A large white biplane was passing at a vast depth beneath

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CREATURE * * IN A MOMENT I FOUND MYSELF AMIDST A PERFECT FLEET OF THEM."

me. I fancy it was the morning-mail service between Bristol and London. Then the drift swirled inward again and the great solitude was unbroken.

"Just after ten I touched the lower edge of the upper-cloud stratum. It consisted of fine, diaphanous vapor drifting swiftly from the westward. The wind had been steadily rising all this time, and it was now blowing a sharp breeze—twenty-eight an hour by my gage. Already it was very cold, though my altimeter marked only nine thousand. The engines were working beautifully, and we went droning steadily upward. The cloud-bank was thicker than I had expected, but at last it thinned out into a golden mist before me, and then in an instant I had shot out from it, and there was an unclouded sky and a brilliant sun over my head—all blue and gold above, all shining

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silver below, one vast, glimmering plain as far as my eyes could reach.

"It was quarter past ten o'clock, and the barograph-needle pointed to twelve thousand eight hundred. Up I went and up, my ears concentrated upon the deep purring of my motor, my eyes busy always with the watch, the revolution-indicator, the petrol-lever, and the oil-pump. No wonder aviators are said to be a fearless race. With so many things to think of there is no time to trouble about oneself. About this time I noted how unreliable is the compass when above a certain height from earth. At fifteen thousand feet mine was pointing east and a point south. The sun and the wind gave me my true bearings.

"I rose steadily, reflecting the sun like a gilded dragon-fly between earth and heaven, soaring higher and higher from the silver fleece beneath me.

"But a mighty wind was flowing like a great, smooth river across these empty solitudes of air. I had hoped to reach an eternal stillness in these high altitudes, but with every thousand feet of ascent the gale grew stronger. My machine groaned and trembled in every joint and rivet as she faced it, and swept away like a sheet of paper when I banked her on the turn, skimming down wind at a greater pace, perhaps, than ever mortal man has moved. Yet I had always to turn again and tack up in the wind's eye, for it was not merely a height-record that I was after. By all my calculations it was above Wiltshire that my air-jungle lay, and all my labor might be lost if I struck the outer layers at some farther point.

"When I reached the nineteen-thousand-foot level, which was about mid-day, the wind was so severe that I looked with some anxiety to the stays of my wings, expecting momentarily to see them snap or slacken. I even cast loose the parachute behind me, and fastened its hook into the ring of my leathern belt so as to be ready for the worst. This is the time when a bit of scamped work by the mechanic is paid for by the life of the aeronaut. But she held together bravely. Every cord and strut was humming and vibrating like a harp-string; but it was glorious to see how, for all the beating and the buffeting, she was still the mistress of the sky.

"There is surely something divine in man himself that he should rise so superior to the limitations which Creation seems to impose—rise, too, by such unselfish, heroic devotion as this air-conquest has shown. Talk of human degeneration! When has such a story as this been written in the annals of our race!

"These were the thoughts in my head as I climbed that monstrous inclined plane, with the wind sometimes beating in my face and sometimes whistling behind my ears, while the cloud-land beneath me fell away to such a distance that the folds and hummocks of silver had all smoothed out into one flat, shining plain.

"But suddenly I had a horrible and unprecedented experience. I have known before what it is to be in what our neighbors have called a '*tourbillon*,' but never on such a scale as this. That huge, sweeping river of wind of which I have spoken had, as it appears, whirlpools within it which were as monstrous as itself. Without a moment's warning I was dragged suddenly into the heart of one. I spun round for a minute or two with such velocity that I almost lost my senses, and then fell suddenly, left-wing foremost, down the vacuum-funnel in the center. I dropped like a stone, and lost nearly a thousand feet in about twenty seconds. It was only my belt that kept me in my seat, and the shock and breathlessness left me hanging half-insensible over the side of the fusilage.

"But I am always capable of a supreme effort—it is my one great merit as an aviator. I was conscious that the descent was slower. The whirlpool was a cone rather than a funnel, and I had come to the apex. With a terrific wrench, throwing my weight all to one side, I leveled my planes and brought her head away from the wind. In an instant I had shot out of the eddies and was skimming down the sky.

"Then, shaken but victorious, I turned her nose up and began once more my steady grind on the upward spiral. I took a large sweep to avoid the danger-spot of the whirlpool, and soon I was safely above it. Just after one o'clock I was 21,000 feet above the sea-level. To my great joy I had topped the gale, and with every hundred feet of ascent the air grew stiller. On the other hand, it was very cold, and I was conscious of that peculiar nausea which goes with rarefication of the air. For the first time I unscrewed the mouth of my oxygen-bag and took an occasional whiff of the glorious gas. I could feel it running

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like a cordial through my veins, and I was exhilarated almost to the point of drunkenness. I shouted and sang as I soared upward into the cold, still outer world.

"It was very clear to me that the insensibility which came upon Glaisher, and in a lesser degree upon Coxwell, when in 1862 they ascended in a balloon to the height of 30,000 feet, was due to the extreme speed with which a perpendicular ascent is made. Doing it at an easy gradient and accustoming oneself to the lessened barometric pressure by slow degrees, there are no such dreadful symptoms. At the same great height I found that even without my oxygen-inhaler I could breathe without undue distress.

"It was bitterly cold, however, and my thermometer was at zero Fahrenheit. At 1:30, I was nearly seven miles above the surface of the earth, and still ascending steadily. I found, however, that the rarefied air was giving markedly less support to my planes, and that my angle of ascent had to be considerably lowered in consequence. It was already clear that even with my light weight and strong engine-power there was a point in front of me where I should be held. To make matters worse, one of my sparking-plugs was in trouble again and there was intermittent misfiring in the engine. My heart was heavy with the fear of failure.

"It was about that time that I had a most extraordinary experience. Something whizzed past me in a trail of smoke and exploded with a loud hissing sound, sending forth a cloud of steam. For the instant I could not imagine what had happened. Then I remembered that the earth is forever being bombarded by meteor stones and would be hardly inhabitable were they not in nearly every case turned to vapor in the outer layers of the atmosphere. Here is a new danger for the high-altitude man, for two others passed me when I was nearing the forty-thousand-foot mark. I can not doubt that at the edge of the earth's envelope the risk would be a very real one.

"My barograph-needle marked 41,300 when I became aware that I could go no farther. Physically, the strain was not as yet greater than I could bear, but my machine had reached its limit. The attenuated air gave no firm support to the wings, and the least tilt developed into side-slip, while she seemed sluggish on her controls. Possibly, had the engine been at its best, another thousand feet might have been within our capacity; but it was still misfiring, and two out of the ten cylinders appeared to be out of action. If I had not already reached the zone for which I was searching, then I should never see it upon this journey.

"But was it not possible that I had attained it? Soaring in circles like a monstrous hawk upon the forty-thousand-foot level, I let the monoplane guide herself, and with my Manheim glass I made a careful observation of my surroundings. The heavens were perfectly clear; there was no indication of those dangers which I had imagined.

"I have said that I was soaring in circles. It struck me suddenly that I should do well to take a wider sweep and open up a new air-tract. If the hunter entered an earth-jungle he would drive through it if he wished to find his game. My reasoning had led me to believe that the air-jungle which I had imagined lay somewhere over Wiltshire. This should be to the south and west of me. I took my bearings from the sun, for the compass was hopeless and no trace of earth was to be seen—nothing but the distant silver cloud-plain. However, I got my direction as best I might and kept her head straight to the mark. I reckoned that my petrol supply would not last for more than another hour or so, but I could afford to use it to the last drop, since a single magnificent volplane would at any time take me to the earth.

"Suddenly I was aware of something new. The air in front of me had lost its crystal clearness. It was full of long, ragged wisps of something which I can only compare to very fine cigarette-smoke. It hung about in wreaths and coils, turning and twisting slowly in the sunlight. As the monoplane shot through it, I was aware of a faint taste of oil upon my lips, and there was a greasy scum upon the woodwork of the machine. Some infinitely fine organic matter appeared to be suspended in the atmosphere.

"There was no life there. It was inchoate and diffuse, extending for many square acres and then fringing off into the void. No, it was not life. But might it not be the remains of life? Above all, might it not be the food of life, of monstrous life, even as the humble grease of the ocean is the food for the mighty whale? The

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thought was in my mind when my eyes looked upward and I saw the most wonderful vision that ever man has seen. Can I hope to convey it to you, even as I saw it myself last Thursday!

"Conceive a jelly-fish such as sails in our summer seas, bell-shaped and of enormous size—far larger, I should judge, than the dome of Saint Paul's. It was of a light pink color veined with a delicate green, but the whole huge fabric so tenuous that it was but a fairy outline against the dark blue sky. It pulsated with a delicate and regular rhythm. From it there depended two long, drooping green tentacles which swayed slowly backward and forward. This gorgeous vision passed gently with noiseless dignity over my head, as light and fragile as a soap-bubble, and drifted upon its stately way.

"I had half-turned my monoplane that I might look after this beautiful creature, when in a moment I found myself amidst a perfect fleet of them, of all sizes, but none so large as the first. Some were quite small, but the majority about as big as an average balloon, and with much the same curvature at the top. There was in them a delicacy of texture and coloring which reminded me of the finest Venetian glass. Pale shades of pink and green were the prevailing tints, but all had a lovely iridescence where the sun shimmered through their dainty forms. Some hundreds of them drifted past me, a wonderful fairy squadron of strange, unknown argosies of the sky—creatures whose forms and substance were so attuned to these pure heights that one could not conceive anything so delicate within actual sight or sound of earth.

"But soon my attention was drawn to a new phenomenon—the serpents of the outer air. These were long, thin, fantastic coils of vapor-like material, which turned and twisted with great speed, flying round and round so fast that the eyes could hardly follow them. Some of these ghost-like creatures were twenty or thirty feet long; but it was difficult to tell their girth, for their outline was so hazy that it seemed to fade away into the air around them. These air-snakes were of a very light gray or smoke color, with some darker lines within which gave the impression of a definite organism. One of them whisked past my very face, and I was conscious of a cold, clammy contact; but their composition was so unsubstantial that I could not connect them with any thought of physical danger, any more than the beautiful bell-like creatures which had preceded them. There was no more solidity in their frames than in the floating spume from a broken wave.

"But a more terrible experience was in store for me. Floating downward from a great height, there came a purplish patch of vapor, small as I saw it first, but rapidly enlarging as it approached me, until it appeared to be hundreds of square feet in size. Though fashioned of some transparent jelly-like substance, it was none the less of much more definite outline and solid consistence than anything which I had seen before.

"There were more traces, too, of a physical organization, especially two vast, shadowy, circular plates upon either side, which may have been eyes, and a perfectly solid white projection between them which was as curved and cruel as the beak of a vulture. The whole aspect of this monster was formidable and threatening, and it kept changing its color from a very light mauve to a dark, angry purple so thick that it cast a shadow as it drifted between my monoplane and the sun. On the upper curve of its huge body there were three great projections which I can only describe as enormous bubbles, and I was convinced as I looked at them that they were charged with some extremely light gas which served to buoy up the misshapen and semi-solid mass in the rarefied air.

"The creature moved swiftly along, keeping pace easily with the monoplane, and for twenty miles or more it formed my horrible escort, hovering over me like a bird of prey which is waiting to pounce. Its method of progression—done so swiftly that it was not easy to follow—was to throw out a long, glutinous streamer in front of it, which in turn seemed to draw forward the rest of the writhing body. So elastic and gelatinous was it that never for two successive minutes was it the same shape, and yet each change made it more threatening and loathsome than the last.

"I knew that it meant mischief. Every purple flush of its hideous body told me so. The vague, goggling eyes, which were turned always upon me, were cold and merciless in their viscid hatred. I dipped the nose of my monoplane downward to escape it. As I did so, as quick as a flash, there shot out

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a long tentacle from this mass of floating blubber, and it fell as light and sinuous as a whip-lash across the front of my machine. There was a loud hiss as it lay for a moment across the hot engine, and it whisked itself into the air again while the huge, flat body drew itself together as if in sudden pain.

"I dipped to a vol-piqué, but again a tentacle fell over the monoplane, and was shorn off by the propeller as easily as it might have cut through a smoke-wreath. A long, gliding, sticky, serpent-like coil came from behind and caught me round the waist, dragging me out of the fusilage. I tore at it, my fingers sinking into the smooth, glue-like surface, and for an instant I disengaged myself, but only to be caught round the boot by another coil, which gave me a jerk that tilted me almost on to my back.

As I fell over I blazed off both barrels of my gun, though indeed it was like attacking an elephant with a pea-shooter to imagine that any human weapon could cripple that mighty bulk. And yet I aimed better than I knew, for with a loud report one of the great blisters

"NO DRIVEL ABOUT ACCIDENTS OR MYSTERIES, IF YOU PLEASE."

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upon the creature's back exploded with the puncture of the buckshot. It was very clear that my conjecture was right, and that these vast, clear bladders were distended with some lifting-gas, for in an instant the huge, cloud-like body turned sideways, writhing desperately to find its balance, while the white beak snapped and gaped in horrible fury.

"But already I had shot away on the steepest glide that I dared to attempt, my engine still full on, the flying propeller and the force of gravity shooting me downward like an aerolite. Far behind me I saw a dull purplish smudge growing swiftly smaller and merging into the blue sky behind it.

"I was safe out of the deadly jungle of the outer air.

"Once out of danger I throttled my engine, for nothing tears a machine to pieces quicker than running on full power from a height. It was a glorious spiral volplane from nearly eight miles of altitude, first to the level of the silver cloud-bank, then to that of the storm-cloud beneath it, and finally in beating rain to the surface of the earth. I saw the Bristol Channel beneath me as I broke from the clouds; but having still some petrol in my tank I got twenty miles inland before I found myself stranded in a field near the village of Ashcombe.

"There I got three tins of petrol from a passing motor-car, and at ten minutes past six that evening I alighted gently in my own home-meadow at Devizes after such a journey as no mortal upon earth has ever yet taken and lived to tell the tale. I have seen the beauty and I have seen the horror of the heights—and greater beauty or greater horror than that is not within the ken of man.

"And now it is my plan to go once again before I give my results to the world.

"My reason for this is that I must surely have something to show by way of proof before I lay such a tale before my fellow men. It is true that others will soon follow and will confirm what I have said, and yet I should wish to carry conviction from the first. Those lovely iridescent bubbles of the air should not be hard to capture. They drift slowly upon their way, and the swift monoplane could intercept their leisurely course. It is likely enough that they would dissolve in the heavier layers of the atmosphere, and that some small heap of amorphous jelly might be all that I should bring to earth with me. And yet something there would surely be, by which I could substantiate my story.

"Yes, I will go, even if I run a risk by doing so. These purple horrors would not seem to be numerous. It is probable that I shall not see one. If I do I shall dive at once. At the worst there is always the shotgun and my knowledge of . . ."

(Here a page of the manuscript is unfortunately missing.) On the next page is written in large, straggling writing:

"Forty-three thousand feet. I shall never see earth again. They are beneath me, three of them. God help me, it is a dreadful death to die!"

Such in its entirety is the Joyce-Armstrong Statement.

Of the man nothing has since been seen. Pieces of his shattered monoplane have been picked up in the preserves of Mr. Budd-Lushington upon the borders of Kent and Sussex, within a few miles of the spot where the note-book was discovered.

If the unfortunate aviator's theory is correct that this air-jungle, as he called it, existed only over the southwest of England, then it would seem that he had fled from it at the full speed of his monoplane, but had been overtaken and devoured by these horrible creatures at some spot in the outer atmosphere above the place where the grim relics were found. The picture of that monoplane skimming down the sky, with the nameless terrors flying swiftly beneath it and cutting it off always from the earth, while they gradually closed in upon their victim, is one upon which a man who valued his sanity would prefer not to dwell.

There are many, as I am aware, who still jeer at the facts which I have here set down, but even they must admit that Joyce-Armstrong has disappeared, and I would commend to them his own words:

"This note-book may explain what I am trying to do, and how I lost my life in doing it. But no drivel about accidents or mysteries, if *you* please."

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The LHASA of SOUTH AMERICA

by ARTHUR RUHL

AUTHOR OF "THE OTHER AMERICANS" WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THERE was a symphony concert the night after my arrival in Bogotá, and all the polite world of the Colombian capital gathered in the Teatro Colon to applaud the orchestra and the gracious pianist—daughter of one of their oldest families—who had recently returned from abroad. The little opera-house was built in the Continental style, with boxes closely partitioned off, and about it and its audience was that air of a formal family party — the great world in miniature—which is the peculiar charm of society in a provincial capital.

A GARDEN IN BOGOTA.

Everybody in that narrow horseshoe was somebody. Not a demure young *señorita* there, perhaps, but was the daughter or cousin or something of a president, or cabinet minister, or envoy to some foreign court, or had been through a revolution, or heard a treaty discussed in her own house by those who were going to sign it. Here was a young American explorer, just back from the fever-stricken jungles of the Amazon headwaters; there the ruddy, sanguine face of the British minister; and there the sad-eyed envoy from Bolivia, still wrapped, as it were, in the *triste* air of the cold desert plateau from which he came.

It was a more entertaining audience than that which basks and blazes in the Metropolitan, but I doubt if even the young lady said to live in a house with seven patios, or the grave little boys in broad, white collars—exactly like boarding-school boys at home—who almost buried the pianist in flowers, or even that pianist herself, more stirred one's eye than the shiny grand piano on which she played. They do not make pianos in Colombia, and it must, therefore, have come from Europe or the United States. And I had just come up that long trail—six hundred miles of tropical river and mountain—to this city in the air, and knew what the journey meant. It was only two years since the railroad had been completed between the Magdalena and the capital, nearly nine thousand feet above it, and a few years

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before that there was no railroad at all. Everything that came up to Bogotá, whether steam-boiler or Paris gown—it used to be the fashion, they say, in Bogotá, for dresses to be a trifle mussed, as if they had just that evening arrived—came by river-boat and mule- or man-back up the Honda trail.

A single man with good animals might climb from the river in two days. A piano like this—pianos were lugged up in the old days, over three mountain ranges, on peons' shoulders—might take weeks. A musical critic might not have found the orchestra that night remarkable, but it would have been remarkable even if it hadn't played at all. The remarkable thing was that there was an orchestra.

This fact—its remoteness—must be kept in mind in imagining what life may be like in Bogotá. Whether in one of the dim old churches or hurrying down the Calle Real on a busy morning, you feel a little as you might in a castle on a mountain-top, or at night in a ship at sea. Ordinary things take on a new individuality. They become, so to speak, the only things of the sort there are. And at six o'clock, when the quick darkness falls, and the boys begin to cry the evening papers through the narrow streets, and the mountain cold comes down, you huddle about the lamp—there are no fires in Bogotá, and although only three degrees from the equator, it is as cold at night as in New York in November—read the little cabled whispers that have crept down through Panama, under the Pacific, and over the Andes, and the great world to the North seems like that buried city whose cathedral bells, when it was very still, could be heard tolling beneath the waves.

The life of Santa Fé de Bogotá goes back to 1538, when Colombia was New Granada and Gonzalo Jiminez de Quesada, dismounting from his horse, pulled up some grass by the roots, took possession of the place in the name of his Emperor, Charles V, and, drawing his sword, challenged any one to oppose him.

There are about one hundred and twenty-five thousand people in Bogotá now, and the low terra-cotta roofs, interspersed with the domes of old churches, lie at the end of a level plateau, not unlike that on which the City of Mexico is built, and climb a little way up the mountain which walls it in. From the sky-line, two thousand feet above, on separate crests, like robber-barons' castles, look down the little white churches of Guadalupe and Monserrate.

They are the town's most picturesque landmarks. The climb thither is up a zig-zag trail down which trickle burros and Indian burden-carriers, heads bowed beneath bundles of fagots and even paving-stones, yet always muttering a "Good-morning!" or "With your permission, *señor!*" as they pass. From the summit, you may look straight down on the checker-board town, see the snowy shoulders of the Andes along the western horizon, and the peak of Tolima, and to the eastward, some fifteen miles away, the mist-cloud hanging above the beautiful falls of Tequendama, much higher than Niagara, and supposed to be the gateway through which the lake that once filled this broad basin broke and flowed away.

What was once its bottom is now a plateau, thirty miles long, the *sabaña*, covered with haciendas, and a partial support of the present city, as it was doubtless one of the reasons for founding it.

For food Bogotá need not, however, depend on the *sabaña*. Within a few hours almost every kind of climate may be found, and side by side in the market are apples, strawberries, wheat, and potatoes, mangoes, bananas, granadillas, pomegranates, and alligator-pears. In a broader sense the whole country supports Bogotá. There is foundation for the saying that every one there is poet or politician. Manufacturing—aside from a brewery owned by Germans—is confined to simple things like saddles, furniture, or hammered silver. Of commerce, except in one direction, there is little, because Bogotá is at the end of the road.

It represents, in short, perhaps, as completely as any of the South American cities, the old Spanish idea of a capital as a place to which tribute is brought and from which government is taken away. Taxes come up, officials go down, and the coast and provincial towns have always been jealous of the capital, and they not infrequently speak of its inhabitants as "parasites of the interior."

The newspapers which the boys are calling as one arrives—and they seem to have as many different kinds as newsboys have in New York—promptly slide one into this curious little sea of politics. They are printed to push some one's propaganda, rather than to inform or entertain. No re-

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THE EXTERIOR OF BOGOTÁ IS QUAINT RATHER THAN IMPRESSIVE—ONE NARROW STREET VERY LIKE ANOTHER.

FREQUENT SERVICES IN THE CATHEDRAL GIVE THE PLAZA ANIMATION.

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NARROW COBBLESTONE STREETS RUN STEEPLY UPWARD TO A BROWN MOUNTAIN BACKGROUND.

ports of yesterday's races or football games, as there would be in Santiago or Buenos Aires; no strikes, steamship sailings, amusing gossip of the great world—indeed, no news (special cables are too expensive) except on those glad mornings after the foreign papers arrive. And even if anything had happened in Bogotá there is little interest in people merely because they are people, little of our American consciousness, half-humorous, half-ironical, of sharing a common adventure, suffering a common fate.

A great deal of space is taken up by *manifiestos*—statements of political faith, or indorsements of candidacy, signed by a solid foot or so of sonorous names—or by satirical replies to political opponents, occasionally sprightly, but in any case designed to exhibit the author's erudition and crowded with literary references, especially from the French.

Here in *El Liberal*, for instance, we find an opposition editor compared to the gifted but vacillating Renan. "There are days when our distinguished colleague, Dr. G——— C———, comes like a sphinx, to challenge the subtle criticism and avid questioning of the Œdipus of the press. Diverse and contradictory as must be the explanations of those who attempt to define the discrepant orientation of the editor of *La Cronica*—an orientation in conflict with his earlier tendencies, audaciously paradoxical, yet always vivid and alluring, thanks to the artistic skill of his dialectical *tours de force*, and at times to the humor with which he is

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THE LOW TERRA-COTTA ROOFS OF BOGOTÁ LIE ON A PLATEAU NEARLY 9000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

apt to flavor his political remarks. . . ." And so on for a solid column and a half, with references to Höffding, Nordau, Tolstoi, and quotations from Renan. Leading articles like this are signed, and may be written by the editor himself or some amateur, lucky enough to have this safety-valve.

Quaint human happenings, which help to start the day with us, are beneath the dignity of these punctilious party organs, and relegated to little sheets like *Gil Blas*, which act as opposition chorus to things in general and try to be as impudent as they can without being suppressed. Late one afternoon, as we were returning from a stroll in the Bosque and a look at the roller-skating rink there, we passed a bare-headed man standing in a doorway on the Calle Real. He was one of these waspish *flâneurs*, and he looked the part — keen, sardonic, hair mussed, a cigarette smoldering between his lips. His work was over for the day, the boys were calling his paper down the street, and you could imagine it sputtering through the little capital its attacks on government, clergy, and everything under the sun.

"There is a man," said the young Colombian with me, "who hates the world. He must—else why spend his time trying to infuriate people so that somebody will put him out of it!"

You must see such an editor and his paper to understand why literal free-speech is not so simple a matter in Spanish America as it generally is at home.

Bogotá has scarcely been touched by immi-

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gration, as that word is known in big, vivacious Buenos Aires, and the air is deeply flavored with Spanish tradition. You hear church-bells everywhere, but no factory whistles, and, destitute as the penitents may be who kneel in the churches, the shrines themselves are rich, and dusted with time's soft beauty. Protestant missionaries make occasional converts and trouble for their legations, stray radicals or free-thinking journalists raise a heretical wind; but the priests driven out of France, the Philippines, and Portugal find refuge in Colombia, and it is everywhere whispered that the wise old archbishop, with his purple robes and big emerald ring, has more power than the president.

The death-rate in the poorer quarters from diseases due to dirt and lack of food may be appalling for such an apparently healthful place, yet no one seems to worry, and the kind of citizen who at home might try to improve such things—and pass you with a curt nod on the street—ignores them here, but returns your calls as punctiliously as if you were admirals meeting in a strange harbor, and never fails to inquire after the health of your family or to accompany you downstairs to the street door at night.

There are no industrial captains to give away libraries, and the paper dollar is worth just one cent—it is now being redeemed—but when a poet like Pombo or a historian like Vincente Azuero dies, as happened while I was in Bogotá, a solemn high mass is said in his honor; all the well-known men in the capital walk with bared heads behind his body and the smoking censers; there are long addresses in polished Spanish at the cemetery, and every newspaper prints a eulogy and perhaps even an extra, with especially admired specimens of his work.

A LONG WAY FROM MILITANCY

You hear nothing of votes for women, and the most sophisticated *señorita* would not venture to walk on the street with a man not of her family. Whatever "unrest" there may be, is concealed behind spike-studded doors, or the dark eyes of the hundreds robed in black who spend the bright plateau mornings kneeling in the faintly perfumed twilight of old churches.

At luncheon one day I was a trifle late and amused my host by explaining that when the twelve-o'clock bells had struck I was at the Church of Guadalupe on the mountain above the town. He had spent considerable time abroad, including several years in Washington, and he remarked to his wife on the curious passion for exercise that devoured Americans. "Even women!" said he, and from this we drifted to suffragettes. I asked if it were not possible that some of the agitation of which we hear so much at home might not presently penetrate to Bogotá.

"No," he said, "not for many generations, at least." His wife's place—and he motioned to the rooms about the sunny patio—was here; and she, a woman still pretty, and evidently a beauty in her day, smiled apparent assent.

"It takes a long time," said he, "to change the soul of a race."

Staying "in the home," literally, is pleasanter in these houses with patios open to the sky, and large enough for fountains and flowers, than in the ordinary American house—let alone flat. Especially is this true of the more ambitious houses, which have several patios sometimes, trees, and garden walks. One of the charms of making calls in Bogotá, as in most South American cities, is that one can never tell from the outside of a house what may be within. One may approach the most beautiful lady in the world by pounding on a door which opens between two grocery-shops.

Family ties count for more generally in Spanish America than with us, and they mark the lines between little groups, whose members see a good deal of one another and comparatively little of any one else. Except for church and the theatre—moving-picture shows generally, although traveling companies are occasionally subsidized to come up to the capital—there are few common meeting-places in Bogotá. The little groups meet at one another's houses, for cards or dancing, or just to sit in a circle and talk. Toward the end of the evening a table is brought in and a *refresco* served, of cakes and tea or chocolate, the latter sipped, perhaps, in the good old style, from antique silver cups.

Nearly every morning—Bogotá is close enough to the equator to be hot in the daytime in the sun, yet high enough to be cool in the shade, and at night actually cold—you will find at the Polo Club, with perhaps a brother, or the doughty British minister, or a legation secretary or two, several young ladies playing tennis. A very charming

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little oasis they make, for they play quite as well as girls do at home, and even those who have never been more than a few hours' journey from Bogotá, speak English "ver-r-y well!"—with unexpected slurs and softenings that would melt an iron statue.

THE "ADVANCED" WOMEN OF BOGOTÁ

Their grandmothers would probably be horrified at their behavior and doubtless most of Bogotá looks somewhat askance, and I suppose it might be said that such a little circle belongs less to Colombia than to that strange thing called "society," which is so much the same the world over. Girls like these have been educated abroad, often, or have accompanied their fathers on diplomatic missions. They read English books now and then, and English and French magazines, and meet young men in much the same frank, friendly way that girls meet them at home. Even they, however, would not walk back to town with the men with whom they have played tennis, and if one were to go down-town shopping she would take a woman servant and probably wrap herself in the black *manta* instead of wearing a hat.

Most of her girl friends prefer, perhaps, to stay at home doing fancy work, practising on the piano, or going to church with some ancient and penitent aunt. On Sunday afternoons, in the beautiful patio garden of one of the larger houses, you may meet these same young ladies and a few finished, if rather effeminate-looking, young men in cutaway coats, sipping tea, chatting of horses or paper chasing, or playing bridge.

Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham, who often writes about Spanish-speaking countries and people for the London *Saturday Review*, remarks in his introduction to Mr. S. Perez-Triana's charming little book of personal adventure, "From Bogotá to the Atlantic" (Mr. Triana went down the Orinoco in a canoe), that "there is more serious literary work done in Bogotá in a month than in all the other South American republics in a year."

Exaggerated as this remark may be, it is true that Bogotá is spoken of all over South America as a sort of Chibcha Athens, where everybody writes. Its isolation is, of course, a partial explanation. There is nothing else to do. "Poets rave and madden through the land," according to Mr. Cunningham-Graham, "and only the beneficent and necessary revolutions keep their number down." Although few North Americans ever heard of a single Colombian poet—even one so well known in South America as Raphael Pombo, who spent a good deal of time in the United States and wrote on Niagara and, more lightly and satirically, on "Las Norteamericanas en Broadway"—there are nearly fifty, selections from whose writings are deemed worthy of publication in a Colombian anthology. Nearly every public man has written his *versos*, and when the stranger leaves Bogotá it is often their pleasant custom to give him a souvenir of their work, just as a planter gives one a sack of his home-grown coffee.

I had been told that President Restrepo had translated some of Longfellow's poems into Spanish, and when, one day, I had the privilege of meeting him informally, I asked if I might not somewhere find some of his work. He smiled, and said that he had long ago had to give up life's poetry for its prose, and that most of his books were back at his home in Medellin, but that if I could find a copy of Longfellow he would gladly translate a few verses. A Colombian with me at the moment said that he had a copy at home; and although the President of Colombia belongs to what one of our own recent presidents described as a "succession of banditti," and I was but a casual traveler from the nation which Colombians unfortunately regard as their enemy, there was delivered next day, accompanied by a graceful note, a translation of "The Day is Done:—"

Pasó el dia, de las alas
De la noche . . .

The most widely known Spanish-American novel, "Maria," which has been translated into English, was written by a Colombian, Jorge Isaacs, and at least two other Colombian novels—the "Manuela" of Eugenio Diaz, a microscopically accurate picture of life in a rural neighborhood, and the "Pax" of Lorenzo Marroquin, a finely ironical attack on the habitual revolutionists—are more worth reading than most novels written to-day in England or America.

Like most Spanish-American fiction and verse, they are touched with melancholy rather than the "Latin exuberance" of which English-speaking people are forever

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RETURNING FROM A PARADE IN HONOR OF THE DEAD POET, POMBO.

absurdly talking — including among "Latins" Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, and even the Indian-Spanish and Negro-Spanish mixtures of the Caribbean coast. The Spaniard, although high-spirited and fierce in action, is dignified and grave—something of the Moor—and in South America climate and surroundings often intensify these traits. You will see more "Latin abandon" on the bleachers during an exciting American baseball game than you are likely to meet anywhere in South America.

The people of the coast towns and the hot country are more vivacious and expansive, generally, than those of the chilly levels or the interior, but the lack of the brisk intellectual stimuli of our noisy cities, and the continuous presence of a Nature before which languid humans shrink almost to nothingness, inclines to poetical gloom rather than gaiety.

A Colombian on the river-boat showed me a pamphlet which was not at all an untypical product of one of those little white towns buried away in the tropical wilderness. A sister of his, the belle of the village, had died, and all the young men of the place joined in writing elegies to her memory:

> Vaporous and elusive as the mist which dissolves about the bluish peaks of our mountains; white as the glaciers hidden away behind the silvered deep of majestic Ruiz; tender as the song of the timorous dove which inhabits our forests; mystic as the aroma of lilies inclining their corollas over altars to the Virgin. . . .
>
> And the murmuring Sierras, and the diaphanous peaks with their morning halos sighed mournfully. And the nymphs of the forest, of the falling waters, sobbed. The souls of the flowers, those shy, tender, white, vaporous flowers, died away in gloomy silences. And the lilacs of afternoon, those dying lilacs, wan as eyes heavy with virginal neurosis, slowly faded away and were lost in impenetrable twilight. And the inviolate springs and the mysterious lakes, those vaporous lakes with their blond locks and shells of mother-of-pearl, built her tomb. And the Virgin of that sad little city—that taciturn, retiring, melancholy Virgin . . . was moaning . . . moaning . . .

The whole number of the little magazine was given up to similar effusions.

Of course there is a different air in Bogotá, and a fastidious soul like the author

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of "Pax" will smile at mooniness as quickly as an outsider. A decadent poet is, indeed, unmercifully satirized in Mr. Marroquin's novel, yet even here the temperamental trait appears, and life is seen in terms of "Il Penseroso," rather than "L'Allegro." It is the camellia-like pallor of *Inez*, her long, slim, aristocratic hands, her air of gracious melancholy, which make her attractive to the hero.

Two passages are particularly illuminating. In one we find *Roberto* soliloquizing, Hamlet-fashion, on his own impractical mixture of refinement and inherited warrior instincts. "The battle-swords have become rapiers, and with the rusting of years have, for me, been changed into dissecting-knives. My ancestors disdained life and fought for glory. I have arrived at a time in which, disdaining glory, people struggle for existence."

This is the characteristic tragedy of the Spanish-American, especially of the tropical neighborhoods. The young men of the better class have no taste for work as the modern world knows it. They are out of sorts in an industrial civilization, and lack the kind of imagination to see that disease, deserts, social injustice, and the like are heathens to conquer to-day. The lower classes are unintelligent and hard to move, the upper lack will and initiative—refined dilettantes on the one hand; on the other slaves, often, or what amounts to it. Immigration, new blood, is needed—that and climate, of course, have made the Argentine—yet to the Caribbean neighborhoods little new blood comes, and when it does the tendency is often less to welcome than to keep it out.

There is another passage in this same novel, in which *Roberto* turns on a successful parvenu, who, after a particularly unhappy attempt to conciliate the supercilious youth, concludes, "Good! Very good! At last we understand one another!"

"Understand one another!" cries *Roberto*. "We shall never do that. We speak a different language. I am neither superior nor inferior to you; we are of different species. We have a different understanding of life. For me humanity divides itself into two groups—artists and savages; for you, rich and poor. You disdain what I admire, I look down on that which you value highly. For you exterior struggle, acquisition, capital, interest, days of payment, checks, letters of credit, the commercial code. For me the interior struggle, reflection, dreams, line, color, disinterestedness, the code of honor. . . .

"And this can not be remedied. It is a difference which goes very far back. I descend—and understand me when I say I 'descend'—from a dreamy and fanatic race, which hunted death for many years in Spain, a death of no apparent use or value, in the wars with the Moors; which conquered Granada, then came to conquer and civilize a new world; which

THE CRACK REGIMENT, WEARING GERMAN UNIFORMS, TRAINED BY CHILIAN INSTRUCTORS WHO WERE IN TURN TRAINED BY GERMANS.

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sacrificed its fortune and offered its blood searching for independence. In short, a race of adventurers, of hunters for glory—mad, if you wish; a race of Quixotes. You are ascending—and understand me when I say 'ascend'—from a new stem. You are of to-day, child of your own work, self-made, and that is a merit. You advance, I retreat. We meet for an instant on the highroad, salute but do not understand each other, and as we are taking different directions, say good-by."

The novelist is speaking here of a fellow countryman, but he might be expressing the feeling toward America and Americans held by the upper classes in Colombia and more or less generally throughout South America—a prejudice as unintelligent, and as unjust to us, as our jocular dismissal of the South American as impractical and inefficient is ignorant and unjust to them. The two peoples have different traditions and instincts, and they will never see each other's best until this is understood.

THE FALLS OF TEQUENDAMA, NEAR BOGOTÁ—MUCH HIGHER THAN NIAGARA.

The exterior of Bogotá is quaint rather than impressive. Except for the old churches and the really beautiful new government palace, most of the buildings are unpretentious two-story structures, with balconies overhanging the sidewalk, and one narrow street very like another. Little hooded victorias clatter by busily enough, but there are few private carriages and no spacious park where everybody takes the air.

Nor do any of the plazas act as a social clearing-house, as they do so generally and so genially in Mexico.

Every morning from my window in the main plaza I looked down on the young men from the neighboring university strolling up and down with open text-books; and the frequent services in the cathedral, the squads of soldiers in German service-uniforms, tramping off on practise marches, gave it a certain animation. One or two squares had nurses with children and contemplative and leathery old benchers indifferently resisting the little bootblacks' continuous solicitations to "*embollar*." The Bosque, a wooded park, was pretty, too, especially on a bright Sunday morning; but it is only in the comfortable lower altitudes, where the air invites repose, and people stroll round in the warm moonlight while the band plays waltzes in the center, that a plaza is really at its best.

The white specks of churches looking down from the mountain skyline, and the narrow, cobblestone streets running steeply upward to a brown mountain background, always stir the eye. And there is a time in the late afternoon—when the sun, flaming across the *sabaña*, blazes on the tawny faces of the cathedral and government palace, when they, and the terra-cotta roofs, and the dark cypress and eucalyptus trees above on the foothills, and the rusty mountain-side behind, are suffused in a dusty-golden mist—that

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REMOTE AND ALOOF, BOGOTÁ IS STILL A SPANISH CAPITAL.

the old city becomes mysterious and beautiful.

While the verbal athletes of the little capital fence away to their heart's content, untroubled by the practical problems of miners or planters or ranchmen, the restless questioning of our time and its reaching out for social justice pushes in at least in words.

Before the revolution of 1886 the Liberal Party had been many years in power, and to-day there are plenty of fluent talkers familiar with and ready to lift bodily into Colombia the most advanced democratic practises of other parts of the world. Part of the humor of the novel "Manuela" lies in the contrast between the "constitutional guarantees," which its principal figure—a young intellectual who went down into the hot country from Bogotá to study the people—was always talking about, and the semi-feudal conditions that actually existed. In the platform of the present Liberal Party one finds such recommendations as the "adaptation to the peculiar conditions of Colombia of the principles of legislation for workmen now applied in other countries — such as accident insurance, houses for laborers, savings banks, and old-age pensions."

And in General Rafael Uribe Uribe, the leader of the party, editor of the newspaper *El Liberal*, and the man who led the Liberal forces in the terrible revolution of 1899-1903, which paralyzed the country, cost nearly one hundred thousand lives, and decided nothing, the stranger will find one of the most salient figures in Colombia—well-informed, alert, fluent, and, whatever his disinterestedness or the expediency of his propaganda, the more *simpático* for an informality and frankness one sometimes misses in Spanish America.

In the hotel dining-room at Bogotá one day politics was introduced by my waitress, a pretty, soft-voiced *mestiza* from a mountain *población* near by. She was paid her board and lodging and barely enough to buy the cotton dress or two she needed and the rope sandals she was forever washing and setting up in a row in the patio to dry. And to earn this bare existence she

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worked from daybreak until late at night, and scarcely ever so much as left the building—"because the men molest one so."

Something being said of colors, she declared promptly that she preferred red, naturally, because it was the color of the "Liberales." The room was all but empty; the other waitresses overheard, and in a moment were gathered about the table, explaining with great enthusiasm why they were all Liberals. Just what the party might accomplish were it to come again into power, they were not able to explain, but were quite sure that if General Uribe Uribe were president everything would be better for poor folks like themselves.

The "*molestias*" these gentle daughters of the people endure would seem outrageous to any one unfamiliar with tropical countries and the conditions which almost inevitably follow the close association of a ruling and dependent class. Indeed, the "*descalzos*" or "shoeless" of both sexes—throughout tropical America the wearing of shoes and stockings is the more or less uncomfortable badge of the white ruling class, or those accepted as such—lead a sorry enough life, and, whatever the expediency of proposed reforms, one can not withhold sympathy from those who advocate them.

The criticism of established things sometimes takes an unexpected form. Before starting up-river from Barranquilla I went into a bookstore, and, explaining that I had already read "Maria," asked for the best story written by a Colombian about Colombian life. The clerk promptly handed me "La Parroquia" (The Parish), the story of a love-affair between a girl brought up by an over-rigorous father and an impressionable young priest. The girl's brother was about to kill the betrayer in traditional style when the tragedy was averted by the intervention of a neighboring planter, a "very human superman" who had been educated in France and come back "friend of all children; respecting all mothers, loving the workman and the proceeds of his labors, whether it was a piece of coal extracted from a dark and treacherous mine or a fragment of fine metal, wrought out from the mysterious convolutions of the human brain and condensed in the austere pages of a book."

This modern person, reasoning from the same unconventional but humane philosophy you might expect from a London or Chicago settlement-worker, convinces the brother that the law against murder applies to him as to anybody else, that the natural human affection between the two should be brought to better ends; and, as a result, work for the man as a school-teacher is found in another part of the country, and the two are left to marry and accept the common human lot.

That radical literature of this sort should be given to a traveler asking for a typical story of Colombian life was interesting, but scarcely more unexpected than what happened on the river-boat. On the second day out, a queer little old gentleman very politely asked if he might borrow the book. He himself, he said, had seen the author, who was just such a small, unprepossessing man as he, but—and here he tapped his head—"with great force of intellectuality." Before we reached La Dorada the book had been passed from hand to hand, and read with apparent approval by nearly every one on board.

Interesting as such instances are—and perhaps more significant of the literariness one finds so frequently in Spanish America than of anything else—they would scarcely justify generalizations as to the attitude of Colombians toward the Church. Education in Colombia is almost entirely in its hands, it has great influence in politics, and although its lands were taken away during the Liberal régime, its mellow old buildings are everywhere, and not infrequently reveal impressive signs of wealth.

While visiting one of the older Bogotá churches we were allowed to see a splendid monstrance, of hammered gold, fairly encrusted with emeralds. Most of the world's emeralds now come from Bogotá. The mining of them is a government monopoly, and in a tumble-down old building in Bogotá, once used as a bank (which, one would surmise, almost any accomplished New York or Paris crook would have no trouble in getting into), you may, if properly introduced and guarded, gaze literally on quarts of flawless stones, stowed away in bags as in some Aladdin's cave. The antique monstrance represented a value of three million dollars, some one told us, but the demure old *padre* who showed it anticipated any such questions by telling of an American traveler who once asked how much it cost.

"I told him nothing," said he with a

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smile. "It was given by very rich people, who neither buy nor sell."

Still breathing the brisk air of the North, the traveler will find it easy to suggest reforms. In a way, of course, a country like Colombia, with its lack of roads and railways, indifference to sanitation, undeveloped resources, amiable but inert brown mass, and proud and impractical ruling class, has the whole lesson of modern life yet to learn. There is a vast amount to do before she will be really civilized, in the broader sense of the word, in spite of the nice people of Bogotá.

Whether it be your mule-driver, confiding to you, as mine one evening did to me, that Colombia's rulers, like her railroads, look all right, but "*no sirve*," or some humane white man like the coffee-planter who, one beautiful moonlit night, as we looked down over the silvered mountains between his plantation and the sea, talked like a Northern Socialist of the wrongs of his own peons—plenty will tell of social injustice. Yet here, as in Mexico, and still more in the Central American republics, the impetuous reformer must recall the tremendous natural difficulties to overcome—climate, the inert lower class, anti-industrial traditions.

Many of the simpler material problems will be settled by time and the coming of capital. It can not be many years, one would think, before there will be railroads from Bogotá, both to the Caribbean and to the Pacific, and from some convenient junction-point over into the eastern cattle country between Bogotá and Venezuela. The rich Colombian *llanos* will not then be shut away, as they are now almost completely, by the inhospitable boundary walls of Venezuela and Peru. Geographically, Colombia and Venezuela are one, as once they were politically, and whether or not they ever reunite, it seems social and economic barbarism that the great highway of the Orinoco, most of whose headwaters flow from Colombia, should be closed to Colombians, as Venezuela practically succeeds in closing them now.

Ere another generation is past one will doubtless be able to get into a Pullman—if such quaint vehicles still exist—on the chilly plateau, just as one does in Mexico City to-day, wake up in the hot country, and in a day or two be aboard ship for London or New York. And there may be a babel of tongues in the old capital then, as there is now in Chili and the Argentine, and steam-whistles, perhaps, jarring the cathedral bells.

Such things may come to pass sooner than one thinks, as our crowded world reaches out for more room; yet as the little train rolls out across the *sabaña*, in the frosty morning, they seem hard to believe. To the west are the snow-capped Andes—three ranges deep—and river trail and jungle. To the north more mountains and the long, slow road down the Magdalena to the sea. And you say good-by to the new friends who have come to see you off, as they have a way of doing in their lonely city, and watch the white walls fade against the brown mountain, and the tiny specks of Monserrate and Guadalupe showing for many miles across the level plain. And then the train climbs over the rim and rolls down to the hot country, whence Bogotá and its bells, and little victorias rattling over the cobblestones, and newsboys with their singsong cries, seem scarcely real, something that might have happened long ago, in that frosty upper air.

ON PAGE 713 of this number you will find our new Financial Department. It's new — and different. John Parr, who is conducting the department for us, handles financial problems quite simply, and yet with breadth and authority. He is the best of the investment experts.

You can not afford to miss his advice, whether you have little or much to invest.

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"YAH-YAH AAAAAAAAAAH-YAH!"

The FIGHT at TWELVE FATHOMS

The Pursuit of the Sorcerer's Stone leads into the Jaws of a Tridacna

BY

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "VAITI OF THE ISLANDS," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

IT WAS no use. I threw down my pen, tossed my unfinished letters on the floor, and went out with murder in my heart. The mail was due in a day or two, and I had neglected all my relations and friends for so long that they must have had every reason for thinking me dead. But not a word could I write.

There was a native singing on the beach below the hotel: the day was hot and windless, and one could hear every sound. No one who has ever lived in Papua will want to be told why I could not go on with my mail.

For the benefit of those who have not, I may explain that, of all maddening sounds ever invented by the malice or ingenuity of

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man, Papuan solo-singing is a long way the worst. The choral singing is noisy and not very musical, but it lacks the brain-destroying texture of the solo. An idle Papuan native (and a Papuan is always idle, unless some one is making him work) seems able to pass away half a day, at any time, chanting his own autobiography, and the history of his immediate friends, in a long-drawn nasal howl that holds one note till you feel the very substance of your brain giving way under its hideous boring—and then takes a sudden gimlet twist.

At this point you get up, saying things that in all likelihood do no credit to your education and upbringing, and throw the twelve-pound clam-shell that probably ornaments the veranda, right at the furry head of the singer. A clam-shell has a row of sharp points on its edge, and it is extremely solid. As a rule, it penetrates far enough to convey your wishes. If it does not, or if the singer takes it for an encore and goes on again, you can generally find a tomahawk somewhere about the house.

But on this occasion the singer was invisible, down on the beach, and out of clam-shot, also out of boot, stove-lifter, jug, and tomahawk shot. The only thing was to go and find him. . . . Down the stairs, through the bar, and out across the glaring sandy street, where the shadows of the palms were faint and feeble, in the cruel midday sun. . . . The scrap of bush that shaded the sea-beach concealed me as I stole along. I meant to catch him at it.

"Yah-yah aaaaaaaaaah-yah, yah-yah aaaaaah, yah-ah, yah-ah!" burst forth another preliminary yell. I halted for a minute to locate the sound. The singer took breath, and went on in a tone that bored through one's ears exactly as a dentist's drill bores when it is coming down on the nerve of a tooth. The words were distinguishable now, in spite of the chanting manner. I caught a sentence as I drew near.

"Good Lord!" I said to myself, and straightened up, all idea of vengeance disappearing from my mind like the foam on the Straits when a southeaster flings it ashore. The man was singing in a dialect that I knew—the usual bald recitative about various native affairs. But there was something in this recitative that concerned me very nearly, or I was much mistaken. I stood and listened. At first I could only hear the word for "sorcerer" coming in again and again, mingled with "Kata-Kata"—the name of the district where we had first met with the wonderful diamond that the Marquis and I were now pursuing. Then the chanting became clearer:

"Aaaaa-yah, Mo is dead, Mo is dead and buried, and his spirit walks about and bites men as they sleep. Aaaaaaah-yah!

"Aaaaa-yah, ah-yah-yah, Mo, the great sorcerer, did not take his charm. Ah-yah, ah-yah, he took it before, and he did not die. Aaaaaa! when he did not take it, he died.

"Aaah, aaaaah, ah-yah, the brother of Mo will not die: the brother of Mo will take it. Aaaaah! Aaaah! Aaaah!"

The song, or chant, was repeated more than once while I listened. Evidently the singer had been running it off like a phonograph for some time. He was a Kiwai from the west and he used the Kiwai tongue, which many white men understand, especially among the pearling crowd. I wondered whether any one besides myself had heard him, and whether, if any one had, the chant had conveyed any special meaning.

It did not seem likely. Most white men pay no more attention to native singing than they pay to a howling dog. If the singing or the howling annoys you, you throw something at the disturber of your peace: that is all.

Further, if any one did hear it and take notice of it, there was nothing dangerous in the song—unless one had the clue—the knowledge of what the charm really was. Had any one the clue save myself and the Marquis? Had George the Greek—who had dug Mo out of his grave, to get his diving-dress? Impossible. Still, I might as well stop the singing: it was certainly irritating, and the Kiwai had no right to be annoying the town in the middle of the day, almost opposite the hotel.

I went down on to the beach, and shouted to him to stop. He seemed to understand English well enough, and he did stop, though with an amazed and injured air. I noted that he was a boy I had not seen before; probably a diver, though he did not seem to be on duty. He was loafing on the sand, with a big, opened cocoanut beside him, and he looked extremely comfortable and lazy.

"Why aren't you out with the boats?" I asked. I did not question him about his song: very few Papuans, no matter how

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well you may know them, will tell you anything about their chants, and I was, as I say, a stranger to this boy.

"Me sick," he said, with a grin. I never saw a sturdier specimen of a malingerer.

"You no sick, you too much fright," I said.

"Yes, me fright," he agreed. "All a time too much fright, long that puri-puri man (sorcerer) he die. I no want I die finish all same. Me sick, more better."

"You rascal," I said, "what boat do you belong to?"

"*Gertrude*," he answered, turning the cocoanut up on his face, and drinking loudly.

"Brother belong Mo, Kata-Kata boy, stop along *Gertrude?* Man he got too much big ear?" I asked, making signs about my own ears.

"Yes, he stop."

"He puri-puri man?"

"What-name that word? I no savvy," said the savage, looking at me with cunningly narrowed eyes.

I saw it was no use trying to pump him, so I left. As I came out into the street I saw George the Greek in front of me, walking rather aslant, as if he had just come up from the neighborhood of the beach himself. He did not look behind, but walked quickly on, and disappeared inside the ruins of his store. I thought there was nothing in it; yet, somehow, I would rather not have seen him there.

I went back to the Marquis overjoyed with my discovery, but before telling him I got him outside, and out of range of the hotel. In Papua, if you see two men out in the open, talking confidentially together, you may be sure that they are talking secrets. All Papua's important secrets are discussed under the sky. The iron house of New Guinea, with its low partitions, and the projecting veranda roof that acts as a natural sounding-board, is, I suppose, about the worst place in the world for talking over private matters—apart from the fact that a native who understands English, or a curious white man, may be standing unseen under the floor at your very feet.

"This is good," said the Marquis. "I can take heart again; I was beginning to fear that we had lost that wonderful-wicked valuable. Still, the shorn lamb must not halloo till it is out of the window. What will we do?"

"Well, it seems so simple," said I, "that I can hardly believe it. But from what I see, all we have to do is to catch Mo's brother when he comes back to-night, get him in a quiet place, offer him a pound or two for the stone, and take it right off. A nigger who's been with the Thursday Island fleet, even if it was some years ago, will know the value of money."

"What will you offer?" asked the Marquis.

"Curio price," I said. "From ten shillings to a couple of pounds. If he seems very much attached to it, spring five pounds more. One must be careful not to give so much that the other white men would hear of it and get thinking. Otherwise, I see no trouble."

"It seems too good to be true," said the Marquis thoughtfully.

Unfortunately, it was.

When the *Gertrude* got in that evening, I was on the jetty looking out for her. So was the Marquis; so was George the Greek. He never glanced at either of us, and seemed to be quite absorbed in cutting up some singularly villainous looking tobacco. But when the lugger had run alongside the jetty, and the boys were coming off, he attached himself to the bat-eared man, and followed him down the street. We followed also, perplexed.

"Do you think he knows?" whispered the Marquis.

"He can't," I said. "I should guess that he thinks we're trying to do illicit pearl buying. The result's the same, however. He'll probably stick to us."

He did. He loafed along in the rear of the bat-eared man until the two reached the temporary shed put up for the native divers to sleep in. Then he sat down on the ground outside the shed, stuffed his pipe full of the ugly tobacco, and coolly began to smoke.

"He's prepared for all night," I said. "Let's leave him. He knows nothing really, or he wouldn't tag round after us like this. For two pins I'd give him a hammering—only I can't appear to notice what he does. Come on and leave the beast."

We went and left him, still smoking.

I slept badly that night, on account of a touch of fever. In consequence, I was late up next morning, and the Marquis, who was always an early riser, was dressed and out-of-doors when I awoke. I was just

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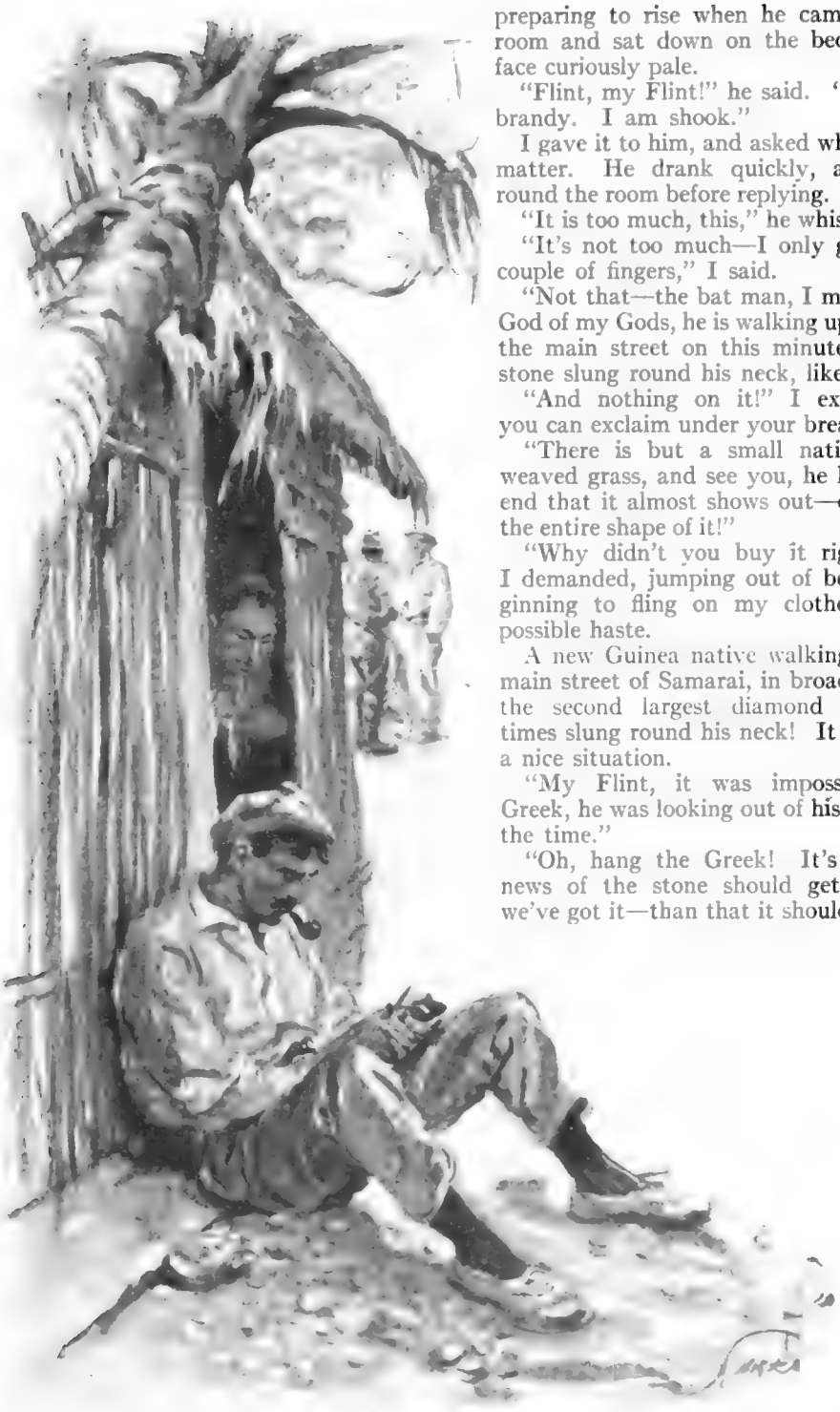

"HE'S PREPARED FOR ALL NIGHT," I SAID TO MY SLEEPY FRIEND.

preparing to rise when he came into my room and sat down on the bed, his pink face curiously pale.

"Flint, my Flint!" he said. "Give me a brandy. I am shook."

I gave it to him, and asked what was the matter. He drank quickly, and looked round the room before replying.

"It is too much, this," he whispered.

"It's not too much—I only gave you a couple of fingers," I said.

"Not that—the bat man, I mean. Flint, God of my Gods, he is walking up and down the main street on this minute, with the stone slung round his neck, like a locket!"

"And nothing on it!" I exclaimed—if you can exclaim under your breath.

"There is but a small native case of weaved grass, and see you, he has left the end that it almost shows out—one can see the entire shape of it!"

"Why didn't you buy it right there!" I demanded, jumping out of bed, and beginning to fling on my clothes with all possible haste.

A new Guinea native walking down the main street of Samarai, in broad day, with the second largest diamond of modern times slung round his neck! It was indeed a nice situation.

"My Flint, it was impossible. The Greek, he was looking out of his window all the time."

"Oh, hang the Greek! It's better the news of the stone should get out—once we've got it—than that it should be knock-

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ing loose round Samarai like that," I declared. "It's true that if we let the folks here get wind of it, we shall have to sleep on it in turns, and keep sort of watch and watch all the time till the boat comes, and after that the real fun will only be beginning. But anything's better than losing it. Why, that confounded Greek may suspect already what we are after. Come on." I counted out a handful of sovereigns, put them in my pocket, and started off.

The bat-eared man was nowhere to be seen.

"He's gone to breakfast before they start," I said, turning back toward the native quarters. Just as plainly as if he were before my eyes, I could see the little Papuan, with his woolly head and cramped, crooked figure, striding along with the price of a kingdom a-swing about his greasy neck, in a rude locket of grass—the treasure that would assuredly glitter in the crown of a queen, or shine upon the turban of some rich Indian rajah, within a few brief months.

For, whether the Marquis and I secured it or whether we did not, the destiny of the Sorcerer's Stone was fixed by this time. It had passed too near civilization to escape. Its track of blood and terror—the track of every great diamond—was opening out before it. What had the Marquis said in Kata-Kata—"First blood for the diamond: I wonder who shall be the next?"

The next had been the sorcerer himself. And the next after that? . . .

The man was not in the quarters; none of the boys was there. The remains of their meal were scattered about the ground. It seemed that for some reason or other the boats were going early to-day.

"The jetty, and look sharp!" I said.

We looked as sharp as we could, but the *Gertrude* was off before we got half-way down the street. Others of the fleet preceded her; one remained behind.

"Come on, Marky," I said. "We'll go with the fleet to-day. We're curious to see the pearling, you know."

"I have seen it many confounded times in other countries, and I am quite fatigued of it," declared the Marquis. "Always one gets some ugly shells, and one does not find no pearls, and they tell one foolish stories, and there is gin, and one goes home."

"Well, you're going to see it some more," I said.

The captain of the *Dawn* was willing to take us out for a consideration. He was a long time getting away from the jetty, and I grew more impatient every minute, for there was the *Gertrude* far ahead, and gradually drawing out of sight, while we still delayed. By the time the *Dawn* had spread her dirty sails to the breeze, the other lugger had diminished to a speck.

The Marquis and I sat side by side on the hatch, watching Sariba and the Basilisk open out into emerald and purple bays, and the tall blue D'Entrecasteaux show up on the far horizon. We did not talk: we were too anxious.

We cast anchor in a wide plain of blue water, with the *Gertrude* not very far away. She was anchored also, and I saw by the ladder and the trailing air-tube that her diver was down. Looking closer, a second air-tube appeared.

"Why, she has two down," I said.

"She got a new diver this morning," remarked the captain of the *Dawn*. "George the Greek. He's broke, and has to work. I wish I'd got him myself: he's a rare fine diver."

The Marquis and I looked at each other, and there was uneasiness in our faces. The *Dawn* rolled steadily on a long, windless swell like watered silk; the sappy, luscious green of the island forests rose up beyond the sea; in the near foreground, the *Gertrude*, with stern pointed toward us, showed two gray spider-threads dropping down into the water. At the ends of those two threads, far down among the coral and the sponges and the beds of weed and shell, crept all alone at the bottom of the sea two men, one with the ransom of a king hung round his neck, the other . . .

What was the other doing?

I did not mean to be very long finding out.

"Run us up as close to the *Gertrude* as you can, without interfering," I said.

The captain worked a little nearer. "That's about as far as I can go," he said. "And now I'm going to send my diver down. You and his lordship can see everything beautiful. It's not too deep here—since that Mo got finished off with diver's paralysis the other day, we've shifted to shallower water; this isn't more than twelve fathom."

"Your diver isn't going down just yet," I said, bending down to unlace my boots.

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IT WAS AWFUL TO SEE THEM STRUGGLING AND REELING AND GRIPPING AT EACH OTHER, THERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, WHERE A TANGLED LIFE-LINE OR A NIPPED AIR-TUBE MEANT CERTAIN DEATH.

"I'm going. I want to have a look at things."

"It's a loss to me," said the captain sourly. "Are you prepared to make it good?"

"Certainly," declared the Marquis, who seemed to understand the state of affairs. "We will pay you what is the value of the shell that your diver should bring up."

"And what about the pearls?" demanded the captain.

"Oh, come off it!" I said. "How many

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pearls has the whole fleet got since it went to work here?"

"Uncommon few, and bad at that," admitted the captain gloomily. "And what there is, no doubt the Malays and Japs poach for the most part."

"Had any stealing?" I asked. I was getting myself into the diver's heavy suit of woolen underwear now as quickly as I could.

"You've been down before, haven't you?"

"Yes." (I did not think it necessary to say that my experiences had been confined to a single trip, made in shallow water, for two or three minutes, over at Thursday, and that I had not liked it a little bit.) "About that stealing, now?"

"Well, I reckon the Greek has some idea of the kind, by the way he was keepin' round after that Papuan diver, followin' him along the street, and watchin' him like a cat watches a mouse."

"And do you think the Papuan has been stealing?" I had got into the woolens now, and the tender, a Malay, came forward to help me into the dress itself.

"Naw! Papuans aren't no pearl-stealers. They'll steal food, or clothes, or tools, but pearls—they haven't no use for them, and they're not sharp enough to smuggle and sell them."

I had learned almost as much as I wanted now. The rest, though I did not hear it from Joe Gilbert till later, I will tell here. The Greek had "shadowed" the Papuan down to the boat, on which both were engaged. He had got close to him during the run out, and tried to examine the curio-bag that the Papuan carried round his neck. Most of the natives disliked and distrusted the Greek, and Mo's brother was not likely to feel any kindness toward the white man who had dug up and maltreated the body of his only relative. He drew away and refused to let the Greek put a finger on his bag.

The Greek pretended that he had been only jesting, and let him alone till they arrived over the pearling grounds. Then the two descended together, from opposite sides of the vessel. When we came up they had been alone in the depths of the sea for over an hour.

Our captain noted the length of time the divers had been under, and talked self-righteously about the carelessness of "Good Joe Gilbert."

"He had them down long before we was in sight," said our skipper. "Bring along that corselet, Tanjong. Give me a wrench. I see to things myself on my ship, I do." (He began screwing me into my dress by means of the wrench, talking all the time.) "And look at them tenders of Gilbert's—pre-tenders, I call them. Are they watching the air-tubes proper, or are they not?"

I really did not know enough to say.

The captain went on: "Now I'll tend you myself, and you'll be as safe as if you was in the hotel in Samarai, drinkin' a long beer. You know the signals?"

"I know one pull on the signal-line is 'pull me up,' and I know how to work the taps in the helmet. I reckon that's enough." They were putting on my lead-soled boots now and hanging a huge locket of lead round my neck. I can not express how I hated the idea of going down.

And the Marquis, sitting on the hatch, his large pink face standing out like a harvest moon against the heaving sea, was whistling—of all tunes on earth—the Dead March in "Saul." By this, I guessed that his thoughts were somber.

"Marky," I said, "if you could choose some other tune I'd be obliged to you."

"It was not on the cause of you that I whistled it," he replied gloomily. "It is on the cause of myself, who can not make this journey, because I am too large that any diver dress can take me in."

"Well, one of us has got to go," I said, knotting the life-line round my waist. The captain had moved off to inspect the working of the pump.

"And of a truth!" cried the Marquis, "the pitcher that goes to the well is soonest mended!"

Tanjong now came with the front glass to screw up my helmet. I looked round at the *Gertrude* once more. Still the two spider threads dangled down her counter, across the littered, dangerous deck, with its careless tenders and the empty, heaving swell of the silent sea.

"They've been down too long—every one must be asleep on that mud-scow of Gilbert's," growled the captain. "Maybe something's got them. I near forgot to tell you: you keep your eyes skinned for clams, down below there."

"Clams?"

"Yes—you don't need to worry about sharks: we haven't seen one, not for days;

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and as for diamond-fish, if they come along and get a hold of your air-tube, it's no use you or any one worryin'. But them clams, they are outrageous. There's some proper big ones, and if you put your foot in one——"

"I can guess," I said; for I knew something of the terrible giant tridacna of these southern seas. "I'm ready: screw up."

The Marquis had of course waited for this moment to make a speech—when I could not possibly hear him, being shut into my metal shell like a lobster into its carapace—and he rushed forward to seize and press my hand, as I stepped over the side of the lugger to the ladder below. He spoke eloquently and I judged imprudently; and tears rose in his eyes. I cut short the scene by sliding my feet off the ladder and letting myself go.

I feared the effect of such a depth as seventy feet of water on an inexperienced diver like myself; but I need not have been uneasy. The skipper of the *Dawn* was not minded to have an accident, and he let me down very slowly. I saw the green water, full of silver air-bubbles, rushing up and past the window of my helmet, for what seemed quite a long while—though it could not have been more than a minute or two before my lead-soled boots came down as lightly as a dancer's sandal on the crumbling coral at the bottom.

This was the real thing, and not like my amateur experiment at Thursday: I began to feel interested and to forget the shrinking fear that all new divers experience in leaving the light and life of the world above and trusting themselves, cased in benumbing metal and rubber, to the choking depths of the sea. My ears were very painful, and my lungs worked badly; my arms and legs seemed to move with a deliberation of their own, and the curious change in the conditions of gravity made me feel like a large cork doll.

But I could make my way about, and it was almost as light as on the surface. I could see the tiny blue and emerald and violet buds on the coral, and the eyes of the painted parrot-fish, and every blade and frond of the tall green seaweeds that waved about as I moved by. The whole scene was so wonderfully beautiful that I almost forgot the grim errand that had brought me down into the midst of it.

Coral beds, when you see them from the surface on a calm day, are like a garden of flowers below the water. Seen from beneath the ocean itself, they take on the hues of actual jewels: the huge fans and mushrooms and ferns of the reef glow with lights of emerald, sapphire, and amethyst; the sun that falls through the water makes magical fires of gold and green. Fish come gently past the windows of your helmet, hurrying not at all, and look in with their cold eyes as they go by; their bodies shine with all the colors of a painted butterfly, and they make broken little rainbows in the water as they move.

You are walking on the coral: it crumbles away like over-baked biscuits under your boots and keeps you slipping and staggering, and you must keep a sharp lookout over those ugly indigo-colored gulfs that open in its surface here and there, for coral reefs shelter many a dangerous guest.

All this I saw, treading with the long, soft pace of the diver at the bottom of the sea, breathing short with the weight of the seventy feet above me, and trying not to think about the invisible nails that kept boring into my ears. I had taken my bearings when I dropped down from the lugger, and I could see her now far above me, like a shadowy whale basking on the surface. A good way ahead I could dimly discern another shadow—that of the *Gertrude*. So far, not a sign of her divers.

I trod on, balancing with my hands like an acrobat as I passed the edges of deep crevasses in the coral, and watching carefully for the serrated double edge that marks the presence of the formidable *Tridacna gigas*—the huge shell that most people have seen in museums, from three to six or seven feet long, and as heavy as the great stone basin of a fountain in a park. Small ones I saw everywhere; bigger ones, a foot or two in length, now and then. But none of the giants was to be seen.

I must have been down fully ten minutes and was beginning to feel the effects of my submersion, in a certain giddiness of the head and numbness of the limbs, when I saw something a good way in front of me that was not rock, nor coral, nor fish. What it was I could not tell, for it was in rapid motion and agitated the water so much that one could only see something waving and bending about. I took a good grip of my ax and went on faster. Be it what it might, I had got to have a look at it.

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The water seemed to clear as I drew nearer, and then I began to run—as one runs at the bottom of the sea, sprawling and waving and half swimming, working arms and legs together. For now I saw. There were two divers a little way ahead, attached spiderwise to their ship by long threads of life-line and air-tube, and they were fighting. I floundered up close to them and they never saw me; hear me they could not, for we were all isolated in our metal shells one from the other.

It was awful to see them struggling and reeling and gripping at each other—there at the bottom of the sea, where a tangled life-line or a nipped air-tube meant certain death. The silence—the muffled, stifled silence of the deep—made the horror more horrible yet. It was like a struggle of lost souls among the shades.

I made my way as close as I dared, keeping my life-line and air-tube well out of the way, and snatched at the arm of the nearest diver. But in the unfamiliar medium of the water I missed; and the fight went on, the two dark monsters, with their round metal heads and hideous huge glass eyes, dodging, slipping, striking. . . . I saw now, with a thrill of horror, that both were using their knives, or trying to. They had an immense advantage over me, in being accustomed to the water; they moved easily where I could hardly stir for fear of losing my balance. Something, however, had to be done. I flung myself forward anyhow, and made another snatch at the reeling figures. Crunch went the coral under my feet, and I went down right into the black crevasse.

I caught my signal-line, and hauled as I fell. They were doing their duty upon the *Dawn:* my tender answered with a sturdy haul that sent me swinging toward the surface again. I signaled "Lower," and they let me down. But the swing had carried me a little way from the scene of the fight.

With a horrible fear thumping at my heart, I flapped and stumbled forward through the wavering green. . . . I was too late.

The biggest diver had got one home at last. As I came up he sheathed his knife in the dress of the other and ripped it up; out came a fearful rush of silvery air, and the wretched creature, drowning, kicked and struggled, and snatched wildly at its signal-line, which I now saw had been cut.

The other man drove his hand into the gap in the dress, tore out a small brown object dangling on a string, and jumped backward out of the way of his grasping, struggling victim. In the jump he fell, and instantly the water vibrated to an iron clang that struck my helmet like a shot. He was caught in something; he fought terribly to be loose; from his imprisoned arm spread out a sudden cloud of brilliant red.

"Sharks! Blood brings sharks!" was the thought that beat upon my brain, as I flapped forward to give him help. Dulled as my senses were by the pressure of the sea, what I saw nearly drove me out of my mind with horror. A tridacna had got him.

It was set in a hole of the coral, its two fearful zigzag edges lying almost even with the surrounding level. It had been gaping open until the diver fell back upon it, and the clang that had struck upon my helmet was the sound of its ponderous shells, each some quarter ton in weight, slamming shut. The arm of the diver had been snapped and crushed between the edges: even as I looked, he fell back, the last rag of flesh tearing away. The tridacna had nipped off the limb like a carrot.

By this time I was so dazed and giddy with my submersion that I scarcely knew what I was about, and the horror of the two deaths before my eyes did not overcome me as it might have done had I been able to feel anything clearly. I knew the small man must be drowned: I guessed that the other was beyond help. I caught at the bigger man's signal-line, knotted it together, and tugged furiously. Up on the *Gertrude* they felt it and began to haul. The two black monsters, with their gleaming eyes, went slowly up toward the shadow of the boat, dangling loose and limp as they rose.

"Sharks!" my mind kept saying to me. I looked fearfully round and round. The green wavering water was clear of all large shadows: no living torpedo, snout down, darted between me and the daylight. At my feet the serrated jaws of the terrible clam jutted slightly up from the coral cleft in which it lay; they were closed like a vise, and an end of shattered bone protruded from the middle.

I have always wondered that I was able to think as quickly and as clearly as I did, there at the bottom of the sea, with my mind dazed by unaccustomed pressure and

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"GRACE TO GOD, YOU ARE WELL!" SAID THE MARQUIS. "YOU SIGNALED 'ALL RIGHT' WHEN WE PULLED; BUT, MY FRIEND, WE WAS NEAR BRINGING IT OR AT FORCE."

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shaken by the horrible tragedy that had just passed before my eyes. But I was quite certain of what I had to do. It was the Greek's right arm that had been severed. The diamond, in its casing of grass, was in his hand as he fell. A thousand to one that diamond was inside the tridacna. I had got to get it out, and quickly—for two reasons—first, I could not stay down much longer, and, secondly, nothing but a miracle could have kept the sharks away so long, with the smell of blood in the water.

The tridacna had been open when I came up. It would probably open again, as the morsel it had caught was scarcely in accordance with its ordinary food. When it opened, I must be ready with my ax, and strike as deep as possible into the yielding flesh, in the hope of hitting the great muscle that controlled the swinging of the valves. Should I miss that, I stood to lose the diamond, the ax, and not impossibly myself, for those giant shells as they closed might grab me as they had the Greek.

Well, I must hope not to miss. I poised the ax, and waited.

It must have been several minutes before any movement took place in the tridacna, but at last I saw the least possible gaping between the rows of tight-clinched scallops. The shells moved apart, slowly, slowly. Something gleamed between their separating edges—something that shot out rays of blue and green.

Was it the diamond? No! It was the tridacna itself.

Much as I had heard of these creatures, I had never heard anything of their beauty, and when I first saw it, it almost stunned me. From out the gates of those gigantic shells, as they opened more and more, came pouring forth the "mantle" of the fish, rising high above the marble edges of the shell, and trembling away in a cloud of glory several feet beyond. All the colors of a peacock flaunting in the sun were there: purples, violets, gold and green and blue, and, over all, the iridescent haze of the water, breaking into crumbled rainbows upon this miracle of unknown, unseen beauty.

I fairly gasped, it was so wonderful. Then, remembering myself, I bent as near the shell as I dared and looked for the ghastly relic it had seized. There was nothing to be seen but the gorgeous mantle itself. The murderous hand and its booty had alike disappeared.

I waited for a moment to collect myself, felt the blade of the ax to see that it was keen, poised it, and swung.

"Now or never!" I thought. And, as the blade went home, I leaped back, and stiffened myself for the shock of the great valves slamming down on the handle.

It did not come.

I tried to draw the ax out and could not. The tridacna, in its dying agony, had gripped its muscles round the blade. But the closing-muscle was severed: the valves could not shut. Or at least I thought so. I drew my diver's knife and took the risk of putting my hand inside the shells, slashing away at the huge mass of meat inside. By degrees the mechanical grip on the ax-blade lessened and I pulled it out.

Now it was possible to empty the clam, and I began tearing the meat away in lumps as big as butchers' joints, and flinging it down on the coral. The whiteness of the inner shell, pure as polished marble, began to shine through. I had thrown away the greater part of the contents when I came at last on what I sought.

There it was, the little brown parcel, lying loose beside the greedy hand that had clutched at it and at death together. It seemed to me, as I took the Sorcerer's Stone and put it in the bag round my neck, as if a wave of cold passed through me that had nothing to do with the benumbing water in which I stood. The evil thing!—the thing that had caused death before, that would assuredly cause it again. There, at the bottom of the sea, it would have been safe: the trail of blood that marks the path of every great diamond would have been washed away in the safe, the secret waves, to begin never more again. And I was taking it back.

I declare I stood with the stone in my hand and thought—I do not know what I thought: something mad, if madness it be to think as other men do not. Whether I should have gone beyond thinking or not I can not say. I did not get the chance. For, just as I had taken the diamond out of my bag, something happened that made me drop it back again in frantic haste and tug at my signal-cord as hard as I could. Not hurriedly, but quietly, softly, and almost gracefully, a large, long, deep-blue form came gliding through the water, and, with a sweep of its scythe-shaped tail, made straight for me.

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I believe now that it was going simply for the remains of the tridacna and was not troubling about me at all: I could not have smelt so attractive, cased up in metal and rubber, as did the raw scattered flesh. But nobody waits to try conclusions with a shark in its own element. I went up through the water as fast as the captain of the *Dawn* could drag me, alarmed, as he was, at my long stay, and I felt that shark at my toes every inch of the seventy feet.

Nothing touched me, however. The hull of the *Dawn* appeared above my head—a welcome sight, indeed; the ladder flashed before my eyes, and then two pairs of hands were pulling me over the bulwarks and screwing away at the glasses on my helmet. I am not of the fainting kind, but I will admit I had to sit down while they were doing it, and was not very clear as to my whereabouts for a moment or two after.

Then, when they had got the helmet off, and my lungs were full of the good, fresh air—the glorious air of free heaven itself—I saw that the Marquis was kneeling on the deck beside me to get his head on a level with mine, and gazing so anxiously into my face that I could not help bursting out into laughter.

"Grace to God, you are well!" said the Marquis, his face lighting up like sunshine after rain. "You signaled 'all right' when we pulled, but, my friend, we was near bringing you up at force! Did we not see that the two divers of the *Gertrude* had come up sick?"

"Sick!" I yelled. "Dead!"

"Dead!" cried the Marquis and the captain together.

"Why!" the captain declared, "that *Gertrude*, she up sailed and off with her before they was well on board."

So she had; there was no vestige of her to be seen. It appeared afterward that Good Joe Gilbert had completely lost his head at the sight of his two divers, one obviously murdered, the other dead and mutilated, and had started off as hard as he could for the magistrate and the police on Samarai. This job was too much for him to handle, he said, and he didn't want to get his head into no murdering rows and have the Government jumping on a harmless man that only wanted to do well by every one.

It was to his panic haste that I owed my freedom to carry out my own plans, there at the bottom of the sea. Had the Marquis or the captain realized that Gilbert's divers were dead they would have pulled me up at once. But divers' paralysis had been common in the fleet, and they took the disturbance on the *Gertrude* to mean nothing worse, as her flag, in the confusion, had not been half-masted.

The Marquis and I discussed afterward whether the Greek could have known or not that Mo's brother had a diamond on his ugly little person. I inclined to think that he did not. In a pearling fleet the minds of men run exclusively on pearls, and nobody, so far as I knew, had said anything about diamonds at any time. The acute little Greek had somehow sensed the existence of a small and precious valuable in which we were interested; he had shadowed the Papuan to try and find out what he could, and, being baffled, had taken service on the *Gertrude* for the sole purpose (or so I judged) of following Mo's brother beneath the water and robbing him, there where no man was likely to see or interfere.

I do not think it ever entered his head that a stranger, not a diver by profession, would risk the descent in twelve fathoms of dangerous water merely on the chance of seeing what he was up to. But then, he did not know the stake.

Or so I thought. The Marquis had his own opinion.

He had his own opinion about the diamond, too. That night we ventured, very cautiously, to take it out and examine it in a quiet corner. He handled its beauty—our own at last—with a touch that was almost reluctant.

"Flint, now that it is to us, I do not feel as I have felt about it before," he said. "I hope these misfortunes are at an end."

"Well, you wanted it badly enough; you should be glad now we have it," I said.

"Distant fields are always green," quoted the Marquis gravely; and I was so amazed to hear him quote a proverb right side up for once that I almost dropped the diamond on the floor.

The next adventure in the quest of ***"The Sorcerer's Stone"*** *will appear in the December number.*

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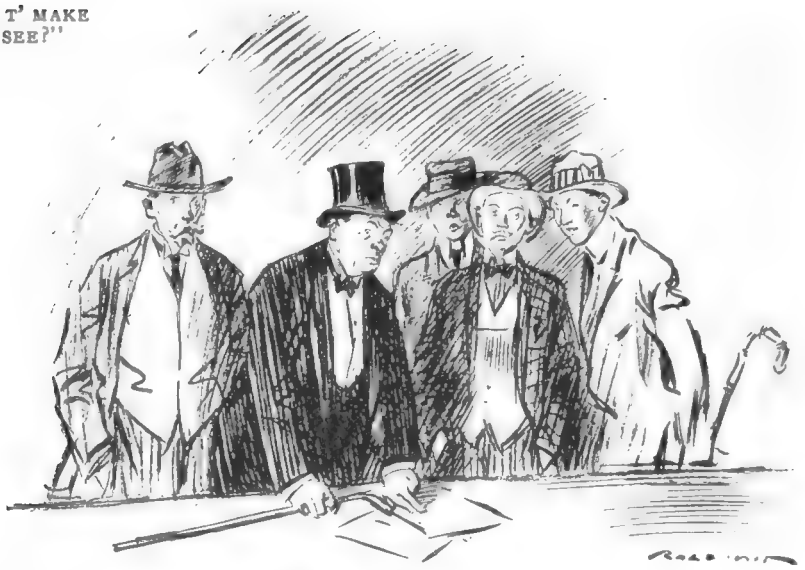

"JUST SHENDIN' IT T' MAKE Y' WORK HARD, SEE?"

Amanda Lee, Singapore

by

LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THESE events are all obviously and preposterously impossible.

I know they are, because they happened under my own eye, and with my own connivance. I know it because they happened in New York, grandmother of impossibilities. I know it because they started at two A. M., on the Rialto, which is the most impossible and preposterous region on earth, bar only the North Pole and the ground floor of Vesuvius. So please do not write to the editor informing him that my story is a grotesque product of a hack-writer's superheated brain. I should resent the slur. I am not a hack-writer. I am a telegraph-operator, lately in charge of an all-night office in mid-Broadway.

Furthermore, hack-writers do not invent Augustus Graham and the consequences of his cipher to Singapore. They are all dull realists, the hack-writers, scribbling only of such commonplaces as Scandinavian bishops eloping with Senegambian widows; highwaymen stealing tile hats with the aid of fly-paper lowered from aeroplanes; murderers slaying their victims by tickling a rat under the chin until the rodent goes mad a-laughing and bites a piece of cheese that is later rescued from a garbage-wagon by a Chinaman, who puts it into chop-suey that is eaten by a slumming party led by the murderers' victims aforesaid.

But never dripped from realist's pen the figure and deeds of Augustus Graham. And why? Because no professional fiction-

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manufacturer would dare submit such improbable stuff to an editor. No editor in his senses would read it. I know, for I tried to make several of him do it. And I didn't succeed until I sent the whole manuscript by telegraph collect.

Augustus dropped in at 2:28 A. M., June 27, 1911, just as I was scribbling this date on a telegram which Henry Smalley, baled-hay merchant from Omaha, was sending to his wife, Amanda Lee Smalley, notifying her that he had reached New York safely, had sold eight carloads of prime timothy to a St. Louis broker, and would remember to bring her the set of electric curling-irons she had seen advertised by a specialty shop. Mr. Smalley had some difficulty in composing this tender and intimate message. In the first place, he was amiably alcoholized. And in the second place, there was Augustus Graham.

Augustus was leaning against the door-frame, crooning: "Oh—a-hic—carry m' back—t-to ol' Vir—hic—ginnyia—" or noises to that effect. And behind him swayed three friends of his shirt-bosom, nobly struggling to enrich Augustus's melody with its appropriate second tenor, baritone, and bass.

The four were of an old and familiar type. Tenor, Baritone, and Bass wore the forty-dollar tailor-made suits, the half-carat off-color diamonds, the two-for-a-quarter collars and the two-dollar cravats, the dollar-fifty factory-made shirts and the solid-gold sleeve-links, the three-and-a-half-dollar shoes and the silken hosiery that are the infallible marks of the true American Pauper—namely, the clerk who has to dress like a fifty-dollar-a-week man in order to hold his eighteen-a-week job. Augustus was, by dress, by mien, and by confession, their economic superior.

"I—er-uh-hic—" he whirled a heavy teakwood cane within a millimeter of a plate-glass window—"I sold eighty-three lots to eighty-three ginks to-day. Eighty-three of 'em—all in—hic—the same s-s-swamp. Reperrshent th' — hic — Virginnyia Small Acres D'velop-m'nt Corperation—gemm'n. Half-acre f'r hunner'—hic—dollars, half down. 'N I draws thirty per cent. commish—So—" he waved vaguely to Second Tenor, Baritone, and Bass—"I'm takin' th' boysh out f'r a goo' time. Come on now, wott'll y' have? Me f'r a Bronx cocktail, ol' pal——"

He flung a fifty-dollar bill upon the long counter, and the Chorus lined up, still crooning their wish to be transported to Old Virginia.

"Beat it," I said softly but firmly. "This is a telegraph and cable office, gentlemen."

They sang more resonantly, then thumped the thick oak and ordered me to hurry up with the moisture. Thereupon I led Augustus briskly to the door and showed him the glare of drunken Broadway, where it shone upon the yellow buttons of many patrolmen.

"Hike, or I'll turn you over to one of those fellows," I threatened.

"Hol' on," protested Augustus. "Don't jerk that nice—hic—coat. Cost eighty doll'rs, silk-lined coat. I got business here. I'm goin' in. Important business. 'Nother man there"—he pointed at the Omaha hay-merchant, who contemplated these proceedings with copious and noisy pleasure. "Hey you, mister. What y' doin' here?"

"Sendin' tellygram. Tellygram to my wife. She's a nice woman, Amanda is. Introduce y' some day, 'f y' drop in. She's at home Tuesdays an' Thursdays, four to five——"

"Telegram, eh?" Augustus straightened, frowned, and fumbled through his pockets. "Well—hic—I'm goin' to, too. An'——"

He came to a full stop, throat, leg, and finger. Then he elevated an arm with majestic slowness and uttered this terrible threat full at me: "Y' insulted me, sir. Y're no gemm'n. Grabbed my collar, while we're goin' along peaceful. Yelled at me, that's what y' did. Called on th' strong arm of th' Law. Know what? You disgraced me b'fore eyes of th' entire world—an' a humilyation f'r all my frien's 'n' relatives—hic—t' say nothin' of my poor mother. Y've bring sorrow on her ol' age." Long and ominous pause, punctuated with deep, liquid gurgles. "An' so, an' so I'm goin' t' punish y'—within an inch—hic—of your life an' limb——"

"Hold on," interrupted Mr. Smalley, who was sober enough to realize vividly even the minutest details of the law of trespass and the law of assault and battery, "This is a telegram offish. Place to send telegrams. If you want one, come in. If you want a drink, I invite you, gemm'n, to the——"

"I'm goin' t' punish that fellow—" Augustus pointed at me again and frowned frightfully. "Punish him — with— a —

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tellygram, b'jinks, with—a—tellygram——"

"Hooray," whooped the Chorus feebly.

"What?" Mr. Smalley's brow wrinkled with perplexity, and he flapped his lower lip pensively with his forefinger.

"Goin' t' make the pup work—work like a—a dog. Like an old lame dog that's tryin' to paw up last summer's bone out of frozen ground." Augustus smiled exuberantly at his simile, then lapsed into vengeful wrath. "You gotto send message f'r me, d'ye hear? An' it's goin' to have th' longest, hardest words there's in the dic—hic—shunary."

"Send it 'z far 'z y' can make him go with it, too, Mr. Graham," cried the Baritone. "Make him run with it till his legs drops off, an' he—hic—sweats blood. Serve him right."

"Ver' good idea, m' boy. Ver' good." Augustus seized Baritone's hand with congratulatory condescension. "See if th' boss won't raise y'r pay f'r—hic—this dishplay 'f—almos' human intell'gence. I'll send tellygram t'—t' San Francisco——"

"Oh, be a sport," whooped Mr. Smalley, who had fallen in with my enemies' sinister plan. "Make him suffer. 'Frisco ain't far. Make him go chasin' t' th' uttermost parts 'f th' earth, where chaos an' eternal night hold perpetyal anarchy."

"Thank God, there's a man with brains—hic—here." Augustus fell on Mr. Smalley's shoulder.

"Come over to th' map," suggested Smalley.

On the wall hung a big map of the world in Mercator's projection, streaked with crooked red lines, which were the cables of the thirty-one companies that bind the continents together and carry on the small-talk of the nations. To this chart Augustus and retinue marched. Solemnly they studied it, measuring distances with Augustus's cane. Then back to the counter stalked Augustus, spread a cablegram-form before his uncertain eyes, and wrote as slowly and as studiously as if he were penning his last will and testament.

"There," he finally passed me the slip with an ugly leer, "send that. Send it all th' way—hic—to—Singapore. That'sh th' farthest-off place on th' map——"

"And th' hottest, I guess," put in the Tenor. "Now get busy—an' sweat. Run—hic—all way t' Singapore."

I scanned the document. It began thus:

"Pulchritude is exclusively dermal. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* In the evanescent luminosity of hypothetical—" and so on for fifty words or more, every word part of the same familiar, silly, infantile attempt at being funny which I have seen hundreds of times in the victims of alcohol who stagger and shout up and down the Thoroughfare of Fools in the morning's first hours. Senseless though it was, however, I discreetly regarded it as a perfectly serious message.

"You have omitted the name and address, sir," I remarked.

"But—hic—I don't know anybody in Singapore," Augustus protested vehemently. "Just shendin' it t' make y' work hard, see? Now work, dog."

"There must be a name and address," I insisted, foolishly thinking that I should most speedily be rid of him and his reeking crew by urging this requirement.

"Ver' well," said Augustus.

A moment he pondered, but his befuddled wits would deliver no name. Then his desperate eye fell upon Mr. Smalley's telegram to his wife in Omaha, which still lay on the counter.

"Amanda Lee's pretty name," mused Augustus. "Make it that, bartender. Amanda Lee, Singapore, Asia—hic—Eastern Hemi—hic——"

"That will cost you fifty-nine dollars and ninety-four cents," I murmured with hidden glee. "The rate to Singapore is one dollar and eleven cents per word——"

"Send it collect," ordered Augustus, and started off.

"That is not allowed." I grinned now. "Please pay up."

"Oho-o-o-o-o," yelled Mr. Smalley, capering hysterically. "Oh, what a joke! Now pay up, friend, an' be a dead game sport. Let's see if y' got it in y'. Oho-o-o-o-o! Will y' make the operator sweat? Will y'? Or will y' cut an' run? Now watch."

One awful instant Augustus stared at Mr. Smalley. One more awful instant he thought visibly of his three clerks, who were contemplating the crisis with open mouths. Then: "Keep th' change—hic—" he thundered as he balled up a hundred-dollar bill and threw it into my face. "Lots more coin where that come from. Sold eighty-three lots t' eighty-three suckers to-day—Come 'long, boys——"

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And he and his clerks reeled forth into the night of Broadway.

I thrust the bill into my pocket and straightway became aware that Mr. Henry Smalley, of Omaha, was leaning over the counter and winking strangely at me.

"Split that with me, son," commanded the baled-hay merchant *pianissimo*. "Split it, and I'll say nothing."

"Part of it he gave to me," I recounted, as I dropped upon my stool at the key, "and the other part goes to the stockholders with wires from here to Singapore——"

"Don't try to bluff me, kid," yelled Mr. Smalley, and he beat the counter with his fist. "You ain't sending that drunk's fake message. You're pocketing the hundred——"

"Are you aware," I asked coldly, "that it is a prison offense to hold back or otherwise to tamper with a telegram or similar message? This goes to Singapore right now——"

"By Heaven, I'll see that it does then," the Westerner raged. "I'll call up headquarters to-morrow early. And if you haven't sent it, I'll squeal on you, so——"

Thereupon entered the patrolman whom I had called by a message to the operator in a near-by hotel. And Mr. Smalley was suddenly plunged into the outdoor gaieties of nocturnal Broadway.

I watched him vanish. And as I watched, the wicked futility and waste of the whole place and its people came over my mind with a sudden nausea. I drew forth the crumpled hundred-dollar bill and contemplated its golden curlicues with a disgust I had never before felt. Not ten hours earlier that very slip of paper had been drawn from some little savings-bank. A poor woman had handed it to a heartless and lying promoter, who had given her in return a square of sand and scrub pine in some Southern solitude. And now it was flung away in a drunken jest.

In another half-hour it would be a mere quivering of molecules in a copper wire out in the black silences at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. A meaningless stir of atoms

"WHY, I'M JUST AMANDA LEE, THAT'S ALL."

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over which some Englishman on the other side of this ridiculous world would knit his brows and swear, as he tried to read it off the needle. A senseless string of marks going to nobody.

"Damn you and all your kind, Augustus," I muttered, "and damn booze. And may somebody come soon and put you out of business, you and all your kind——"

Then I touched the key and in a second was relaying to Amanda Lee, Singapore, the information that pulchritude is exclusively dermal; that *honi soit qui mal y pense;* and all the rest.

* * * * * * * * * * *

II

"Life," I observed to my office-partner, Hank, "is as thin and as dull as a last year's safety-razor blade."

This brilliant phrase was coined around five o'clock on the first Tuesday in September. Like all gems of thought and otherwise, it was the product of high pressure and much heat acting upon ordinary matter. Since noon on that sweltering day I had clicked off thirty-seven messages to Aunt Annies, Dear Wifies, Smith & Co., Main St., Beldenville, *et al.*, announcing that he, she, it, or the sample trunks had arrived safely in New York and was or were going to write or be written or forwarded a week from Thursday. In the same period I had received sixty-two dispatches from Aunt Annies, Dear Wifies, Smith & Co., Main St., Beldenville, *et al.*, announcing that——

"I have often wondered," mused Hank, as I reported the above to him and lighted another imported Persian cigarette from a box which I had accepted in lieu of cash from a dead-broke Belgian hare-lip comedian who had to notify the Sammy Samuels Stock Company, playing at Spokane, that he would accept offer of the 13th inst.—"I have often wondered why all of our ninety-eight million citizens of this or these United States are always either coming to New York or leaving it. This seems to me a monotonous occupation, and I should think that somebody would get tired of it pretty soon and do something else. But in all the seven years I've been at this here key, nobody has.

"Once a week," Hank particularized, "some bum actor dashes in and announces to Froh & Perhammer's St. Louis agent that he will sign up for the movies and leave for the West immediately. Once a month a waiter from the Hyperion café races in, pale as table d'hôte wine, and telegraphs a stop-loss order on Colorado Fuel & Iron to his broker. And once in a year a pretty little girl slinks in weeping and asks Dad out in Oklahoma if he will take her back, forgiving all. Aside from these minor and infrequent diversions, though—" Hank shot a glance toward the door, then swiftly bent over his desk—"life on the Rialto is, as you say, as lively and variegated as a Coney Island merry-go-round during a January blizzard. The next one's yours, and here she comes. I'll bet it's Nashville and Dear Mother, arrived safely, souvenir cards follow——"

Then I looked toward the door. No. 38 stood in it, irresolute and visibly pale. Up to the counter she glided, of a sudden, fumbled ever so swiftly in a tiny hand-bag, then held out a paper of unfamiliar hue and texture.

"I've just come from the railway station," she said, as if she had known me twenty years. "The telegraph people over there told me to find the office this was sent from. They sent me to the cable people, and the cable people sent me here. Please tell me if it was Will who sent it, and what code he used, and where he is living now——"

I read the strange paper. It began: "Pulchritude exclusively dermal. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Evanescent luminosity hypothetical—" and so on for fifty words or more.

"Mr. Swendon, the operator, brought it to me late on the night of June 28th. He helped me to work it out by A-B-C code and a lot of others he had in his office, but we couldn't make sense of it——"

"Where the devil — I — madam — where did you get this?" I cried in a voice that brought Hank to his feet.

"Why, at Singapore. Read the heading." The young woman looked me over suspiciously.

"And—and who are you?—Amanda Lee?" My fingers gripped the counter's edge so that my knuckles creaked.

"Why—" two pretty cheeks flushed at my seeming rudeness—"I'm—why, I'm just Amanda Lee, that's all. I've been—oh, that's not your affair—I've been—

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"YES, SHE IS A PEACH. AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT SHE'LL BE A LITTLE PRESERVED PEACH."

working in Singapore. And now I'm here, and I'm —I must find out what that message says and who sent it—very quickly. I tell you, very, very quickly. But you can't understand. Now, please look up the record just as fast as you can——"

A nervous little laugh escaped her. Then she pressed a slim brown hand against a clear brown brow and drooped into a chair beside a writing-table.

"Well, I'll be ding-donged," Hank whistled into my ear, "if that ain't a coincidence. Think of that old drunk hitting on a name——"

Quick as a flash I jammed a blue pencil down Hank's loose mouth.

"Miss Lee"—I turned to the forlorn figure—"our back records are all stacked up in a back room where there's been a fire. It'll take us some time to dig out June 27th. If you'll be so good as to drop in again in an hour——"

She was too deeply disturbed to penetrate that flimsy lie. She merely bowed in silence, rose, fumbled once more through her hand-bag.

"Could you gentlemen direct me to a—to an inexpensive boarding-house?" she faltered. "One where they require no references?"

"There's a room vacant now in the one I'm stopping at," I said promptly. "It's cheap——"

"The address?" queried Amanda Lee, and forth came a pencil.

"It's—" I began, then laughed. "But you wouldn't know how to reach it——"

"Oh, any policeman will direct me——"

"I guess you haven't been reading the papers about the murderers and thugs and worse that are on our police force here." I

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shook my head. "Don't trust a policeman in this wicked town, Miss Lee. I'll be off duty here in another hour. If you don't mind waiting until then, I'll show you over there myself."

"You're very kind," Amanda Lee quavered. "I hope I'm not putting you to much trouble——"

I had something very neat and gallant on my lips, but in rustled two of The Usual, chattering about the Woolworth Tower and the wording of their telegram to Uncle George. Amanda Lee asked if she might leave her valise behind our counter, murmured more thanks, then flitted forth into the quivering heat of the Great White-hot Way.

Ten minutes later came a lull on the wires. Hank wheeled toward me expectantly, and I forthwith called an extra session of the Ways and Means Committee.

"As I understand this situation," I remarked, "a drunken joke has brought a poor girl half-way around this foolish world. She has some reason to suppose that somebody named Will might have cabled in cipher to her——"

"To save money at the rate of a dollar and eleven cents per word," put in Hank redundantly.

"So she tried to find out by cabling, couldn't make connections, and in desperation scraped her pennies together, hurried over here, and now arrives almost dead-broke——"

"I might add," said Hank, "that I'm much obliged for that blue pencil you jammed down my gullet. If she'd heard the facts, they might have killed her outright."

"And I'm much obliged to you," I replied, "for not objecting publicly to my leaving my happy bachelor quarters with you and taking lodgings in some greasy, garlicky hash-house——"

"Until you get the girl's story and frame things up for her comfort and peace of mind," supplied Hank. "Well, if you cut that job out for yourself, that leaves me nothing to do but find that Augustus what's-his-name—yes, yes, Augustus Graham—and make him pay Amanda for all the trouble, time, and money his fool joke has cost her, with interest at forty per cent."

"And now that we understand each other, Hank," I resumed, "we've got to fix up a smooth, puncture-proof tale about that cablegram. Amanda Lee will be back in forty-three minutes."

III

We told her that the fire had scorched our records so badly that the leaves cracked up into little bits when we tried to turn them. So we had turned them over to the fire-insurance company, and it was going to have an expert extricate the desired information. It would probably take him a week or more. In the meantime the cable company, which deeply regretted causing Miss Lee such grave trouble, felt itself morally bound to defray her living expenses, pending the search through the damaged archives. (Don't forget that I still had forty dollars and six cents change from Augustus.)

"It's awfully good of them—and you—" the girl's eyes shone with gratitude—"to look after me in New York. I don't know a soul here, unless Will is round. And you'll help me find him, won't you?"

"Sure," I returned. "But first let's get you settled at Mrs. Howard's. And, by the way, I'd advise you not to tell anybody over there that the company is paying your expenses. It's a very swell boarding-house, and maybe—er—well, the lodgers like to keep up the bluff of being rich and select——"

Amanda Lee looked me over queerly for a long minute. Then she laughed, and a very soft, kind-hearted little spurt of merriment it was. "I'm sure I can keep up that bluff, too—" she began, but I stopped her.

"Now please don't, Miss Lee." I shook my head gravely. "Never begin the bluffing game. It's a bad one. Just be natural and honest and, if you have to, just evade impudent questions."

"If Mrs. Howard found out who I was—" she looked away, trembling.

"Now see here," I touched her arm. "Nobody cares who you are—er—I mean, it's nobody's business who you are——"

"I wish it were," she sighed, and gazed drearily down the dusty, roaring stretches of Broadway.

"Nobody's except mine," I amended quickly. "And," more dolefully, "it's mine only until I've found Will for you."

At that her pretty brown eyes returned to mine quizzically, and mine dropped to the third finger of her left hand.

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"Oh." She reddened, then grew serious. "It's Uncle Will. He's the only relative I have in the world. And you'll have a hard time finding him. He works in the woods, wherever there's work to do. Sometimes he's in Maine, sometimes in Quebec, sometimes in Newfoundland. He's a lumberman, you know." And now her lips were trembling again, pitifully. "But you must run him down in a hurry. I—I've only got eight dollars and thirty-two cents."

"You poor little thing," was all I could say; and I guess I didn't say that as smoothly as usual.

Well, in a few more minutes she was settled in Mrs. Howard's plushiest second-floor front, quite bewildered at the splendor of the marble bath and real pressed-cardboard tapestry and all the other improvements that were costing me fifteen dollars

VERY STILL AND FORLORN, HER EYES FOREVER ON THE FRONT STEPS.

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a week. Mrs. Howard, who was an old friend of mine, tucked me away, fourth-floor rear, next to the dumb-waiter. There I shaved and awaited news from Hank, who was tracing, through the maze of wires that are the nerves of New York, the whereabouts of one Augustus Graham.

That same night I ran the fellow down, in the rug-hung and antlered smoking-room of his viciously splendid bachelor quarters off lower Madison Avenue.

"You've got me mixed, son," Augustus grinned affably. "I never sent any message to Singapore——"

"To as sweet a young lady as I ever saw, by the name of Miss Amanda Lee," I insisted. "You sent it as a joke on me. But it's a bad one on you. It brought the poor girl to New York. She's here now, almost penniless, and without a friend. And, let me tell you, Mr. Graham, it's up to you to do the right thing by her."

"Hm, hm." Augustus half-closed his sodden, shifty, gray-green eyes and meditatively plucked from his thick, hanging lower lip a languishing cigarette. "A pretty girl alone in New York? Well, I'll have to look into this. Wait till I get my hat and stick."

"One minute," I spoke up sharp as vinegar. "I'm not going to steer the likes of you around to meet the likes of her——"

"Aha," sneered Augustus. "You're a bungler at the blackmail game, all right. First you spring a wild tale, then you refuse to produce the girl you pretend I've injured. Now beat it, or I'll call a cop."

"Come along," I growled, for I saw he could outpoint me on that play. "My cards are on the table."

And this is how Augustus came to meet Amanda Lee, of Singapore, in the reception-parlor of Mrs. Howard's Select Boarding-House, while I sat, humped up and down in the dumps, on the edge of a hair sofa.

I pretended to be looking through Mrs. Howard's souvenir-card collection, but I was really watching Amanda Lee admire Augustus and *vice versa*. His big diamonds, his glib tongue, his flowing gestures, his ready confidences overawed and entranced her from the start. Anybody could have seen that she wasn't used to men of the world; and when I discovered it, I all but whooped for joy. Why? Because she was an American girl from Singapore; and, as Hank had said, that didn't sound as good as she looked. For there is only one well-known kind of "American girl" in the Far East, and that is the same kind we see altogether too many of on our own Broadway, from four in the afternoon until three in the morning.

"I'm awfully sorry about that cablegram, Miss Lee," I suddenly overheard Augustus saying contritely. "I sent——"

"Wow!" I screeched, then sprang across the room to Augustus, locked my fingers into the flabby meat of his gesticulating right arm, and hauled him to his feet. "Did you hear that whistle? It's the police, raiding Mansfield's big gambling-joint, just back of us here. Holy smudge, but it will be a sight! Come on, quick! It'll be the sight of your life——"

I dragged Augustus into the quiet street, and in bewilderment Augustus cursed me up and down it.

"Now what's this game?" he stormed. "There's no raid, nor no nothing else——"

"Listen to me closely, Augustus Graham." I got a strangle-hold on his white silk vest. "There's one thing I forgot to tell you, in the excitement of the evening. Don't you let on to that poor little girl that you sent that cablegram, or that you were malodorously drunk when you wrote it, or that you copied the name, Amanda Lee, from another message that happened to be lying on the counter, or that all those fool words you made up don't mean anything. If she finds that out, it may kill her. Remember, she's scraped together every dollar she could get, to make the trip. She thinks her Uncle Will sent the message in cipher. She is expecting news from him. And here she is, knowing neither the news nor her uncle's whereabouts, nor where she'll raise money to take her home. So, mind you! Drop one little secret about what you did, and I'll split open your soggy face, Augustus Graham."

"So be it," promised Augustus hastily. "And now let's hike back to the boarding-house. She certainly is a little peach, ain't she?"

"Yes, she is, damn you," I snapped. "And I'm going to see that she'll be a little preserved peach."

"Eh?" from Augustus, as we mounted Mrs. Howard's select steps.

"Preserved from alcoholics like you," I explained. "Pay her a thousand dollars and ship her back to Singapore, for God's sake."

Augustus laughed ominously.

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IV

Uncle Will's last name, according to Amanda Lee, was Higginson. According to my experience, it was O'Wisp. Amanda thought he might be at McBreed's House, in Brooklyn, a favorite hotel for lumbermen off the barges from the north lands. I telephoned thither, but no Uncle Will was or had been lately registered. Amanda thought he might be at a mill in Philadelphia—she didn't recall its name, but it began with R and sounded like a baby cooing. I telegraphed an amiable old operator in Broad Street and he said it must be Roulereau's Veneer Works; but there was no Uncle Will there. Amanda thought and thought; and I telegraphed and telegraphed. Five days we kept it up, then she burst into frightened tears.

"Oh," she sobbed, as I shook my head hopelessly on that fifth night, "if he's dead —or if he's gone into the backwoods—or—oh, what shall I do? You must hurry up and find the record of that cable message, find what code it is in. It will tell me what to do."

"Come, come," I comforted her, "you needn't worry——"

"With only nineteen dollars in my purse?" She struggled to smile, but failed miserably.

"I—I thought it was only eight dollars and thirty-two cents," I blundered along.

"Oh, that was five days ago," she brightened a little. "But since then I've been shopping three times with your generous friend, Mr. Graham. And he's insisted upon lending me twenty dollars each time——"

I didn't wait for the rest of her story. I raced back to the office and started an endless-chain message to the operators in the 25,972 other offices of the United States. "Find William Higginson, lumberman," I commanded, "and tell him his niece is at Mrs. Howard's BH, Manhattan, and needs him badly. If he is not in your district, pass on the word to next trunk and branch men, with same request."

Pretty irregular, that! Headquarters would howl, if they caught me borrowing their whole plant. But I was desperate, as I pictured to myself poor little, innocent, moneyless Amanda Lee gratefully taking tainted bills from the tainted purse of Augustus, swindler of widows and orphans, and hunter of lone girls. How desperate I was you may guess, when I tell you that for two whole days I sneaked in and out of Mrs. Howard's, dodging the girl from Singapore.

I didn't dare meet her. I knew that if I did, I should say something that might better remain unspoken. I might even blurt out the whole truth about that cablegram. So I just peeked in through the velvet curtains of the reception-parlor now and then, and watched her sitting very still and forlorn on the hair sofa, her slim brown hands clasped on her lap and her eyes forever on the front steps—the steps where Uncle Will must come, if he came at all.

By the third day of the endless chain, Hank and I had heard from all keys as far south as Savannah, as far west as Indianapolis, and as far north as Bangor; but in all this vast region there was no William Higginson, lumberman, to be found.

"It begins to look," quoth Hank to me, "as if you would be paying Miss Singapore's board-bill for some years to come. Uncle Will's probably splitting kindling for the archduke of Siberia. I hope you've got a healthy bank-book——"

"I don't go in for that kind of realistic literature," I admitted. "I've got thirty-two dollars in an old cigar-box, as you very well know, seeing that it's hidden under your two dress shirts."

"I reckon, then, that you'll have to break the hard truth to the lady in another week," Hank computed rapidly. "The cost——"

"Never!" I cried in a fury of resolve. "I'll spend a thousand dollars rather than make her suffer——"

Just then, into the office marched the district superintendent, raging, and discharged me for that endless-chain business, which some greenhorn down in Arizona had reported to headquarters, not understanding it. Two minutes later I was standing in front of a cigar store, out of work and generally out of sorts—all because Augustus Graham, drunk, came upon Henry Smalley telegraphing at my counter, at 2:28 A. M., June 27.

But I wasn't wasting much time marveling over this fatal coincidence. I was trying to figure how I might protect Amanda Lee, protect her against starvation, against Augustus, against all the sinister forces that prowl after the helpless, the innocent, and the forsaken in pitiless New York. Plainly,

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the first makeshift was to secure credit from Mrs. Howard for Amanda's room, and to give up my own and return to Hank.

To Mrs. Howard's I hastened—and carelessly stepped into the reception-parlor. Amanda was there, a little paler than usual, and she put out her wistful hand to me in a way that brought a lump to my throat.

"I want to speak with you. It's very important." Her words rushed, then she paused helplessly.

I waited, sick at heart with the fear that she had discovered the truth about her cablegram.

"You've been very good to me," she began, and twisted her handkerchief feverishly, "and you're—well, Mrs. Howard says you're honest and decent, so I want your advice. What had I better do about Aug—Mr. Graham?"

"Do? About him? What—what's that miserable old——"

"He's asked me to marry him," Amanda Lee panted, and just then the handkerchief she was twisting tore. "He's been awfully good to me. Given me more than a hundred dollars, taken me to matinées——"

"Do you love him?" I called out pretty sharply.

"What has that to do with the question?" came in a very low voice from lips that shunned my burning gaze. "Here I am, without a soul in the world, without money—" she looked up appealingly—"and when you—your company stops paying my expenses here, what will become of me?"

I stared at her like a fool for a long minute in a silence broken only by what jangling of trolley-cars and shriek of traffic filtered in through Mrs. Howard's tightly closed windows and thick curtains.

"I'll have to think this over alone, Miss Lee." I staggered to my feet. "It's too hard for a quick answer. I'll be back—some time to-day. You won't do anything—rash until I return, will you?"

Wanly her pretty head shook its promise, and forth my ill-guided feet carried me, first into the heartless streets, where I drifted a long while like a discarded newspaper; then to Hank.

Hank lent his ear and some money too. Hank also made several highly intelligent suggestions, pointed and vigorous suggestions, which caused me to thump him on the back and dispatch myself at a high velocity to the sumptuous offices of one Augustus Graham.

Augustus scowled upon my entry.

"Mr. Graham," I opened up blandly, "I understand that you are about to marry Amanda—Miss Lee, of Singapore, if she's willing. I happen to know that she's very particular about certain moral matters. I also happen to know that you aren't. Also I happen to need five hundred dollars in a hurry—in twenty minutes, as a matter of fact. So if you will kindly pass over that sum—cash only, no checks, please—I'll agree never to assert, hint, or otherwise indicate to Miss Lee that you are the drunken scoundrel and crook who cheats widows and orphans, and who brought her on a wild-goose chase——"

"I was right, wasn't I—" Augustus's thick lip curled in infinite contempt, as he thrust his shaking hand into his wallet-pocket—"I was right the very first time, when I spotted you for a blackmailer?"

"You're a wise guy, all right, Mr. Graham," I agreed. "I'd prefer it in tens and twenties, but will take fifties, if that's all you carry."

"I'll pay up this time," said Augustus, and he shot a savage bolt of fury at me. "But never again. If you ever come back and try this again, so help me God, I'll get a strong-arm man after you. D'ye hear?"

"I hear, and solemnly swear to harass you no more." I held up one hand, grabbed the bunch of yellow-backs with the other, then made for the subway at the speed of a pursued sneak-thief.

Amanda Lee was still sitting in the deserted reception-parlor, her hands folded on her lap and her eyes on the front steps.

"Miss Lee—" I bowed and hauled forth the five hundred— "It is my painful duty to inform you that the cable company can not restore the records of your message. The books are damaged beyond deciphering. The cipher code which the sender—your Uncle Will, no doubt—used is a private one, unknown to the company. The attorneys of the corporation have therefore authorized me to ask you if you will accept five hundred dollars——"

"Five hundred dollars?" Amanda Lee gasped. "What for?"

"To compensate you for the cost of coming from Singapore to New York, all for nothing——"

"Oh, it hasn't been all for nothing," the

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"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS?" AMANDA LEE GASPED. "WHAT FOR?"

girl cried, then blushed furiously. "I've gained all that any woman could wish——"

"So—" I drew myself up coldly— "you are going to marry that miserable——"

"Stop," she cried, and clenched two angry little fists. "Nobody shall speak that way of the man I—I am going to marry——"

"Forgive me," I pleaded, as I forced into those little fists the five hundred. "I lost my temper—because—I care too much—I want you to be happy, always happy. That's why I'm begging you, as I never begged anybody before, to take this money and go home to Singapore——"

"Home to Singapore?" The girl was startled.

"And think things over for a month or two, before you give Augustus his answer. There's a train for San Francisco at 8:15. I'll call for you at a quarter of——"

"This money—?" She stared curiously at the roll she was holding.

"From the cable company. Damages," I reiterated dully. "May I get a little present for you—something to help while away the long, hot days between here and Singapore? What would you like? Thirty

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pounds of chocolate peppermints, or a phonograph, or a History of Staten Island in five volumes, or——"

But she wasn't listening at all. She was smiling dreamily, at me, yet miles beyond me. Smiling, yes, but there were some shining drops in her dear eyes.

"You told me once never, never to bluff, do you remember?" she asked. "But here you've been bluffing me scandalously. It isn't fair of you. I've tried to be honest with you. Why haven't you been with me?"

"Why? What?" I choked.

"Your friend, Hank, was in here while you were away. He told Mrs. Howard that the telegraph company had discharged you, and he told her why, too. And she told me. But she said you'd bluff it out. That made me suspicious of you. So I called up the cable company's headquarters and the telegraph company's too. And they said they never heard of me and my cablegram. And when I told them that they were paying my board-bill, they laughed— And now I know what you've been doing, you—you dear boy——"

Before I knew what was happening, her arms were around my neck. They stayed there a long time, too.

"Sweetheart," Amanda whispered at last, "we mustn't bluff each other any more. I have something to confess. I must tell you what I was doing in Singapore——"

"Stop," I commanded sternly, and pressed a hand firmly over her lips. "The past is dead and gone. I don't care what you were—I love you as you are and as you will be—" Then I went pale. "But there is something about the future—Amanda, I mustn't marry you—mustn't even hope to yet. I've just lost my job, and I have only nine dollars!"

Women certainly are queer. Did she grow cold, collapse, protest? Not a bit of it. She just laughed, tweaked my ear, and murmured: "I've met many a man, but never a one like you. And I'm not going to lose you because you've lost a job. We'll scrape along somehow. I've got nineteen dollars left of the money Augustus gave me——"

"Oh, Amanda," I cried reproachfully, "we must send that back——"

Squeak went the hall door, and in popped Mrs. Howard. "Miss Lee— Oh, I beg pardon. But there's a gentleman to see you——"

"Augustus!" I hissed, and sprang to my feet. "Let me——"

"Show him in," commanded Amanda; then, to me: "We might as well have it out with him, first as last, dear."

Mrs. Howard stepped aside. In strode—a burly stranger. And at him my Amanda leaped, singing: "Oh, Uncle Will! Uncle Will! Where on earth have you been?"

"Just in from the Azores on my yacht," growled Burly One. "Dull season in lumber now, y' know. What's up, crazy child? I found three hundred and ninety-seven telegrams waiting for me at the club, all saying that you were here in distress. What's up, I say? I sent your last month's allowance to you at Singapore——"

"And I spent the whole two thousand dollars of it for five wonderful Chinese vases," Amanda broke in, while the universe began to whirl unsteadily before my hot eyes. "Then came your cable, and I had to catch a boat for 'Frisco that left in twenty minutes, and I climbed aboard with only forty-two dollars——"

"My cable?" Uncle Will wrinkled his brows.

"Yes. The one in cipher." Amanda grew quickly anxious. "Something terrible must have happened to my estate. Tell me the worst——"

"Your coal-mine stock has cut a melon that will yield you an extra twelve thousand a year." Uncle stopped abruptly, scanned me sternly, then contemplated Mrs. Howard's visible splendors, and asked: "Now, seriously, Amanda, what brought you to this cheap joint? On the trail of a rare porcelain?"

"Oh, something much rarer!" Amanda blushed and, seizing my hand, sought to drag me before Uncle Will. "And here he is. He——"

I fainted. It wasn't a sentimental faint, you understand. I had merely omitted the last three meals, to save money for Amanda's board-bill.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my dear fellow?" Uncle Will was asking kindly, as I came to.

"Send five hundred to Augustus," I murmured, "with this message: 'Pulchritude exclusively dermal. *Honi soit qui*—' "

"Poor kid!" Uncle Will shook his head. "Have to take him on the yacht for a couple of months. Nothing like sea air for nervous break-down."

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SOCIALISM: PROMISE *or* MENACE?

A Debate between MORRIS HILLQUIT *and* JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN, D·D·

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Our crusaders for and against Socialism come to close quarters in this instalment.*

Last month was the foreword. Mr. Hillquit outlined the terms of discussion, the entire latitude of attack and defense permitted to both writers, and the limitation of the general subject to Socialism—not the Church. He defined International Socialism, Socialist authorities, and the concrete Socialist program as he advocates it.

Dr. Ryan followed with an even shorter outline of points of assent and dissent, ending with his definite rejection of Socialism in all its aspects.

In the pages which follow we find what Mr. Hillquit entitles "an indictment and a verdict," to which Dr. Ryan retorts, "an overdrawn indictment and an unwarranted verdict." The divergence is instant, the points and angles sharp, the command of the subject complete.

You must read this.

MR. HILLQUIT: MOST MODERN SOCIAL EVILS ARE DUE TO CAPITALISM; SOCIALISM IS THE ONLY FUNDAMENTAL REMEDY.

THAT the world needs mending, is generally conceded. It is the tacit assumption from which proceed all modern social and political activities, even those of the most conservative character. The divisions in public opinion arise only over the question of the extent of the needed improvement and the methods of accomplishment.

The old-line politicians and statesmen and the conventional philanthropists and church-workers take it for granted that the prevailing order of society is fundamentally sound, and that its workings are on the whole just and beneficial. The few social flaws which they discern they consider as purely accidental, something in the nature of a slight bruise or troublesome pimple on a healthy body.

The more modern political reformers and social-betterment workers have a somewhat wider range of social vision, but they too do not question the foundation of the body social and politic. The difference between

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the most advanced reformer and the most conservative "stand-patter" is one of degree, not of substance. The distinguishing feature of Socialism as a social philosophy lies in the fact that it is more scientific in its criticism and more radical in its remedy.

Socialism proceeds from a thoroughgoing analysis of the practical workings of the existing economic, political, and social institutions. It refuses to treat their multiform shortcomings as accidental and unrelated phenomena, but endeavors to establish their mutual bearings and to discover their common source. Its attack is directed primarily against that source, the underlying social wrong, which is the root and fountain-head of all minor and specific complaints.

The most serious social problems which confront the present generation may be grouped under five main heads, which together cover practically all phases of our communal existence—the economic, cultural, social, political, and intellectual. Of these the economic problem is by far the most important, and deserves our first attention.

INDUSTRIAL ANARCHY

The striking feature of the modern plan of industrial organization in its early phases of development is the lack of plan and absence of organization. In the most vital function of associated human beings, the "production of wealth," which means the process of sustaining life, anarchy reigns supreme. The necessaries and comforts of the community are not produced on an intelligent plan based on the needs of the population and the available supply of raw material and productive forces. They are created and thrown into the market pell-mell by an indeterminate number of individual competing and unorganized manufacturers.

The system involves an insane waste of human effort in duplication of plants and machinery, in sales forces, advertising, and other unproductive factors of competitive warfare. Work is unregulated and uncertain, periods of strenuous and taxing activity alternating with seasons of enforced idleness. The planless and casual mode of production often results either in a scarcity or in a superabundance of supplies.

In the former case the price of products rises to a point which puts them beyond the reach of the needy consumer, and the latter is apt to inflict on society that most fearful of capitalist scourges—the industrial crisis.

When the market is stocked with such an excessive quantity of commodities that the consumers have neither ability nor means to absorb them, industrial paralysis ensues. The wheels of production cease to turn, the arteries of trade are clogged. Millions of workers are thrown out of employment, thousands of business enterprises collapse. Men, women, and children succumb for want of food and clothing, and all the time food and clothing are piled up in prodigious quantities, rotting for lack of consumers.

The competitive system of private capitalism erects an unsurmountable barrier between the workers and their work, between the people and their food.

These glaring defects of competition in manufacture and trade ultimately lead to its partial suppression. The capitalists begin to organize. The individual merchant and manufacturer yield to the corporation, and the latter rapidly grows into that most modern of industrial monsters—the trust. The trusts succeed in eliminating some of the evils of unbridled competition, but they exact a terrible price for the service. With the control of the market in each important industry they acquire practically unrestricted powers over the workers as well as the consumers, and they do not hesitate to use and abuse these powers to the utmost.

To the trusts furthermore belongs the credit of having perfected the most pernicious of modern methods of financial malpractise—the "watering" of stocks. In creating by their mere fiat new income-bearing "securities" to the extent of billions of dollars, they impose a heavier tax on the people of this country than the combined organs of government ever dared to exact.

And the nation, as at present organized, is helpless before them. No amount of denunciations will shake their massive foundation, no penal legislation or court decrees will curtail their tremendous powers, as the sturdy corpses of the Standard Oil Company, the Tobacco Trust, and other dissolved and disemboweled combines eloquently attest. In the face of popular clamor and indignation they stand like huge giants, complacently grinning at the impotent ravings of excited pygmies, and the chances are that they may even pay little heed to the well-meant suggestion of

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THERE IS NO MORE HARMONY BETWEEN PRIVATELY OWNED CAPITAL AND WAGE-EARNING LABOR THAN THERE IS BETWEEN WOLF AND LAMB.

my opponent that all monopolies "should be forthwith abolished."

The trusts have largely abolished industrial anarchy. They have reared in its place the formidable throne of industrial autocracy.

ECONOMIC INIQUITY

The economic ascendency of the capitalists places them in a position to apportion the annual product of the country among its inhabitants. To be sure, they do not discharge that function consciously or planfully—they operate indirectly, each within his own sphere; but the collective result of the process amounts to an effective division of wealth, periodically accomplished by the capitalist class.

And the plan upon which the division proceeds is exceedingly simple:

The working population as a whole gets just a little less than is absolutely necessary to maintain it in physical fitness for its task and to enable it to reproduce the species *worker*.

The balance is retained by the capitalist purveyors as their just share of the "national" wealth.

It is this method of wealth distribution which rears our thousands of powerful millionaires, our proud mansions and magnificent social entertainments, and it is this method also that breeds our millions of paupers with their disreputable dwellings, their filth and rags. To this capitalist system of wealth distribution we are largely indebted for our libraries, our hospitals, rescue missions, and charitable institutions of all descriptions; also for our pauperism, child-labor, trade diseases, white slavery, and many other forms of destitution and its twin-sisters, crime and vice.

THE "CORNER" IN CULTURE

The monopoly of material wealth inevitably involves a corresponding monopoly in education and culture. If the degree of civilization attained by a community is to be measured not by the heights of accomplishment reached by the few, but by the general diffusion of culture among the masses, then indeed our modern civilization is a miserable failure.

The large masses of the people participate to some extent in the benefits of the practical achievements of modern science, but the general cultural influences of the marvelous scientific discoveries of recent times pass by them with little effect. Millions of mine-workers, factory-hands, and street-laborers still live in the fifteenth century, and as to the fine arts, the drama, literature, music, painting, and sculpture, and all the things that go so far toward ennobling and embellishing the life of the cultured individual, they simply do not exist for the vast majority of the people who have neither means nor leisure to cultivate them.

SOCIAL WARFARE

But the most disastrous effect of the system of private capitalistic industries is the division of the population into distinct social and economic groups with conflicting and hostile interests. The prevailing system of industrial ownership and operation arrays the producer against the consumer, the tenant against the landlord, and the worker against the employer.

Most far reaching in social consequences is the war between the latter two classes. For there is war and nothing but war between the capitalist and the worker, in spite of the conventional cant about the alleged harmony of their economic interests. The capitalists' profits stand in inverse ratio to the workers' wages and vice versa. So long as the industries of the country are operated for the private advantage of the individual capitalist, so long will the latter strive to secure the maximum of work for the minimum of pay; and so long as human labor remains a mere commodity to be sold to the capitalist in open market, so long will the worker strive to save and conserve this his

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sole valuable possession, and to obtain as large a price for it as he can.

There is no more harmony between privately owned capital and wage-earning labor than there is between the wolf and the lamb. The modern capitalist extracts his profits by dint of his economic power, the ownership of the tools of work. The modern toiler does his share of the world's work under protest. When he does not strike or boycott or destroy his employer's property, he renders his services grudgingly. Instinctively he hates his employer, for he feels that the latter is robbing him of a large portion of his legitimate product by means of an artificial social arrangement.

The employer feels and fears that hatred, and is always on the watch for open outbreaks of the sentiment, prepared to quell the ever-anticipated revolts of his "hands" by a course of starvation, enforced, if need be, by the clubs of the police, the rifles of the militia, or by court injunctions. "Industrial disputes" are not the exception, they are almost the rule, in the relations of employer and employee. Our industrial derangement, miscalled "system," operates through a state of permanent industrial warfare, in which the true producers of all wealth are treated as prisoners of war.

This general and relentless social strife is not fomented by malevolent "agitators." It is rooted in the very foundations of the system of capitalism and is the most damning indictment against it.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION

Nor are the direct economic faults of the existing order its only or even greatest curse. The diseased germs of the system are bound to infect all organs of the body politic with their insidious poison. For, after all, modern politics is mainly concerned with affairs of business within the municipality, state, and nation. Franchises and grants for public-service corporations, tariffs for manufacturing industries, supervision of certain quasi-public business concerns, regulation of rates and charges of others, and rules with respect to certain employments—these constitute the largest items on the calendar of every legislative body, and all such legislation has a direct effect on the capitalists' ledger.

The capitalists are likewise vitally concerned in the personnel of the executive and judicial officials. The favors or disfavors of such officials often mean dollars and cents to them. The big business interests have thus a direct and practical motive in seeking to influence or control politics. And therein lies the main cause of all contemporary political woes. The national campaigns of the old political parties are financed, hence controlled, very largely by the national trusts through their individual representatives; the state campaigns by the principal railroad lines of the state; and the municipal campaigns by the local traction, gas, or other "public-service" corporations.

Under these conditions politics becomes a lucrative calling exercised by a large army of professionals, trained in the fine art of trafficking in votes, public offices, and legislative enactments. The Spartan band of our honest but simple statesmen may continue exerting their ingenuity toward the elaboration of an ideal Corrupt Practises Act and perfect primary laws, and our public-spirited municipal reformers may remain on their life-job of purifying local politics; they may even succeed in curbing the raw methods of open barter and in introducing greater outward decency, as has been the case in the last presidential campaign; but they can not change the substance.

So long as politics has a direct bearing on private profits, there will always exist a commercial alliance between the capitalist and the politician, the former having a constant incentive to corrupt, and the latter being in the business of being corrupted.

And what is true of politics holds equally good of the effects of capitalism on all fields of the intellectual and spiritual life of the nation. The general state of public enlightenment in the last analysis determines all social and political developments of the country.

INTELLECTUAL CORRUPTION

The natural and direct impulse of every individual or group or class of individuals is to act in a manner most conducive to the promotion of his or their interests. But in order to make the action effective, the interests must be intelligently understood. If the majority of the people clearly perceived their needs and rights, and realized their power, no minority would ever rule. The fact that all ruling classes in history have been in the minority is to be largely

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accounted for by their ability to impose on the rest of the population such views and notions as were required to preserve their rule.

Not that the rule of any dominant class was ever based on purely intellectual concepts—on the contrary, they were always supported by brute physical force in the shape of strong armies; but nevertheless they depended ultimately on popular sanction. In the absence of such sanction the ruling classes could not even recruit and maintain their armies in the long run.

THE PRESS, PULPIT, AND SCHOOL ARE LARGELY UNDER CAPITALISTS' INFLUENCE, IF NOT DIRECTLY IN THEIR SERVICE.

The capitalists are no exception to this general historical rule. They constitute a minority in the population of every civilized country. Their rule is based on their ownership of the tools of work, the laws which sanction and protect such ownership, and the government organized to enforce such sanction and protection. But in a political democracy the laws will change with every change of the popular notion of justice and expediency, and the government is always the football of contending forces of diverse material interests. To preserve their economic power the capitalists must retain their political control, and the latter presupposes the support of a majority of the people.

Modern capitalism depends on popular sanction even in a larger measure than the ruling classes of the past, because that sanction must be renewed and solemnly attested every few years at the ballot-box.

The capitalists are thus vitally concerned in the state of enlightenment, social views, economic doctrines, and ethical conceptions of their fellow-citizens, and they spare no effort to shape them in conformity with their own notions and interests. The press, the pulpit, and the school are largely under their influence, if not directly in their service.

The most influential part of the daily press is either owned outright by them, or mortgaged to them, or dependent on them through advertisements and similar bonds of friendship, and the average editorial writer quite naturally views the world and its problems through the colored spectacles of his masters.

The churches, especially the larger and wealthier, are also supported by the money interests, and their ministers in most cases quite innocently and sincerely deliver the message of Christ in the version of the factory superintendent.

The public schools suffer from the same malign political influences which corrupt the city councils, and the colleges and universities are founded, endowed, or supported by benevolent capitalists, on the tacit condition that science is at all times to remain respectable and respectful.

The existence of some "independent" press and the occasional type of the progressive preacher and the radical college professor only prove that exceptionally vigorous spirits may assert themselves in spite of the corrupting influences of capitalist economic pressure. They justify the hope of Socialism, but do not mitigate the evils of Capitalism.

In his reply to this article Dr. Ryan asserts that the press, the school, and the church must furnish the moral and intellectual remedies against the social evil of our day and generation. Why and how *must* they? This categoric imperative has been hurled at them for a great many centuries without visible effect. What reason does my hopeful opponent have to assume that they will respond to his challenge now?

It seems to me quite clear that so long as the sources of popular knowledge and faith and the organs of public expression are monopolized by private capitalist interests, so long will they serve the same purpose as the privately owned tools of production—to fortify the capitalist rule.

THE SOCIALIST REMEDY

Thus the most serious of flaws in our scheme of social arrangement may be readily traced to one common source—the system which hands over to a relatively small number of favored individuals the very key to the life and welfare of the whole people,

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the sources of wealth and the tools of work, and allows them to monopolize wealth, power, ease, and culture, leaving the majority of their fellow-men to struggle in poverty, dependence, toil, and ignorance—the anarchistic, predatory, demoralizing, and corrupting system of Capitalism.

It is no answer to the Socialist indictment to say that with all its shortcomings modern civilization is superior to all conditions of the past.

The modern or *capitalist* era has introduced certain grave social problems unknown to the past. It has increased the risks and the insecurity of the working population, it has accentuated social contrasts, and has reared a new social power of unprecedented virulence and menace, the money power. But with all that the Socialists cheerfully admit that, on the whole, life is more propitious to-day even to the masses than it was at any time in the past. The very foundation of their optimistic philosophy rests on the realization of the world's never-ceasing process of betterment.

The Socialists, however, refuse to admit that the capitalist system is the ultimate and perfect form of social development and the last word of history. The criterion of their criticism is not the conditions of the past, but the measure in which the present has taken advantage or failed to take advantage of the available forces of improvement.

When a nation is poor in natural resources and unskilled in the art of producing its sustenance by means of appropriate instruments and methods, the sum of supplies produced or secured will naturally fall short of the norm required to satisfy the needs of all inhabitants. Poverty is legitimate under such circumstances, and struggles for food among men are inevitable.

But when a people is abundantly blessed with fertile soil, forests, minerals, and other sources of wealth, and has developed a perfect system for the production, transportation, and distribution of goods, it is placed in a position to take care of the reasonable needs of all its members. In such case poverty and brute fights for food or wealth are no longer "natural"—they are purely artificial and evidence of a serious flaw in the organization of the industrial system.

The Socialists contend that all modern civilized nations are amply provided with natural wealth, and that the development of the marvelous instruments of production, transportation, and exchange within the last century has increased the fertility of human labor to such an extent that every nation is able to feed, clothe, and house its inhabitants with perfect ease.

The reason that this is not done, and that the richest nations present the most appalling scenes of poverty and destitution among large sections of the population, is to be found in the fact that in modern societies wealth is not at all created for the satisfaction of human needs, but for the purpose of enabling a number of chosen individuals, commonly styled *capitalists*, to hoard up fortunes.

> SOCIALISM STANDS FOR COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP OF ALL SOCIAL SOURCES AND INSTRUMENTS OF WEALTH PRODUCTION, TO BE OPERATED UNDER DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE.

In other words, our industrial machinery is organized for private profit, not for public use.

Socialism proposes to abolish the capitalist industrial monopoly and to organize and develop in its stead a system of socialized industries, *i. e.*, a system by which the important industries of the country shall be operated by the people, under rational and democratic forms of organization and management, for the benefit of the whole community, and not for the profit of individual capitalists. The first step to such a system is the acquisition by the people, through their government, of all the general sources and resources of wealth and the modern instruments of labor. More technically stated, Socialism stands for the collective ownership of all social sources and instruments of wealth production, to be operated under democratic administration for the benefit of the whole people.

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DR. RYAN: THE SOCIALIST INDICTMENT OF CAPITALISM IS OVERDRAWN; REFORMED CAPITALISM IS THE REMEDY.

THE remedy for our social ills proposed by the Socialist is, indeed, more radical than the program of the social reformer. But the Socialist criticism is not more scientific. It is not scientific at all. It exaggerates the wrongs and defects of the existing order because it considers them without reference to the achievements of the past and the possibilities of the present and future; because it attributes to human nature and human institutions a perfectibility that is not justified by experience; and because it makes social causality and social processes entirely too simple.

"INDUSTRIAL ANARCHY"

Mr. Hillquit's indictment of our methods of wealth production may be summed up in his own words, "Anarchy reigns supreme." As a consequence of this anarchy we have: an enormous waste of energy and resources; alternating periods of over-employment and under-employment; untold suffering by millions of human beings; monopolistic concentration which exercises "practically unrestricted powers over the workers as well as the consumers," and which defies even the government itself; and, finally, a system of distribution which doles out to the working population "just a little less than is absolutely necessary to maintain it in physical fitness for its task and to enable it to reproduce the species *worker*;" a system of distribution which breeds "thousands of powerful millionaires, . . . and . . . millions of paupers with their disreputable dwellings, their filth and rags."

Of these assertions some are true only in a figurative sense; others are only half-truths; none is true adequately or scientifically; and all are misleading.

a. Figures of Speech.

The nation, says my opponent, is helpless before the trusts.

How does he know? The strength of the nation in this respect has never been tested.

During the period of less than twenty years in which the trusts were organizing, no systematic, comprehensive, and persistent effort was set in motion to prevent, control, or dissolve them. To assume that the partial dissolution of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company by a court decree has exhausted the power of the government, is to ignore the greater part of its resources both in the field of prevention and punishment. Thank God, we now have a national administration which does not believe either in the craven doctrine of trust omnipotence or in the paralyzing superstition of trust efficiency, and which will earnestly and intelligently utilize *all* the powers of the nation against Mr. Hillquit's "huge giants."

Not until this plan has met with decisive failure will his pessimistic presentment of national helplessness be within measurable distance of literal and scientific statement.

Another purely figurative assertion is that "the working population as a whole gets just a little less than is absolutely necessary to maintain it in physical fitness for its task and to enable it to reproduce the species *worker*." Therefore, the working class must in time disappear, since its ranks can not be recruited indefinitely from the middle class. That would be one solution of the class struggle.

As a matter of fact, the majority of the wage-earners do marry and reproduce. Practically all the skilled workers, and a considerable portion of the unskilled, get sufficient remuneration to command some leisure, recreation, and amusement; some education, books, and newspapers; some religious advantages and church affiliation; and some purely "social" intercourse and benefits.

Even the statement that we have millions of paupers is only figurative. When Professor Ely put the number at three million in 1890, and Robert Hunter made it four million in 1904, they were using the word "pauper" in its technical, not in its general sense. They were attempting to estimate the number of persons who received sustenance from charity for any portion of the year, however short. Since the vast majority of

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these persons suffered this hardship for only a very brief period, they were not paupers in the general and ordinary acceptation, nor did their condition approach that dire need which is suggested to the average reader by statements like that of Mr. Hillquit.

b. Half-Truths.

Under this head comes my opponent's description of the wastes, maladjustment, and suffering involved in the competitive system. Even though his presentation of these evils were literally accurate, it would not follow that the system is economically and ethically bankrupt. Such a conclusion would not be justified until the evils complained of had been shown to be greater than those of any previous system, until the present system had been proved incapable of improvement, or until a certainly better system had been found.

None of these conditions is met by Mr. Hillquit.

IMPROVEMENT UNDER CAPITALISM

Economic conditions are better for the masses than they have been at any previous time. With the exception of perhaps the poorest one-tenth, the working classes are better fed, clothed, and housed, and better provided with economic goods generally. Even the "submerged tenth" is probably better fed and housed than was the corresponding section of the population in the most favorable period of the past, namely, the later Middle Ages. The advances made by all divisions of the working class since the beginning of the capitalist system, about a century and a quarter ago, constitute one of the commonplaces of economic history.

Indeed, Mr. Hillquit admits that, "on the whole, life is more propitious to-day even to the masses than it was at any time in the past;" but he contends that the present system has introduced certain grave evils of its own, and has "failed to take advantage of the available forces of improvement." That the position and livelihood of large sections of the working population are less secure under the existing arrangement than in the stable and regulated conditions of medieval society, can not be doubted; but this defect is gradually diminishing, and it can be entirely removed through the modern device of insurance. That our "money power" is a new thing under the sun, is likewise unquestionable; yet it does not exercise the same minute control over the lives and liberties of the people as the feudal aristocracy; besides, its sway can be curtailed or destroyed as soon as the national government seriously makes the attempt.

That we have not taken "advantage of the available forces of improvement," is most lamentably true; but this fact does not justify the assumption that our economic system is incapable of so doing.

Neither Mr. Hillquit nor any other critic has adduced positive evidence to show that the present system can not be so reformed as to eliminate all the genuine evils that he denounces. From the progress made in the United States in the last twenty-five years in the matters of collective bargaining between employers and employees, the protection of women and children in industry, safety and sanitation in work places, compensation for industrial accidents, minimum-wage legislation, the attitude of the public and of employers toward the rights and claims of labor, the realization that the main abuses of economic power proceed not from capital but from privileged capital, and other significant changes—we conclude that our economic society is neither retrogressive nor stagnant.

The extent to which the grosser evils of competition have been removed through combination and cooperation gives some indication of the immense progress that is easily possible along these lines. Industrial crises have steadily diminished in frequency and intensity. All these are solid, definite, and substantial gains. To ignore them is unjust. To assume that they have come to an end is unwarranted and unscientific.

My opponent's indictment of the existing order becomes reasonable only on the assumption that a perfectly flawless economic system is practically attainable. Such a system he thinks he has found in Socialism. How badly he is mistaken in this supposition, we shall see in the next and later issues of EVERYBODY'S. In the meantime I would merely call attention to the fact that the "anarchy" and wastes of the present system may well be a smaller social evil than the lack of individual liberty and incentive which are inseparable from a rigidly determined economico-political order.

Is it desirable that all workers should be compelled to sell their labor to, and all

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THE "ANARCHY" AND WASTES OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM MAY WELL BE A SMALLER SOCIAL EVIL THAN THE LACK OF INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY AND INCENTIVE INEVITABLE UNDER SOCIALISM.

consumers forced to buy their goods from, one agency, the State?

With regard to inadequate incentive, Professor Thorstein Veblen, who is by no means an unfriendly critic of Socialism, writes:

"While it is in the nature of things unavoidable that the management of industry by modern business methods should involve a large misdirection of effort and a large waste of goods and services, it is also true that the aims and ideals to which this manner of life gives effect, act forcibly to offset all this incidental futility. These pecuniary aims and ideals have a very great effect, for instance, in making men work hard and unremittingly, so that on this ground alone the business system probably compensates for any waste involved in its working. There seems, therefore, no tenable ground for thinking that the working of the modern system involves a curtailment of the community's livelihood. It makes up for its wastefulness by the added strain which it throws upon those engaged in productive work." ("The Theory of Business Enterprise," p. 65; New York, 1904.)

If we compare the evils of our present system with the elements of an ideal social order, we can not condemn them too strongly; if we compare them with what in the light of experience seems to be practicable, we see that they are not nearly so terrible as they appear in the eloquent pages of Mr. Hillquit. Inasmuch as he employs the former rather than the latter criterion, his picture lacks perspective and proportion, and gives us only a series of half-truths.

"THE 'CORNER' IN CULTURE"

The same judgment must be passed on his description of those evils of present society which are not primarily economic. Measured by the general diffusion of culture among the masses, he says, "our modern civilization is a miserable failure." This verdict is not warranted if our standard of comparison is to be the achievements of the past or an accurate interpretation of the possibilities of the present and the future. Does Mr. Hillquit think that the culture of, say, the university professor could through any feasible arrangement of economic and social conditions be brought within the reach of every human being?

"Millions of mine-workers, factory-hands, and street-laborers still live in the fifteenth century." Surely this is an overstatement. Only a small minority of these classes, in the United States at least, are entirely without education, books, and newspapers. Only a small minority of the fifteenth-century populations possessed any of these things. On the whole, progress, very great progress, has been made in the task of providing opportunities of culture for the masses.

"SOCIAL WARFARE"

According to my opponent, our present industrial arrangements pit producer against consumer, tenant against landlord, and worker against employer. To a large extent this is true. It is also inevitable. In some degree it would prevail even under Socialism; for the producers of any article would not be identical with the whole body of its consumers. The former would seek the highest possible remuneration; the latter would for the most part desire to keep down the price of the article, and therefore the wages of its producers. The Socialists make a great deal of this antagonism of interests, yet a little reflection would show that it could be eliminated only by a return to that primitive economy in which each man produces only for himself, and buys nothing from any one else.

Although much of the current talk about the harmony of interests between employer and employee is just what Mr. Hillquit calls it, "conventional cant," his own figure of the wolf and the lamb is little better than a caricature. Whether they realize it or not,

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both employer and employee prosper better in the long run by so arranging their relations that the total product to be divided between them shall be as large as possible. The share of the capitalist will in most instances be greater if he establishes liberal conditions of employment and wages than if he rigorously strives "to secure the maximum of work for the minimum of pay."

That the majority of employers have not yet realized this truth does not make it an untruth; that a constantly increasing number of them is realizing it, shows that it need not remain forever undiscovered by the determining mass of them.

The assertion that the toiler "instinctively hates his employer" applies to only a small minority of the laboring class. It is inaccurate to say that " 'industrial disputes' are almost the rule;" for between no groups of employers and employees do they prevail most of the time. A fairly complete array of statistics shows that in proportion to the wage-earning population strikes are steadily decreasing. (For proof of this statement see Adams and Sumner, "Labor Problems," p. 180; New York, 1905.) The relations subsisting between the average employer and his employees during the greater part of any year are no more correctly characterized by the term "dispute" than is the relation between the average housewife and the keeper of the corner grocery.

Inevitable difference of interests does not imply continual warfare.

"POLITICAL CORRUPTION"

The demoralizing influence of business, especially "big business," upon our political life is summarily though somewhat luridly sketched by Mr. Hillquit. I shall not quarrel with his account of the past, but I can not accept his inference that no substantial improvement is visible or possible. To characterize the far-reaching and fundamental changes for the better which have occurred in the last five years, particularly in the last presidential campaign, as no more than "greater outward decency," is to substitute hyperbole for literal and accurate statement.

Moreover, my opponent takes no account of the fact that the really formidable corruption practised by the great corporations is quite as recent as the corporations themselves, and that time is required to acquaint the people with the new conditions and the new dangers. That capitalists will always seek to corrupt politicians is true; but the same will ever be true of any class whose interests are affected by the activities of government.

Even under Socialism men would still desire certain good things, such as larger incomes and better positions, which would be within the power of political functionaries. And these goods would be not less but more important to men with moderate salaries than are increased profits to the present-day capitalists. The only essential difference is that the bribes would be more numerous and less liberal.

"INTELLECTUAL CORRUPTION"

According to Mr. Hillquit, the press, the pulpit, and the school are largely under the influence, if not directly in the service, of the capitalists. Taken as it stands, this is a gross overstatement.

Despite numerous and notorious instances to the contrary, the monthly and weekly periodicals do not support all the main projects and desires of Capitalism. The great daily newspapers are, indeed, more subservient; yet a considerable portion of them are independent on many important issues, for example, on the trusts and the tariff. Not a little of the recently aroused public opinion on these subjects, and on the subject of privileged wealth generally, is due to some of the metropolitan dailies.

THAT CAPITALISTS WILL ALWAYS SEEK TO CORRUPT POLITICIANS IS TRUE; BUT THE SAME WILL BE TRUE OF ANY CLASS WHOSE INTERESTS ARE AFFECTED BY GOVERNMENTAL ACTIVITY.

To be sure, if my opponent merely means to say that the press upholds the system of private ownership of capital as against Socialism, he states the truth; but it is

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THE EVILS WHICH ARE SPECIFICALLY TRACEABLE TO CAPITALISM, SUCH AS OPPRESSION OF LABOR, UNRIGHTEOUS AND UNEARNED INCOMES, AND INSUFFICIENT DISTRIBUTION OF PRODUCTIVE PROPERTY, CAN ALL BE ELIMINATED BY MEASURES OF SOCIAL REFORM.

not, after all, a very illuminating truth.

His assertion that the churches are supported by the money interests, and that the clergy "deliver the message of Christ in the version of the factory superintendent," is adequately true of only a small minority. It is, however, true of practically all of them in the sense that they do not preach the Gospel in the version of Karl Marx.

To say that "the colleges and universities are founded, endowed, or supported by benevolent capitalists, on the tacit condition that science is to remain at all times respectable and respectful," and to imply that this alleged condition is fulfilled, is to disregard the actual teaching of these institutions, particularly as given from the chairs of sociology and economics. The statement just quoted from my opponent is evidently based entirely on *a priori* grounds.

His contention that only the "exceptionally vigorous spirits" among journalists, clergymen, and college professors resist "the corrupting influences of capitalist economic pressure," is one for which he offers no semblance of proof. All the evidence tends to show that the contrary statement is nearer the truth, namely, that it is the men who yield to these influences who constitute the exceptions in these three classes.

His assertion that the press, the school, and the church have for centuries failed to achieve anything worth while toward remedying social evils, is obviously pure rhetoric. Let him soberly, and with an eye single to the facts of history, eliminate from social progress the contributions of these three agencies, and then tell us what remains.

That the press, the school, and the church have not removed all social evils nor brought about ideal social conditions is most true, but it does not warrant the statement that they have accomplished practically nothing, nor the inference that they will have no success in the future. Here, as in so many other parts of his article, my opponent has adopted an unreasonable and impossible criterion of achievement.

To ascribe all the evils of the present order to a single source, the private ownership of capital, is neither antecedently plausible nor justified by fact. It offers us an explanation that is entirely too simple. We are reminded of the words of Professor Marshall: "Nature's action is complex; and nothing is gained in the long run by pretending that it is simple, and trying to describe it in a series of elementary propositions." ("Principles of Economics," p. x.; first edition.) Inasmuch as the situation that we are considering involves the action and interaction of rational and non-rational nature in a hundred different ways, we should expect its causes and problems to be in the highest degree complex.

"THE SOCIALIST REMEDY"

A sober analysis of the facts shows that the evils denounced by Mr. Hillquit are due to Capitalism only in part, and that even this part is specifically chargeable not to the system itself, but to its abuses. Many of our social wrongs and maladjustments spring directly from the limitations of human nature, such as ignorance and greed; these would exist and be effective under any system whatever. The evils which are specifically traceable to Capitalism, for example, oppression of labor, unrighteous and unearned incomes, and the insufficient distribution of productive property, can all be eliminated through measures of social reform.

According to my opponent, however, social reform can afford only slight and temporary relief, and can not produce a "lasting or radical cure." The truth or untruth of this contention depends upon our definition of

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terms, and our standard of achievement. Measured by any criterion taken from history and experience, the improvement in social conditions since the rise of the capitalist system is not "slight;" judged by all the available indications of our time, it is not "temporary." (See, for example, the historical review contained in chapter xiii. of "Labor Problems," by Adams and Sumner.)

As to the future, every indication points to a great acceleration of all movements for specific reforms. Such will be the normal result of our increased knowledge of social facts, forces, and possibilities, the awakening of the social conscience, and the enlarged intelligence, determination, and power of the less fortunate classes. While I agree with my opponent neither as regards the method nor the content of a "radical and lasting cure" of our social evils, I believe that he is right in his statement that our natural and technical resources are adequate to provide all our people with abundant food, clothing, and housing. I believe that we are moving, slowly indeed, but steadily, toward this goal, and that we shall reach it not by the futile way of Socialism, but along the solid road of social reform.

In the light of past experience and present knowledge, the direction of this road seems to be about as follows:

1. Necessary and Adequate Social Reforms.

The three great economic defects of the existing system are: insufficient remuneration of the majority of wage-earners; excessive incomes obtained by a small minority of capitalists; and the narrow distribution of capital ownership.

For insufficient wages the essential and appropriate remedy is a legal minimum wage which will prevent any person from being compelled to work for less than the equivalent of a decent livelihood, including adequate protection against all the contingencies of existence. While awaiting the realization of this condition, the State must make legislative provision for insurance against sickness, accident, unemployment, and old age, and for decent housing of all whose wages are still inadequate.

Other necessary laws are those which will effect a better adjustment between the supply of and the demand for labor, abolish improper forms and conditions of female labor, prevent excessive hours of labor among all classes of workers, make rational provision for the adjustment of industrial disputes, and establish a thorough and universal system of industrial education. The ends sought by all this legislation can and should be promoted by an indefinite increase in the extent and power of labor organizations.

Excessive incomes and profits can be prevented through the abolition of special privilege and unregulated monopoly. All monopolistic concerns except those which experience will prove to be natural and necessary must be absolutely destroyed. Such natural monopolies as railroads, telegraphs, street railways, and municipal utilities generally should be either owned and operated by the appropriate public authority, or so regulated that their owners will receive no more than the prevailing rate of interest on the actual value of the property. If the future should demonstrate that, even outside this field of public utilities, there are certain commodities which can be most economically produced under the control of a monopolistic concern, the State should either fix the maximum prices at which these goods can be sold, or become to some extent a competitor in their production. A private unregulated monopoly is socially intolerable.

> UNTIL THE MAJORITY OF WAGE-EARNERS BECOME OWNERS, AT LEAST IN PART, OF THE TOOLS WITH WHICH THEY WORK, THE SYSTEM OF PRIVATE CAPITAL WILL REMAIN ESSENTIALLY UNSTABLE.

Taxes should be gradually removed from production and from the necessaries of life, and placed upon land, incomes, and inheritances. If a considerable part of the future increases of land values were appropriated through taxation, land would become easier of access to the landless, and unearned incomes would receive a salutary check. As

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a result of the foregoing measures, capital would be automatically restricted to the prevailing or competitive rate of interest in all cases except where the capitalist was able to secure more through exceptional personal efficiency. In every instance, therefore, the returns to the capitalist would not exceed a fair and necessary payment for his social services.

The narrow distribution of capital ownership is more fundamental than the other two evils, because it threatens the stability of the whole system. That the majority of the wage-earners should, in a country as rich as America, possess no income-bearing property, have no ownership in the means of production, is a gross anomaly. It is not normal, and it can not be permanent. No nation can endure as a nation predominantly of hired men. Until the majority of the wage-earners become owners, at least in part, of the tools with which they work, the system of private capital will remain, in Hilaire Belloc's phrase, "essentially unstable."

The condition in which only a minority of the employees participate in the ownership of the business that employs them, and which puts the responsible direction of industry into the hands of a small number of very powerful persons, is a pathological condition. It already threatens the life of the present system.

To quote the historian Brooks Adams: "The capitalistic domination of society, which has prevailed for rather more than two generations, has broken down, and men of the capitalist type have apparently the alternative before them of adapting themselves to a new environment, or of being eliminated, as every obsolete type has always been eliminated." (*The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1913, p. 435.)

One of the most important steps in this process of adjustment will be the distribution of a large measure of capital ownership among the workers. This end can be attained in a great variety of ways, but the two main types must be co-partnership and cooperative societies. The change will necessarily come slowly, but such has been the history of all fundamental and enduring improvements.

As I have already observed, a considerable part of our social evils are not economic, but intellectual and moral. For these the remedies must evidently be provided through the mental and ethical education of the individual, and the sources of such education are the press, the school, and the church. The facts and relations of industrial life must become better known, the moral law must be more specifically applied to all phases of economic activity, and the social and individual conscience must be educated and quickened.

REBUTTAL BY MR. HILLQUIT

WHILE I cheerfully admit that some of the reform measures proposed by Dr. Ryan are entirely sound and highly desirable, I can not accept his program as an adequate remedy for the existing economic evils. I consider it furthermore quite unwarranted to advance any proposal of minor and immediate social reforms *in opposition* to the ultimate Socialist program.

Socialism is not opposed to genuine social reform. Many of the measures advocated by Dr. Ryan as a substitute for Socialism are contained in the Socialist platform, and some of them have been first formulated by Socialists. The Socialists advocate and support every measure calculated to better the lot of the worker or to curb excessive wealth or profits; but they realize that all such reforms are, and in the nature of things must be, mere makeshifts, useful but temporary. They consider them in the nature of palliative remedies administered to the patient to soothe his pains and to strengthen his system pending the more radical treatment of the basic disease, but entirely powerless to effect a complete cure.

Let us imagine that the program of reforms mentioned by Dr. Ryan has been fully realized. A minimum wage has been established by law, the length of the workday has been limited to a reasonable number of hours, and proper provisions have been made for the relief of workers in case of sickness, accident, unemployment, and old age. Is it to be assumed that after the enactment of such reforms the workers

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would rest forever passive and contented; that they would abandon all efforts toward further betterment, and that the wheels of social progress would come to a sudden stop?

By no means. The capitalist would still make profits from the labor of the worker, the worker would still claim a larger share of the product. This movement can not logically stop until such time as complete social justice shall be established by returning to the working population as a whole the full product of their labor and abolishing all "workless" incomes, except in the shape of public support to the weak and disabled; in other words, until Socialism shall be realized.

Thus Dr. Ryan and I start from the same premises, the realization of the need of radical social changes. The difference between us is the usual difference between the Socialist and the non-Socialist reformer. The former endeavors to follow the path of progress to the end, while the latter remains faltering and inconclusive, trying to accomplish the impossible task of establishing a terminal at an indefinite point in the middle of the road.

ANSWER BY DR. RYAN

MY OPPONENT contends that many of the proposals set forth in my main article are contained in the Socialist platform, and that some of them were first formulated by Socialists. The latter statement appears to me to be very doubtful. Of late years the Socialist party has been fairly enterprising in adopting among its "immediate demands" reform measures which have attained a certain degree of popularity, and claiming them as its own.

For example, the legal minimum wage has been advocated and agitated by different groups of social reformers for several years, but it made its first appearance in an American Socialist platform in 1912. When it was embodied in the Progressive platform about a month later, some of the leading Socialists claimed that Roosevelt had stolen it from them!

As a matter of fact, the German Socialists in the early years of their parliamentary activity opposed some very necessary social reforms; Socialists everywhere subordinate such measures to party welfare and tactics; and no Socialist platform, so far as I am aware, contains a single reform proposal which was not borrowed from non-Socialist sources. From the Socialist viewpoint, however, all these and similar policies are consistent and logical.

The reformative principles and measures which have been sketched in my preceding article are adapted to meet specifically all the main abuses of our present industrial system. In greater or less degree they have all withstood the test of experience. They can be made effective as rapidly as is consistent with the limitations of human nature, the lessons of history, and justice to all classes of the community.

When their full results have been attained; when a decent minimum of working and living conditions has been secured to all persons; when the great majority of all the workers possess some share in the means of production; when economic opportunity has become equitably distributed, through industrial education and the abolition of private monopoly; when no capital is able to get more than the competitive or ordinary rate of interest; when unusual profits are possible only to those directors of industry who in active competition with their fellows can produce unusually large amounts of product; and when the working class is in a position to secure an ever-increasing share of the national product, up to the limit of industrial resources and social well-being—then there will be nothing left of the social question except that healthy measure of discontent which is a condition of all individual development and social progress.

THE NEXT STEP FORWARD

My opponent attributes to me the thought that, when the reforms that I have advocated had been realized, social progress would stop and the workers become "passive and contented." But have I not explicitly repudiated that supposition in the

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statement that the workers would be in a position to go farther, and obtain an indefinitely increasing share of the national product? How much farther they would be enabled to progress, I can not tell. I am not a prophet. I can only indicate the next important step, which seems to be continuous with the past, and to be authorized by experience. Possibly the process will go on until interest as we now have it will be for the most part abolished. I hope so, but I believe that this result will be reached not through Socialism, but through the direct ownership of the greater part of the instruments of production by the workers themselves by such methods as co-partnership schemes and cooperative societies.

And I submit that this will be more democratic, more conducive to individual initiative, freedom, and opportunity, and in a hundred ways more desirable than a society in which the State has a monopoly of *all* social power, and in which the individual can act only through the State.

Mr. Hillquit has, therefore, misunderstood my position when he says that I would establish a terminal to social progress "at an indefinite point in the middle of the road." I do not attempt to fix a terminal anywhere, for the simple reason that the facts do not warrant such an attempt.

My opponent does set a limit to industrial evolution, namely, the Socialist State. In so doing he abandons the position of the evolutionist for that of the utopian. I am the more consistent evolutionist because I do not attempt to forecast any final or fixed industrial system. The only utopia of which I know anything is on the other side of the grave.

My opponent contends that Socialism is the logical and necessary outcome and terminus of industrial progress. I do not see either the necessity or the logic; for I am unable to accept the *a priori* social philosophy which underlies Mr. Hillquit's social faith and hope.

We shall see more of this in a later chapter. In the meantime I would observe that this belief in Socialism as the industrial finality is another proof that the Socialist is not more but less scientific than the social reformer.

The debate between ***Mr. Hillquit*** *and* ***Dr. Ryan*** *will be continued in the December number.*

ARE THE TRUSTS EFFICIENT?
IS BIG BUSINESS A BUSINESS SUCCESS, OR A FAILURE?
IS THE UNITED STATES THE MOST PROGRESSIVE AND PROSPEROUS NATION IN THE WORLD?
IS IT LAGGING OR LEADING?
IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER WILLIAM HARD BEGINS A SEARCHING INQUIRY INTO THESE QUESTIONS—THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF A CONSTRUCTIVE SERIES LOOKING TOWARD PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY.

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KIDNAPPING COLINE

by

HENRY C. ROWLAND

AUTHOR OF "BACK-FIRE," "THE PILOT-FISH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED E. ORR

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FIRST CHAPTERS:

Jack Hamilton, a wealthy young American, has just returned to San Francisco on his schooner-yacht after five years in Europe. He has promptly fallen in love with Coline Satterlie, a childhood playmate, who, however, has recently promised to marry Konrad Von Reibnitz, a German count of attractive manners but most unsavory reputation. Her father, determined to prevent the marriage at any cost, explains to Jack a scheme he has worked out for breaking off her infatuation: he wants to send her away on a six months' cruise in the South Seas, with no companions save Jack and the captain and mate. Jack makes objections, but at last reluctantly consents, on the chance of saving Coline from a lifetime of unhappiness. When he meets Captain Saltonstall and the mate, Whistler, he finds them also deeply distressed over the kidnapping project. Coline herself, who supposes the voyage is merely to Australia, is amused by her father's plan, which she declares principally a device for making her fall in love with Jack. She fully intends to return by the first steamer and marry Von Reibnitz at once. Finally, after Mr. Satterlie has gone East on business, Jack and Saltonstall rebel, and both tell Coline of Satterlie's orders to keep her at sea for six months or longer. Whereupon Coline astounds them by announcing that she will go anyhow.

The voyage out is a succession of happy days, but so languorous that Jack and Coline welcome the chance to go ashore on Secret Island for exercise. During the day Coline confesses that she has been cured of her infatuation for Von Reibnitz and consents to tell the captain. But when they return to reembark, the ship is only a snowy speck on the horizon. On the shore is dumped a complete equipment for luxurious camping, accompanied by a letter from Captain Saltonstall saying that in leaving them marooned he is only carrying out Mr. Satterlie's orders. In the absorption of making a camp home and the wholesomeness of their new life, their first dismay and anger vanish. But one day Jack realizes that their delightful solitude is threatened: he comes upon strange footprints in the sand, and catches flashes from some object inland. He at once determines to find out who, or what, is sharing their island.

CHAPTER XI—TWO'S COMPANY (CONTINUED)

THIS was no very difficult matter, as the promontory of rock ascended gradually from the sea to the little plateau. So up I went like a goat, presently to arrive at the top, where I found only the jagged volcanic rocks and no sign of any living creature. On the other side of the slight elevation was a deep gully which wound off and disappeared in the broken formations in the direction of the old crater.

Considerably disturbed, I returned to the beach, where after a prolonged search I came upon some turtle's eggs, with which I filled my sack, and returned to camp. Coline had awakened and was playing softly on the piano, and it was a curious sensation to hear the rippling notes proceeding from that thick tangle of coarse green foliage with its background of fantastic rocks.

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"Any luck, Jack?" she asked, as I drew near, for I never left without scribbling a line to say where I had gone and sticking it on a thorn which we called our "post-office."

"Yes," I answered, "but I had a long hunt. This must be the off season for our deep-sea poultry yard. Any callers?"

Coline stopped playing and looked back at me over her shoulder. "Do you know, Jack," said she, "once or twice recently I have had a very strange feeling."

"Of what sort?" I asked uneasily.

"Well—" she hesitated slightly— "as if we were not alone on this island. Perhaps it is just a silly fancy, or perhaps, living such a primitive life, my deeper instincts are getting more acute and there *is* somebody else besides ourselves."

"Have you any tangible reason for such an idea?" I asked, trying not to show that I was disturbed.

"None worth mentioning, I suppose," she answered, doubtfully, "but the other day as I was walking along the beach I happened to look toward the crater and saw a sudden flash, as if the sun were shining on some bright object. I thought nothing about it at the time, but a little later I happened to look up there again and it seemed to me that I saw something move. It was a long way off and I could not be sure. But since then I have had several times an odd, uncanny feeling, as if I were being watched. Have you felt it?"

"No," I answered. "It must be just a fancy, Coline. Who or what could there be?"

"I don't know. Some castaway, perhaps, who might have got queer from solitude and be afraid of us."

"But how could he live?"

"He might catch fish in the lake and go down to the beach sometimes after turtles' eggs, or trap birds, or something of the sort. You know we've never yet been all the way around the island."

This was true. We had been too busy to explore, and I judged that in actual circumference the island must be some ten or twelve miles. But I reassured Coline, saying that I thought she must be mistaken. At the same time I decided to do a little careful scouting.

The opportunity for this arrived the next day. Coline, who did the "ordering" for the table, decided that it would be well to have some more fresh fish, and as it was a pretty rough climb up to the lake I told her that I would go alone, setting out at daybreak and returning before the heat. So, taking a couple of lines and a little basket of shrimps and small crabs, I departed before she was awake, climbing up a narrow ravine through which the waters of the lake apparently overflowed during the rainy season. For about a quarter of a mile the vegetation was thick and rank, but I had cleared a rough path, and a little higher up one came out of the jungle upon bare, broken rocks. The lake itself was of irregular outline, about half a mile in length, and at our end marshy and running into heavy jungle.

The rim of the containing crater was low and greatly eroded, and on the side away from our camp seamed and fissured with numerous caverns and grottoes. It seemed to me that if we did actually have a furtive neighbor on the island he would be likely to inhabit one of these. So, with the idea of exploring them, I circled the lake, keeping down behind the higher ledges until on the opposite side. There I descended to the shore of the lake and proceeded cautiously, climbing up from time to time to look into some of these caves.

I had got about half-way around when suddenly, from directly overhead as it seemed, a peculiar sound struck on my ear. It was a low, rumbling mutter, such as might be made by a person declaiming sonorously into a rain-barrel. It rose and fell with a sort of sad, oratorical monotony which suggested the dreary, machine-made prayer of some itinerant evangelist. But so vague and muffled and rumbling was the chant-like cadence that one might almost have taken it for the distant moaning of the surf transmitted telephonically through a subterranean passage.

A moment's listening, however, convinced me that the sound was of human origin and proceeded from one of the caverns over my head. Gripping my rifle, I started to climb up the deeply fissured side of the cliff. Presently I came upon a ledge some three or four feet in diameter which rose diagonally from the smoother rocks below. The first glance showed me that it was a path which had been frequently traversed.

The rumbling sounds ceased as I clambered up on to this ledge. Then, as I stole forward toward a projecting shoulder of

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rock, they recommenced with greater distinctness and volume—and I stopped short in my tracks and listened with open mouth, and knees from which the power seemed suddenly withdrawn. For that hollow, amphoric bass was only too familiar to me.

Stealing silently up to the projecting mass of rock, I peered around it and discovered on the other side the wide mouth of a cavern. I could not see into the place, but as I stood all a-quiver with astonishment there issued from it in mournful and resonant tones:

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. . . ."

Leaning forward, I peered into the cave. It was spacious, running off into dark recesses, with columns which looked almost as if hewn roughly by the hand of man. But that which caught and held my bewildered eyes was the figure of Captain Saltonstall, in shirt and trousers, sitting on a shelf of rock and reading sonorously from a worn Bible.

His knees were up almost to his chin (for his great height was principally in his legs, which were the longest I ever saw on any human being) and, holding the Bible in one hand, he gestured with the other, as if addressing a congregation. Sitting as he was, slightly turned away from the bright light which streamed into the entrance of the cave, he was unconscious of my presence, and I drew back and silently retraced my steps along the ledge, slipping into the first fissure which would lead me away from the place.

Then, keeping a low ridge between myself and Saltonstall's abode, I struck the trail to the camp, where in my preoccupation I narrowly escaped intruding unceremoniously on Coline's morning plunge. She had naturally not expected me back for another hour, at least, and at her startled scream and the flash of white through the glistening green I leaped back in great confusion and plunged into the bush.

"Coline," I called, from a discreet distance, "it is I. . . . Jack."

"What is the matter?" she answered, rather shortly.

"Who do you think is on this island?"

"Who?"

"Saltonstall!"

There was an instant's silence, then, in a startled, anxious voice: "Saltonstall! Are you crazy, Jack?"

"Never saner in my life. Put on your things and I'll tell you about it."

You may be sure she was not long in doing this, and she appeared a minute later in peignoir and sandals, fresh and sweet as a flower and starry-eyed with excitement.

"What do you mean, Jack?" she cried. "Captain Saltonstall?"

In a few words I told her of my discovery, and when I had finished we stood for a moment or two looking at each other thoughtfully. Our minds were occupied with the same reflection, I think. Here seemed to be the end of our idyllic solitude; of that which had come to be for me (and, as Coline has since admitted, for her) a "*paradis à deux.*" For if at first I had resented Saltonstall's leaving Coline marooned upon the island with no other protector than myself, I now resented even more bitterly his presence on the domain which I had come to regard as exclusively Coline's and mine. This was selfish and inconsistent, I know, but I could not help it.

This knowledge of the propinquity of a third person seemed to defraud us of that delicious glamour which was the one great compensating feature of our captivity. Just to have Coline and the island with its canopy of blue and the encircling sea—and now to discover that we were not alone. All of the sparkle seemed suddenly withdrawn from the intoxicating elixir which had come to infuse our lives.

Looking at Coline's lovely, troubled face I could see that she also was conscious of this disillusionment.

"It makes it all seem rather tame, doesn't it, Jack?" said she slowly. "It has been nice to think of just ourselves—" she paused, then went on in a different tone—"I see it all, Jack. It was probably arranged from the start that Saltonstall should remain with us on the island. Dad must have realized that in the case of any accident happening to you I should have gone mad from loneliness—and probably died. But old Anthony hadn't the courage to face us after what he'd done—or else they intended we should think of ourselves as entirely alone here together. The canary-cage again, Jack." She looked at me with a hard little laugh, and it seemed to me that

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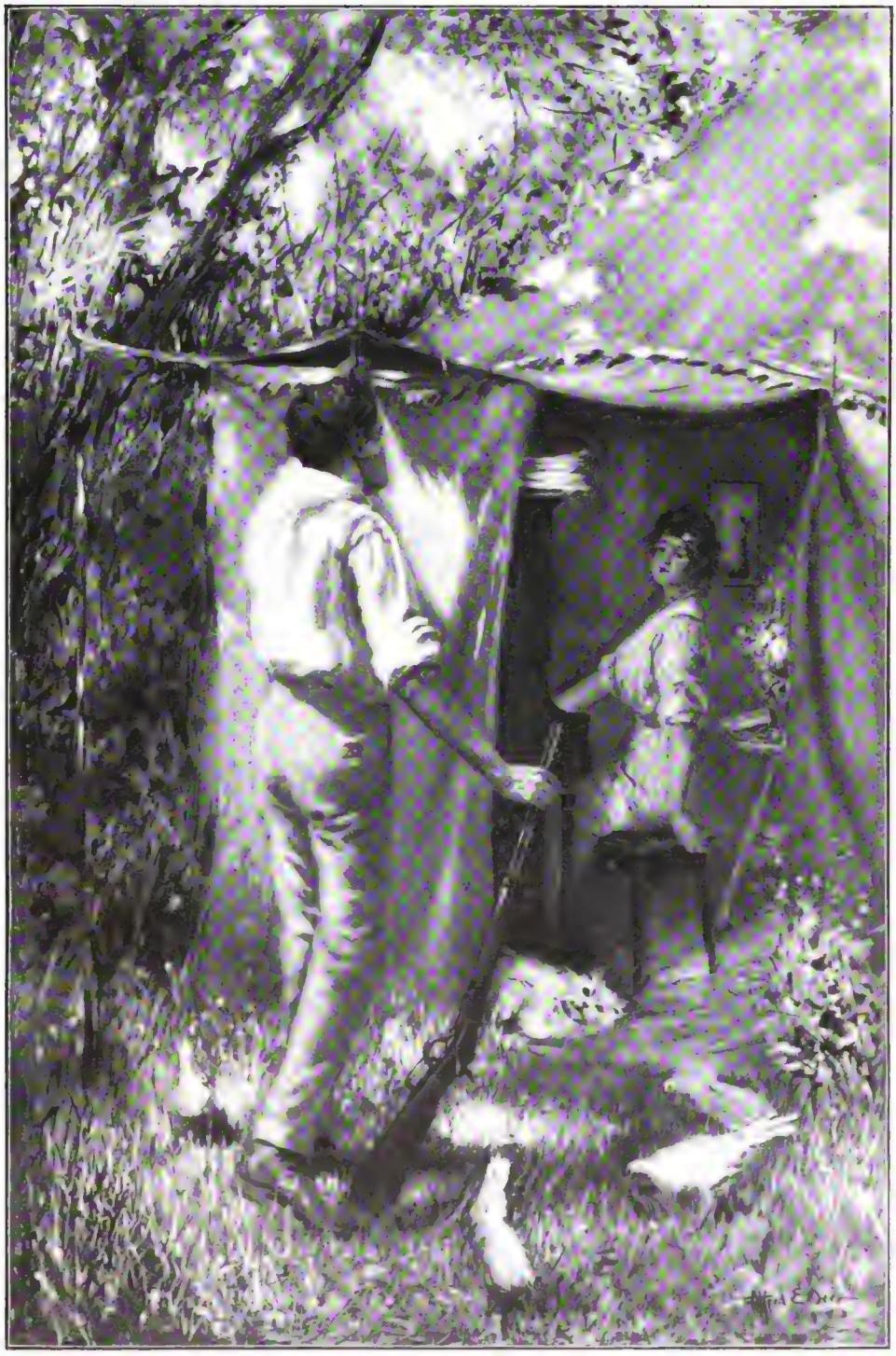

"DO YOU KNOW, JACK," SAID SHE, "ONCE OR TWICE RECENTLY I HAVE HAD A VERY STRANGE FEELING AS IF WE WERE NOT ALONE ON THIS ISLAND."

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I could feel her slipping through my fingers; drifting away from me, just when I was beginning to think that I held her close. The day before, Coline would not have made that remark about the "canary-cage." The subtle consciousness that our lives were slowly but steadily converging to a point where they might merge would have made such an expression seem immodest and profane.

Now, in the knowledge that we were chaperoned, as one might say, by this old troglodyte across the lake, that romance which had brought us both, no doubt, much secret rapture seemed to have lost its divine fire. Not only this, but my own value as protector had to be shared with another. And more than all, there was an extreme obligation to face—and as Coline's eyes met mine each knew what was in the mind of the other and what action the other would take. So much in accord had our sympathies become that each read the other's thought and we both smiled; Coline sadly, I bitterly and with a sigh.

"Of course, Jack," murmured Coline, "we can't let the poor old chap go on living up there alone in that wretched cave."

"Of course not," I muttered, kicking at a shell.

"I should think that he would have gone insane."

"Maybe he has," I answered. "He was reading the Psalms of David in the voice of a bull-buffalo. Otherwise I'd never have found the place."

"You must get him and bring him down here, Jack," said Coline, decidedly. "For all we know he may be only half-supplied with the necessities of life. That third tent was probably meant for him. There really couldn't have been time enough to carry many supplies to the other side of the lake. Perhaps he is actually in need."

"I'll go now," I answered.

Coline gave me one of her swift, warm looks. "You're a dear, Jack"—she would not have said that either, the day before—"but you'd better have some breakfast first."

"Very well," I answered. "Since the old fellow has been up there for a couple of months, I guess we can let him wait another couple of hours."

I am sure I don't know why everybody always prefixed "old" when speaking of Saltonstall, for the captain could not have been much over fifty. Perhaps it was due to his old-fashioned courtliness of manner and a certain fatherly benignity. Then, also, it is a sea-going custom to speak of a ship's master as "the old man." Certainly, though, Saltonstall, when arrayed in his fine shore-going clothes and strolling the principal avenue of some port, considered himself quite a dashing young buck.

So I left Coline shining in the warm, vibrating early morning sun like some lovely lotus-flower from the petals of which the dew has not yet dried, and went back to the camp, where I started a fire in the stove and made the coffee and an omelet of turtle's eggs garnished with thin, crisp slices of bacon, all of which with toasted ship's biscuit constitutes a little breakfast that no magnate need despise. This morning, however, I must say that it lacked savor for me, in spite of my early excursion.

Coline, also, appeared quiet and thoughtful and without her customary appetite. Hearing me sigh like a wind-broken porpoise, she looked at me and laughed. I would have liked it much better if she had looked at me and cried. There are a lot of different ways to laugh; and while Coline's mirth was always genuine and spontaneous, just now it held quite a different note from the low, gurgling tone which goes with the warm, melting look of tender amusement sometimes seen in the eyes of a woman who is laughing and loving at the same time. She laughed now as she had laughed in San Francisco when we had so candidly discussed our proposed voyage.

"Don't look so cut up, Jack," said she. "Think of poor old Anthony perched up there in his hole in the rocks reading psalms aloud to keep from going off his head. It's downright pathetic."

"That's what makes me so sad," I answered.

"But why? You ought to be glad that if you happened to fall off a cliff and break your neck there would be somebody to take care of me."

"I never had any intention of falling off a cliff and breaking my neck," I answered, "and I'm not very keen about having anybody else take care of you. It seems to me that I've managed that part of it as well as it could be done. Just look at the garden: potatoes a foot high and no potato-bugs, and peas and beans and corn and Jerusalem artichokes that you can swing

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your hammock from in another month. And I don't take any chances, either," I went on, rather hotly. "I love to swim, but when I take my dip in the morning I never go out above my waist for fear of—"

"Ornythryncodiplodoccus?"

"—some possible accident which might leave you to rip the shoots out of the garden yourself," I answered sulkily. "And while I've been taking care of myself as though I were the last hope and salvation of a royal race, old Saltonstall has been sitting in his cave reading psalms and prowling along the cliffs looking us over through his marine glasses to see that we were all sound and sane. It makes me tired, Coline. When I see your father again I'm going to tell him exactly what I think about it all."

Coline nodded. "I'm going to insult him, too," she answered. "To tell the truth, Jack, I'm rather disappointed in Dad. He has fallen below my former opinion of him. There would have been something rather big and Spartan and heroic in a man's kidnapping his dearly beloved daughter and leaving her with a trusted friend on a desolate island, rather than see her marry against his will. But to leave an old he nurse, as you say, tucked up in the rocks and watching over us through a spy-glass —the flash we saw must have come from that—takes away all the romance. I am very cross with Dad."

"When your father stuck you off here," said I, "he was thinking less of heroics than of getting you away from Von Reibnitz. In the Middle Ages he would have shut you up in a castle or buried you off in the forest with the faithful gamekeeper. Having no castle, he sent you here with two devoted henchmen to look after you. I thought it pretty awful that he should have left you here with me alone."

"Then why not have let us all remain together instead of making poor old Anthony haul off to a cave like a yogi or lama? No, Jack, it was the canary-bird idea."

"Don't, Coline," I protested. "As a matter of fact I'll bet you what you like that his going off by himself was Saltonstall's own idea. Either he was ashamed to face us after serving us as he had, or else he had imagination enough to appreciate how much more romantic the situation would be for us without a third person. He's got a lot of delicacy, old Saltonstall, and he didn't want to wedge in. As for his watching us through his glasses, that was merely to satisfy himself that we were in good shape. Besides, it must have been pretty lonely for him. But your father never had any of what you call the 'canary-bird cage' idea. He never wanted to force me on you, and he jolly well knew that I would never force myself. He knew perfectly well that I would never have taken advantage of your being alone with me to make love to you."

"I wonder what would have happened if you had," said Coline, pensively.

My heart sank, for here was the former Coline back again: the San Francisco Coline, cool, impersonal, and detached. Only yesterday she had been Coline of the Secret Isle; a Galatea ready to quicken in the atmosphere of love which continually surrounded her. I sighed again and rose.

"I'm off to hunt up Saltonstall," I said. "I suppose the poor old chap will be terribly upset at being found out. But we really can't let him go on living like a cave-dweller."

"Of course not," said Coline, absently.

So off I started for the lake and made my way to the foot of the cliff, not mounting by the ledge, as I did not wish to startle the captain. No sound came from above, so I moved back far enough to see the rim of the ledge, then lifted my voice in a hail.

"Captain Saltonstall!" I shouted. "Oh, Captain Saltonstall!"

CHAPTER XII

FROM FOP TO HERMIT, AND RETURN

There was no answer to my summons, so presently I called again: "Come on out, Captain, unless you want me to come up."

This fetched him, and the next moment I saw his long, dejected face and enormous, drooping mustache pushed out over the rim of the ledge as he stared down at me, shaking his head from side to side.

"Ha, Jack," said he in his rumbling bass, "I was afraid that you would find me out. Ha—come up, my dear fellow—that is, hem, if you feel that you care to resume our friendly relations after all that has happened."

"Of course I do," I answered, struck with a sudden pity for the poor old chap. So I ran around to the beginning of the

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ledge and mounted quickly to the little shelf in front of the cavern, where Saltonstall, still in his shirt and trousers, came forward to meet me. My first glance showed me that he had changed in some subtle way.

The former jauntiness of his general expression had given place to a peculiar air, not precisely of melancholy but of deep, pervading calm. There was an odd, distant look in the large, luminous eyes, which seemed less prominent than formerly, and the deep lines of his long face appeared to be in the process of becoming erased. The big mustache and the curly hair about his temples had whitened visibly.

I gave him my hand, which he took in his big, bony one and squeezed warmly before letting it fall.

"And how is Miss Satterlie?" were his first words.

"Splendid," I answered, "and sends you her love, Captain."

A glow spread over his face, and his eyes, which appeared to have receded farther under their bushy brows, grew moist. "God bless her. It is very lovable and Christian of you both, Jack, to bear no malice for what has occurred. When did you discover that I was here?"

"This morning," I answered; "but I had my suspicions yesterday when I went around the beach hunting turtle's eggs and found your tracks in the sand. Then I caught the flash of the sun on the front lens of your glass. Coline had seen it, too. You ought to remember to pull out the sun sleeve, Captain, when spying from cover."

He made a gesture of protest. "Don't say 'spying,' Jack, my dear boy. That is such a disagreeable word—though no doubt I deserve it. But I never meant to spy upon you, Jack—you understand—in a meddlesome sense. I wished merely to assure myself that all was well with you both. But come inside. The sun is getting hot."

He ushered me into the cave with as much courtliness as if we had been entering a palace. It was not a bad place, and the view from the shelf of rock was superb: first the lake, which shone like burnished silver, then the green fringe of jungle, and beyond, the topaz sea. Nor was it bad inside, being cool and spacious, with little shelves and niches of which the captain had availed himself with all of a sailor's ingenuity. A canvas hammock of the sort used in the sick-bay of a man-of-war made him a comfortable bed, and neatly stowed were sundry sacks and small boxes containing his supplies. A little kerosene stove and a few cooking utensils were disposed on a small shelf.

Saltonstall up-ended a couple of packing-boxes and we seated ourselves. I observed that he was freshly shaved and his shirt and trousers were spotlessly clean, the latter even freshly creased.

"And how have you been getting on, my dear Jack?" he asked. "And have you been very much bored at this captivity?" He looked me over, approvingly. "I must say, Jack, that you are looking uncommonly fit. And Miss Satterlie——?"

"She is in perfect health," I answered, "and up to this time appears to have been in excellent spirits. But I wouldn't answer for her contentment if she were to be cooped up on this island for another couple of months. The worst of it is, Captain, it was all quite unnecessary—" and I proceeded to tell him of Coline's decision in regard to Von Reibnitz. Rather to my surprise, this information did not appear to move him greatly.

"That is extremely good news and I am delighted to hear it, Jack," said he. "But you must know that Mr. Satterlie's idea in confining his daughter on this island was not entirely the breaking off of her infatuation for Von Reibnitz. That was—ha—in the nature of a foregone conclusion. No such refined and charming young lady as Miss Satterlie could for very long continue to be attracted by such a scoundrel as Von Reibnitz."

I stared at him in amazement. Satterlie had certainly given me to understand that this was the one essential object of our voyage.

Saltonstall appeared to be very much embarrassed. He tugged at his flowing mustache, and the color deepened in a face which had grown somewhat ascetic.

"Then what the dickens was his idea?" I demanded.

Saltonstall avoided my eye. "Can't you guess, Jack?" he asked, in some confusion.

"Do you mean to intimate," I asked, "that he cooped us up here together in the hope that she might fall in love with *me?*"

Saltonstall threw out his hands entreatingly. "Come, come, my dear fellow," he said, soothingly, for I had jumped up, cap-

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sizing the packing-box, and begun to pace up and down the narrow confines of the cave. I was angrier, even, than when I had discovered that we were marooned. So Coline was right. It was the "canary-bird cage" after all.

I turned savagely on Saltonstall. "Let me tell you, Captain," I exclaimed, "that Satterlie will have to account to me for this. When I see him again I'll spit in his face. I'll pull his nose. If he were a younger man I'd beat his head in. Perhaps I may, even as it is—and let me tell you, his daughter would thank me for it, too."

"Jack, my dear Jack," cried Saltonstall, "calm yourself. *Don't* talk like that. Consider the feelings of a parent, and the high honor which he has done you."

"High honor, hell!"

"No, Jack — I implore you — " He spread out his big hands. "What father who loves his daughter as Mr. Satterlie does Coline would have left her on a desert island with a single protector——"

"But he didn't leave her with a single protector," I retorted. "If he had done that, it would be different. But he knew that you would be here to——"

"No, Jack," Saltonstall interrupted, "Mr. Satterlie knew nothing of the sort. He intended that you and Coline should be quite alone; that you should be her sole bulwark of defense——"

"What are you talking about, Captain?" I demanded, angrily. "Here you've been roosting up in the rocks all the time, watching over us like a presiding genie——"

"Jack, I beg of you. I've been doing nothing of the sort. And even if I have, you must not blame Mr. Satterlie for it. My being here is quite outside of all instructions—something done entirely on my own initiative, for which Mr. Satterlie is in no way to be blamed. Be as severe as you wish with me, Jack, but don't blame Mr. Satterlie. No doubt I was quite in the wrong. My orders were to leave you two here with carefully selected supplies and to return for you at the end of three months. Mr. Satterlie quite convinced me of the wisdom of this course — consider, my dear fellow, in what high esteem he holds you—and I finally agreed to carry out his instructions. But at the eleventh hour I weakened, Jack—" he shook his head dolefully. "I could not help but think: 'What if some accident were to happen to Jack? What if he were to be taken with cramp while swimming in the lagoon, or to fall from a cliff, or something of the sort, and Coline were to be left without a protector?' No, I couldn't do it, my dear fellow. So I had the hands pack up such necessities as I thought might be sufficient for my small needs during a lapse of some three months, and established myself in this cave."

"COME ON OUT, CAPTAIN, UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO COME UP."

I up-ended the box and sat down again. Saltonstall excused himself and put on a white flannel coat. Then he came back and looked at me with a sort of appeal in

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his big eyes, which under excitement had begun to bulge again. Neither of us spoke for some moments. Then I said, rather awkwardly:

"I beg your pardon, Captain Saltonstall. I didn't quite understand."

"Don't speak of it, my dear Jack. I acted only as my instincts prompted me. But I hope that you cherish no resentment against Mr. Satterlie——"

"It must have been pretty lonely for you here," said I.

Saltonstall shrugged his big, bony shoulders. "For the first few days it was rather trying," he replied, "but I soon grew accustomed to my seclusion. Let me tell you, Jack—and I know that you will understand—it has brought me nearer God. I have always thought that some day when I retired from the sea I might find some secluded nook in which to devote myself to religious exercises and a personal interpretation of the Scriptures, from the seafarer's point of view. These last two months have given me an excellent opportunity for meditation. They have shown me wherein I have been remiss to God and my fellowman in many ways. Whistler, in spite of his many hidebound errors of a restricted orthodoxy, is right in many respects. I am now inclined to believe that his denunciation of what he calls 'sinful pride' is quite correct. I realize that I have erred deeply in this regard; my love of personal adornment—you understand—and ogling women on the streets; not, of course, with any evil intention, but merely for the gratification——"

"Put on your clothes," I interrupted, "and come down to pay your respects to Coline. She's expecting you for luncheon, and if we don't show up pretty soon she'll be getting nervous. Put on the nicest things you've got, because she always thinks of you as the best-dressed man of her acquaintance——"

"My dear Jack!"

"She does, though," I answered, stubbornly. "We were talking about you the other day and she said: 'I'll bet you what you like, Jack, that if you were to run on Captain Saltonstall shipwrecked on some desert island you'd find him costumed as if he were going to a lawn-party.' "

"Oh, come, Jack, my dear fellow!"

"Her very words. Now get to work and live up to them."

"But Jack," he protested, "she really didn't say that. You're drawing on your imagination."

"She certainly did," I answered, emphatically. As a matter of fact, Coline had said something to that effect, one day, and if I laid it on a bit strong I did it honestly enough. The Whistlerian method is right enough in its way; but if I were to become a maker of maxims, the first should be: "Honesty should always be tempered by politeness."

Saltonstall's face glowed, losing much of its asceticism. It did me good to see it. "Ha—Jack," said he, with a suggestion of his former heartiness, "that is indeed a compliment. But there—" his face lengthened again— "I have forsworn such vanities. 'Sinful pride,' Whistler calls the vain adornment of the body, and he is right. To tell the truth, my dear Jack, too much of my time has been spent upon the consideration of my person and not enough upon the consideration of my soul."

"I do not believe it, Captain," I answered, positively, "if you will pardon me for saying so. In dressing well you are following a natural instinct of evolution. The higher the form of life the more pleasing its outward appearance to the eye. Compare, for instance, a slimy crocodile or a barnacle-covered sea-turtle with the satiny skin and glorious hair of a beautiful woman. But as we can't very well go around in our skin and hair, we turn naturally to handsome fabrics. After all, our bodies are the earthly habitations of our souls and should therefore be made worthy of them, outwardly as well as inwardly."

He drew his long mustache through his fingers and stared at me with a brightened face.

"I catch your meaning, Jack," said he, rather weakly. "No doubt you are right, to some extent. But the holy prophets and martyrs were often dirty and unkempt."

"Well, conditions have changed," I answered. "Nowadays that would seem to indicate lack of respect for the soul—to house it in such a dingy tabernacle. To-day, we find the most righteous of men extremely careful about their persons; and certainly a sincere cleric who is well-dressed and neat influences more people to his professed religion than he would if he were dirty and untidy."

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Saltonstall beamed at me, and his lustrous eyes began to come out of their caves. He slapped his lean thigh. "By Jove, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I wish that Whistler could hear you say that. I have often felt the same thing, but lacked your clear, comprehensive ability for expressing it. Ha—" His face began to glow with its ancient eagerness and he strode to a recess of the cavern, from which he hauled a canvas sack. He began to tug at the cords which fastened the mouth of the bag. "Since Miss Satterlie has paid this tribute to my good taste, I can scarcely do otherwise than live up to it—can I, Jack?"

He loosed the cord and began to haul out garment after garment, whites and striped drills and similar tropical costumes, all of which had been neatly pressed, then rolled smooth and stopped with ends of tape. "Let me see, Jack—what shall I put on? Here is a natty white serge which I had made in San Francisco." He twitched out the bow-knots of the tapes and let the clothes unroll, then held them off and regarded them in consternation.

"Dear me, but I am afraid that they are sadly creased—hem—ha—but that can soon be remedied. I have a little apparatus here—" He hurried to a small "ditty-box," as sailors call these little kits, and produced therefrom a patent flat-iron of the sort which is heated from within by methylated spirits. "Come, my dear Jack—if you will excuse me for a few minutes, I will try to make myself *comme il faut*."

Never had I seen such a wondrous change in a man. The hermit had suddenly become a fop. One would never have recognized the happy, glowing face as that sad, reposeful one which had been turned to me on my arrival and which suggested a soul far removed from earthly vanities.

"Coline asked me to bring back some fresh fish," I observed, "so while you are dressing I might go down to the lake and try my luck. I left my bait-can down there in a pool in the rocks."

"All right, Jack—if you will be good enough to excuse me for about an hour. And I say, Jack—" he hesitated, a little awkwardly— "would it be asking too much of your friendship to run the scissors along my hair in the back? Of course, you understand, my dear fellow, I should not think of making such a request under ordinary circumstances——"

"Nonsense," said I, stifling a grin, "where are your scissors? I have always felt that a great tonsorial artist has been lost in me."

He dived again into the ditty-box and produced the scissors. I seated him on the end of a case with his back to the light and proceeded to trim his black, curling hair with great elegance. One would have thought that I had saved his life by a skilful operation, so profuse were his acknowledgments. Then, leaving him to complete his toilet, I made my way down to the lake and was soon hauling in a mess of fine, silvery fish which resembled whiting.

I was putting away my line when Saltonstall hailed me and I went back up to the cave, where I beheld a marvelous transformation. Saltonstall was fully costumed in a handsome suit of carefully pressed white serge, with a mauve-colored madras shirt, a turned-down collar with a dark purple necktie, purple socks, and white buckskin shoes. Set jauntily on his lustrous, curling hair was a Panama hat of the finest fiber, and he wore a narrow belt of pearl-colored suède. A bamboo stick with a silver band completed a costume which would have attracted admiring attention at the Newport Casino. His big, fierce mustache had changed its angle of declination and soared up on a line with his ears.

"How is that, Jack?" he asked, anxiously. "Not overdone, I trust. But I really can't disappoint Miss Satterlie, considering her flattering tribute to my personal taste."

"If Whistler were to see you now," I answered, "he would be tongue-tied on the matter of sinful pride. You make me quite homesick, Captain. I shall have to rig out a little myself."

He glanced at me critically. "You are all right enough for the camp, Jack," said he, "but since we are to lunch with Miss Satterlie, it would do no harm if you were to freshen up a bit. Otherwise I should feel rather overdressed."

"I'll do it," I began, when, happening to glance at Saltonstall, I saw that his eyes were looking past me, with so fiercely intent a gaze that I swung about to examine its object.

"God bless my soul!" cried Saltonstall, reaching for his marine glasses, which hung by a strap from a spike of rock. "A sail——"

I sprang to my feet and stared out to sea. Sure enough, there on the sharp

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horizon was a tiny speck of snowy white. Saltonstall fastened it with his glasses.

"A schooner," he muttered. "Now what is the meaning of that? Whistler is not due for several weeks!"

He handed me the binoculars with a hand that trembled slightly. Focusing on the sail, I saw that it was, as he said, a schooner, beating up close-hauled toward the island. But far off as the vessel was, I did not think that it was the *Sabbath Day*. For one thing, the sails looked too snowy white, and for another, there was something in the expression of the rig which was not the same. Saltonstall voiced my thought.

"That is not the *Sabbath Day*, Jack," said he. "Then what can she be?"

"She seems to be working for the island," I answered.

"There is no doubt of that." He took the glasses and examined her again, then handed them to me with a shake of his head.

The breeze was fresh and the schooner came up at a good clip. Saltonstall and I watched her in tense silence, passing the glasses from hand to hand.

"Whoever it is seems to know the passage," said he, presently. "He's making dead for the entrance. But he could hardly get in with this breeze—unless his vessel will point almost into the wind's eye. There's no room to tack ship between the reefs—for the average schooner, that is. A modern yacht might do it, if smartly handled."

"The more I study that fellow," I answered, "the more I am convinced that it is a yacht."

"The same idea was in my own mind, Jack," answered Saltonstall. "But why should anybody come here in a yacht?"

"There is one person who might do so," I answered.

Saltonstall's bushy eyebrows lifted. "You mean Mr. Satterlie?"

"None other," I replied. "But the funny part of it, Captain, is that unless I am very much mistaken this vessel beating up to the island is the *Sayonara*."

"Jack, my dear Jack, your *Sayonara*?" His jaw dropped.

"Did you ever see her under sail?" I asked.

"No; but I thought that you had laid her up?"

"I was going to lay her up, but at the last moment I decided to offer her for charter. It seemed to me that she might as well be working for her keep. Now it is by no means impossible that Mr. Satterlie has taken her, then sent her to Tahiti, joined her there, coming on a liner, and is making a run over here to see how we were getting on." I handed him the glasses. "Take a look at her, Captain. Notice the angular heel in this little breeze. Trading schooners stand up. straighter than that. The *Sayonara* likes to sail on her ear. That was always my chief objection to her. She's stiff enough once she gets her lee scuppers under, but she was built to sail on her side."

Saltonstall glued his eyes to the lenses.

"By Jove, Jack!" he exclaimed. "I believe you're right, my dear fellow. That is certainly a yacht. Traders carry more head-sails. Well, well, it must be that Mr. Satterlie has chartered the boat, as you say, and run down to look us over. Come, Jack, we must go down at once to acquaint Miss Satterlie with the good news. The chances are that she has not yet sighted the schooner, as we are much higher here. Come, Jack."

"All right," I answered, "let's go."

CHAPTER XIII

WHO LEASED THE SAYONARA?

Down we went over the rocks and through the scrub, Saltonstall mincing along like a dancing-master for fear of wiping the pipe-clay off his buckskin shoes on a rough stone or sticking a thorn through his immaculate serge. But I had no desire to laugh at the dear old chap. I could not help but reflect on his unselfish loyalty in having voluntarily exiled himself to live in a cave and chant the psalms and play the rôle of Aldebaran, lest some possible harm befall Coline. Not that Aldebaran chanted many psalms, as I gather; but the protective idea was there. I had gone up prepared to curse him and I came down wanting to hug him.

But these reflections were somewhat marred by the idea that within two or three hours I should be saying certain things to Mr. Satterlie calculated to terminate the friendship of a lifetime.

Saltonstall became very nervous as we approached the camp. Twice he dropped his stick and once he stumbled and would

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"A SCHOONER," HE MUTTERED. "NOW WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THAT?"

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have fallen, to the great detriment of his immaculate costume, if I had not flung out an arm to catch him.

"I say, Jack," he stammered, "how do you think—ha—that Miss Satterlie will receive me?" His eyes bulged at me with all of their old appeal.

"Rather coldly, I'm afraid," I answered. "You see, Captain, what she might be able to forgive in her father you could scarcely expect her to pardon in an outside person."

He shrank into his clothes. "She is quite right," he mumbled miserably. "And yet, Jack, I do not see how I could have acted otherwise. Do you?"

I stopped short in my tracks. Saltonstall stopped also. At any other time the appeal in his eyes might have aroused my compassion. But I was sore, clean through, and being sore I may have been a bit cruel.

"No," I answered, slowly, "no doubt you acted according to your convictions, as Whistler would say. But I can tell you this: Coline was almost mine until this morning, when we discovered that you were here on the island. Then she reverted suddenly to her San Francisco state of mind."

He blushed like an old maid listening to a love story. "Jack—my dear Jack——"

"Oh, come on," I answered. "Let's toddle along and play out the last act of the opera—bouffe. After all, I'm the only one to get singed—and I never traded much on my charms, anyhow. All that I ask now is to talk to Satterlie for about ten minutes——"

We plowed on in silence, Saltonstall following me like a dog being led to his bath. As we passed the spring, busy as ever boiling up diminutive volcanoes of sand, I remarked:

"The British Admiralty used to put goats on these islands. So far, I haven't been able to discover a single blood relation——"

"Jack—I beseech you——"

"There's my garden," I snapped. "Potatoes almost ready to bloom—and Satterlie swimming in here on my schooner. . . . There's Coline."

There indeed was Coline. She came running down the beach to meet us, cheeks aglow, eyes bright, and her sunny hair tumbling about her ears. Without waiting for Saltonstall to make his formal bow, she grabbed him by the arm, then gave him a sort of hug. He captured her hand and raised it to his lips, and as I looked into his face I saw that his eyes were full of tears. It must be remembered that he had been for two months entirely alone.

"You're forgiven, Captain," said Coline, for the good old chap appeared to have lost his tongue. "You've seen the schooner coming in? Is it the *Sabbath Day?*"

"We think it's the *Sayonara* with your father aboard," said I, wishing to give Saltonstall a little time to pull himself together.

"The *Sayonara!* . . . Daddy! . . ." Coline shrieked. "*Really*, Jack? Oh, what fun! Listen, Jack; let's put on our best clothes and receive him very formally and tell him that we like the island and have decided to remain on indefinitely. . . ." She skipped around like a small child. "Are you sure that it's Dad?"

I reached for Saltonstall's glasses, which he had slung over his shoulder, and which, with his immaculate costume, gave him rather the air of a wealthy British tourist going to the races at Trouville than that of a sea-captain marooned on Secret Island, recently dwelling in a cave and writing an interpretation of the Scriptures.

Focusing carefully on the schooner, which was beating up to the island with a light head-wind, I saw at once that there could be absolutely no doubt. It was my yacht, right enough, marching up to the entrance with as much assurance as if she had always lived in the place. Saltonstall himself, who when in the revenue service had made the first really accurate charts of the outlying reefs, had approached with great caution and under shortened sail. But my little schooner came waltzing in like an American girl invited to lead a court cotillion under the august eyes of titled dowagers.

Saltonstall was watching the schooner narrowly and, as it seemed to me, with a rather puzzled expression. Catching my eye upon him, he shook his head.

"Mr. Satterlie is either imprudent, Jack," said he, "or else he has got a sailing master that knows this island better than I. He is standing straight in for the entrance under full sail, as you see, and once inside he will have to haul sharply on the wind and point up very closely to weather the end of the inner reef. I should not care to try it with the *Sabbath Day*."

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"The *Sayonara* will point right into the wind's eye, Captain," I answered.

"Risky, my dear fellow—risky," he muttered. "It is not like Mr. Satterlie to take unnecessary chances. . . ."

Coline interrupted him. "Come on, Jack," said she, "let's rig out in our best, then *not* go down to meet him. We can be playing dummy bridge or something when he arrives, and we will look up coolly from our game and say: "Oh, good morning. When did you arrive? *Do* stop for luncheon. . . ."

Her voice died away as she glanced at my face. When I had told Saltonstall that I intended to give Satterlie a bad quarter of an hour it was no idle threat. I had been angry then, but I was even angrier now. Satterlie, as I saw it, had not only exposed his daughter to hardship and danger (for she might have been taken ill or met with some accident), but he had made fools of us both with his silly "canary-cage" idea. And the worst of it was that now he had apparently weakened in his resolution and was coming in person to see how we fared and to raise the siege.

I thought of how we had toiled at clearing the brush and turning the soil and planting our garden under the impression that we were destined for an exile of many months, and now here he was coming to spoil everything, making the whole mad adventure futile and unnecessary. He had gone too far—and not far enough. I meant to have it out with Satterlie within the next three hours, and I was inclined to doubt that we should be on speaking terms thereafter.

Coline may have seen something of this in my face, for as our eyes met the joyousness in her own was effaced like the sunshine on the beach under the shadow of a drifting cloud.

"Jack," she cried, "what makes you look that way? Aren't you glad that Daddy's coming to——"

"Open the door of the cage?" I answered bitterly. "Oh, yes, I suppose so. I wasn't thinking of that."

"What then?"

"That I'm going to make him sorry he ever shut it," I answered."

"Oh, come, Jack, my dear fellow," began Saltonstall, propitiatingly. But an angry flush came suddenly on Coline's cheeks and her eyes sparkled.

"Indeed!" said she. "Then you think that it has been such a terrible hardship to have been shut up here with me for these last two months?"

"I didn't realize it until this morning," I answered, "but I do now. And I realize the indignity of it, too. Your father has not played fair. He told me that we were off for a long voyage and that he had given Captain Saltonstall orders to stop at about fifty different islands——"

"But so he did, Jack," Saltonstall protested.

"—After leaving us here, perhaps," I growled. "Mere equivocation. That's worse than downright lying."

"I won't have you talk so of Dad!" cried Coline.

"All right," I answered, "then I won't. I'd much rather talk *to* him—and that's precisely what I intend to do."

Coline turned her shoulder to me. Of what might have been passing in her mind I had no idea. But Saltonstall was much distressed.

"Oh, I say, Jack," he remonstrated, "don't let us have any recriminations. Remember that Mr. Satterlie was acting for what he thought to be—ha—your best interests as well as those of—hem—Miss Coline——"

"Then what does he want to come butting in for at this early stage of the game," I interrupted, "if he really did have the canary-cage idea in mind."

"Jack!—Jack!" Saltonstall's voice was stern. "I fear that you forget yourself."

I stared at him, surprised, for all trace of his usual apologetic manner had disappeared, and there was an expression such as I had never seen on his big, benevolent face. It did not seem to me that I had said anything coarse. Besides, it was Coline who had started the "canary-bird" business.

She was standing now with her back squarely turned to me, and as I stared at her a sort of ripple seemed to run through her light, graceful figure. Saltonstall observed it, glanced at me, and shook his head warningly.

Hot, angry, and a little puzzled, I turned away from the pair of them and watched the schooner, which was now nearly at the entrance. She came tripping along as demurely as a girl going to market, ignoring the ugly menace of the reefs as the same young lady might disregard the mutters from a parcel of thugs in front of a pot-house. Then in she glided, and we could

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see the hands running aft to flatten down the mainsheet as she swung gracefully to look the breeze directly in the eye. Deep-drafted, fine of bows, and as sweetly delicate of line as Coline's own self, her way alone carried her half of the required distance; and one could see that she was smartly handled, as before this "shoot" was lost the tremulous flutter in the hoist of the mainsail was erased and, forging slowly ahead at a graceful heel, she weathered by a safe margin the farthest outpost where the white-uniformed sentries flung high their snowy dolmans in salute. Then, with headsails drawing and mainsheet slacked away, she paid off to swing gracefully in toward the lagoon.

Coline had possessed herself of Saltonstall's glasses and was eagerly searching the decks of the yacht. I had not spoken to either of them since Saltonstall's rebuke and, standing a little aloof, I watched the smart evolutions aboard my schooner in gloomy silence. As she drew in on the land, down came foresail and forestaysail, while a couple of hands stood by to let go the anchor. I had about decided to go back to the camp, there to wait until Coline had greeted her father before intruding my ungrateful presence, when she turned to me, rather pale of face and with a curious gleam in her eyes.

"You can save your pique for a later date, Jack," said she quietly. "Father is not aboard the *Sayonara*."

"How do you know?" I asked.

She gave me a malicious little smile. "Because," she answered, "it was not father who chartered her."

"Then who was it?"

"Count Konrad Von Reibnitz," answered Coline, and, turning on her heel, walked slowly back up the beach.

CHAPTER XIV

A GENTLEMANLY SCOUNDREL

Saltonstall and I stared at each other, then at the yacht, now almost at the entrance to the lagoon. Down went the helm as we were watching her, and as she presented her broadside in rounding up we observed a white-clad figure standing beside the wheel examining us through a pair of binoculars.

Saltonstall stooped over, picked up his glasses, and wiped the lenses carefully with his cambric handkerchief, then looked at me with a bewildered face.

"What does it mean, Jack?" he asked. "How could Von Reibnitz possibly discover that she was here?"

"Did Whistler know what island you and Satterlie selected for our prison?" I asked harshly.

"No," he answered, "but your suspicions are unworthy of you, my dear Jack. Mr. Whistler would never have betrayed us. Lacking as he may be in some of the finer sensibilities, he is nevertheless a man of honor. The only person who knew our actual destination was Mr. Satterlie himself."

"But Whistler knew that the plan was to leave us on some out-of-the-way island, did he not?" I snapped.

"Yes," Saltonstall admitted, "but he would never——"

"He has, though," I interrupted, and told him of how I had met the mate coming out of Craven's office. "The old shark had him shadowed," I concluded bitterly, "and, finding that he belonged to the *Sabbath Day*, had no difficulty in forming his conclusions. He then got in touch with Von Reibnitz and sold him the information. Von Reibnitz studied his chart, and by a lucky guess hit on Secret Island as the place where Satterlie had very likely hidden his daughter. He then chartered the *Sayonara* —and here he is. Very likely he has already visited several islands which might have served the purpose. I seem to see trouble ahead."

Saltonstall's face underwent a curious change as I talked. The faces of many people often suggest those of certain of the lower animals: pigs, goats, monkeys, sheep, and others. Saltonstall had often reminded me of a horse—a fine old Hambletonian sire. But now, as I watched, the expression of the staid family equine gave way to that of the war-horse who hears from afar the roll of drums. His nostrils seemed to dilate, his upper lip was raised, and I caught the gleam of his strong yellow teeth, while the luminous, bulging eyes were filled with fire. What a marvelous change was here from the old beau and the hermit declaiming the Psalms of David in his cave! The man looked dangerous, and was.

"Ha—" said he, and his usually hollow bass held a harsh and ominous note, "I

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shall have something to say to Mr. Whistler when we meet again. You should have told me of this before, Jack."

"Whistler begged me not to," I answered, "but I should have done so all the same if I had known your real plans. Satterlie gave me to understand that we were to sail about on the schooner. He lied to me, damn him!"

The *Sayonara* had shot into the wind and presently lost her way, when the jib came scraping down and the anchor splashed over the bow. Scarcely had it gone when a gig took the water, four hands dropped into it, and after them the man in white clothes. A moment later and the boat was pulling in toward the beach with lusty strokes. Saltonstall and I watched it in silence, he tugging at his big mustache, with a scowl.

"Do you think that he would dare try to take her by force?" he asked.

"From all accounts he's quite capable of it," I answered. "If he does there will be some dead men scattered along this beach."

"Quite so, Jack—quite so. Ha—he shall never take her while we are alive, my boy."

"What if she chooses to go with him?" I demanded. "*She's* quite capable of that."

"Oh, no, Jack—she would never do that! She told you that she had decided not to marry him."

"She might have decided not to marry him," I answered, "and yet want to take advantage of the opportunity to leave the island, if only to get back at her father. She's sick of the whole business, and she's angry with me."

"But surely she would not put us in such a position," Saltonstall protested. "She knows that we would never permit the step, and as she is now her own mistress such a decision on her part would put us utterly in the wrong. If it came to a fight, Von Reibnitz would be justified in his act."

This was, of course, quite true. Coline was now of age, and Saltonstall and I had absolutely no legal ground on which to stand should we attempt to detain her by force against her own will. Von Reibnitz would, of course, be the first to appreciate this fact.

"Let's go up and talk to her before he gets here," I answered.

There was little time to lose, for the boat was half-way to the beach. So we turned on our heels and hurried back to the camp, where we found Coline sitting quietly in the hammock with Lalla Rookh purring beside her. She looked up questioningly, and I noticed that her face was rather pale and her eyes gleaming with suppressed excitement. I went straight to the point with no preamble, for which indeed there was no time.

"Coline," I said, "it appears that Von Reibnitz has found us out, probably through Whistler's blabbing. He has come to get you and to take you away. Do you want to go with him?"

"Yes," she answered. "I've had enough of this place. I think that we had all better go."

"Captain Saltonstall and I think differently," I answered. We believe that you should wait here for the *Sabbath Day*, which is due to return in another month. Of course, you are of age now and your own mistress, and we have no legal right to detain you. Nevertheless, we intend to try."

Her red lips curved in a slight, ironical smile. "Don't be silly, Jack. What could you two do in the face of Konrad and his whole crew?"

"That remains to be seen," I answered.

"Quite so, Miss Coline," said Saltonstall quietly. "Such a decision on your part would lead, I fear, to—ha—bloodshed. I happen to know a good deal about this man Von Reibnitz, and I assure you that I would rather see you between the paws of a tiger than in his power. Although we may be quite in the wrong, Jack and I are prepared to resist such a situation to the —hem—limits of our strength. You must not go with him, my dear."

"But you are crazy!" Coline leaped from the hammock and stood facing us with flashing eyes. "Von Reibnitz is a gentleman!"

"Hell is full of such gentlemen," I answered roughly, for I could hear the clatter of oars as the boat ran up on the beach. "He won't get you without a fight, Coline, and that's all there is about it. We may not be able to do much against a dozen or odd, but we'll try our best. So go ahead and do what you like." And I turned on my heel and went to my tent, where I proceeded to buckle on a brace of revolvers; then, picking up a rifle and belt, I came out and handed them to Saltonstall.

Coline watched us in stony silence.

*The next instalment of "**Kidnapping Coline**" will appear in the December number.*

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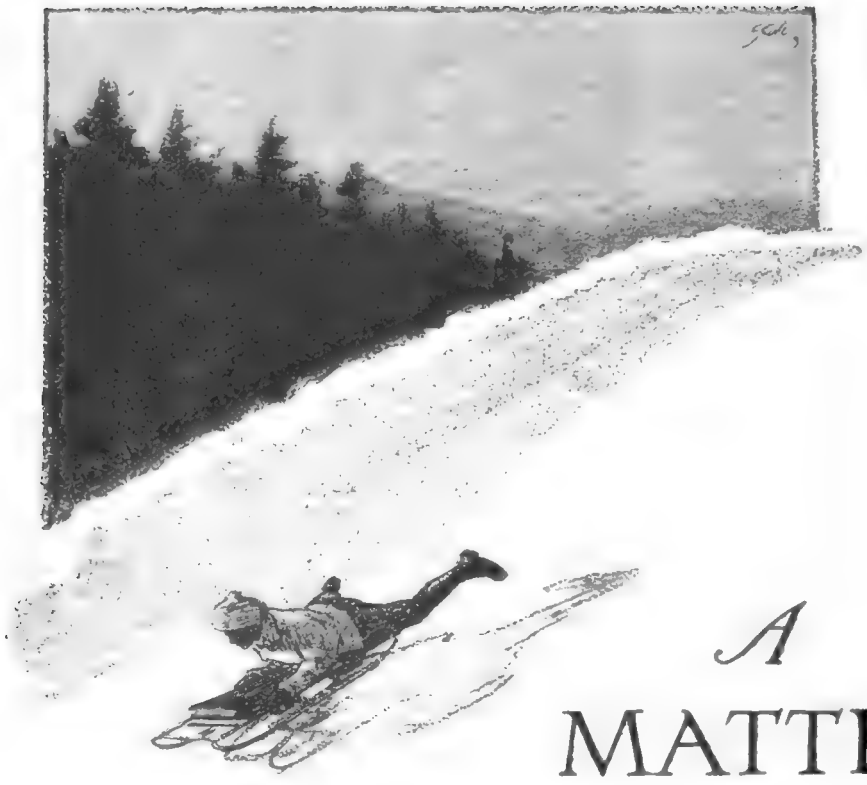

A MATTER of TWO CIPHERS

In which the Crime Doctor teaches a Tutor

by

E W HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FREDERIC DORR STEELE

IT IS a small world that flocks to Switzerland for the Christmas holidays. It is also a world largely composed of that particular class which provided Dr. Dollar with the majority of his cases. He was therefore not surprised, on the night of his arrival at the great Excelsior Hotel, in Winterwald, to feel a diffident touch on the shoulder, and to look round upon the sunburnt blushes of a quite recent patient.

George Edenborough had taken Winterwald on his wedding-trip—a wedding-trip that would never have been without Dr. Dollar's wise intervention—and nothing would suit him and his nut-brown bride but for the doctor to join them at their table. It was a slightly embarrassing invitation; but he had a reason for not persisting in a first refusal; and the bride carried the situation with a breezy vitality, while her groom chose a wine worthy of the occasion, and the newcomer explained that he had ar-

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rived by the afternoon train but had not come straight to the hotel.

"Then you won't have heard of our great excitement," said Mrs. Edenborough, "and I'm afraid you won't like it when you do."

"If you mean the strychnine affair," returned Dollar, with a certain deliberation, "I heard one version before I had been in the place an hour. I can't say that I did like it. But I should be interested to know what you both think about it all."

Edenborough returned the wine-list to the waiter with sepulchral injunctions. "Are you telling him about our medical scandal?" he inquired briskly of the bride. "My dear doctor, it'll make your professional hair stand on end! Here's the local practitioner been prescribing strychnine pills warranted to kill in twenty minutes!"

"So I hear," said the Crime Doctor, dryly.

"The poor brute has been frightfully overworked," continued Edenborough, in deference to a more phlegmatic front than he had expected of the British faculty. "They say he was up two whole nights last week; he seems to be the only doctor in the place, and the hotels are full of fellows doing their level best to lay themselves out. We've had two concussions of the brain and one complicated fracture this very week. Still, to go and give your patient a hundred times more strychnine than you intend—!"

"But what about his patient?" inquired the doctor. "If half that one hears is true, he wouldn't have been much loss."

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Lucy Edenborough, with the air of a Roman matron turning down her thumbs.

"He's a fellow who was at my private school, just barely twenty-one, and making an absolute fool of himself," explained Edenborough, touching his glass. "It's an awful pity. He used to be such a nice little chap, Jack Laverick."

"He was nice enough when he was out here a year ago," the bride admitted, "and he's still a sportsman. He won half the toboggan races last season, and took it all delightfully; he's quite another person now, and gives himself absurd airs on top of everything else. Still I shall expect Mr. Laverick either to sweep the board or break his neck. He evidently wasn't born to be poisoned!"

"Did he come to grief last year, Mrs. Edenborough?"

"He only nearly had one of his ears cut off in a spill on the ice-run! So they said; but he was tobogganing again next day."

"Dr. Alt looked after him all right then, I hear," added Edenborough, as the champagne arrived. "But I only wish *you* could take the fellow in hand! He really used to be a decent chap; but it would take even you all your time to make him one again, Dr. Dollar."

The Crime Doctor smiled as he raised his glass and returned compliments across the bubbles. It was the smile of a man with bigger fish to fry; yet it was he who came back to the subject of young Laverick, asking if he had not a tutor or somebody to look after him, and what the man meant by not doing his job.

In an instant both the Edenboroughs had turned upon their friend. Poor Mr. Scarth was not to blame! Poor Mr. Scarth, it appeared, had been a master at the preparatory school at which Jack Laverick and George Edenborough had been boys. He was a splendid fellow and very popular in the hotel, and there was nothing but sympathy with him in his difficult relations with Laverick. His charge was of age, and in a position to send him off at any moment, as indeed he was always threatening in his cups. But there again there was a special difficulty: one cup was more than enough for Jack Laverick, whose weak head for wine was the only excuse for him.

"Yet there was nothing of the kind last year," said Mrs. Edenborough, in a thoughtful voice; "at least, one never heard of it. And that makes it all the harder on poor Mr. Scarth!"

Dollar declared that he was burning to meet the unfortunate gentleman; the couple exchanged glances, and he was told to wait till after the concert, at which he had better sit with them. Was there a concert? His face lengthened at the prospect, and the bride's eyes sparkled at his expense; she would not hear of his shirking it, but went so far as to cut dinner short in order to obtain good seats. She was one of those young women who have both a will and a way with them, and Dollar soon found himself securely penned in the gallery of an ambitious ballroom with a stage at the other end.

The concert came up to his most sardonic expectations, and he resigned himself to a boredom only intensified by the behavior of some crude humorists in the rows behind.

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Inferior song followed inferior song, and each earned a more vociferous encore from those gay young gods. A not unknown novelist told dialect stories of purely territorial interest; a lady recited with astounding spirit; another fiddled, no less courageously; but the back rows of the gallery were quite out of hand when a black-avised gentleman took the stage, and had not opened his mouth before those back rows were rows of Satans reproving sin and clapping with unsophisticated gusto.

"Who's this?" asked Dollar, instantly aware of the change behind him; but even Lucy Edenborough would only answer, "Hush, doctor!" as she bent forward with shining eyes. And certainly a hairpin could not have dropped unheard before the dark performer relieved the tension by plunging into a scene from "Pickwick."

It was the scene of Mr. Jingle's monologue on the Rochester coach—and the immortal nonsense was inimitably given. Yet nobody could have been less like the emaciated prototype than this tall, tanned man, with his short black mustache, and the flashing teeth that bit off every word with ineffable snap and point.

" 'Mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—' " and his own grim teeth only added to the fun and swelled the roar.

He waited darkly for them to stop, the wilful absence of any amusement on his side enormously increasing that of the audience. And when it came to the episode of Donna Christina and the stomach-pump, with the culminating discovery of Don Bolaro Fizzgig in the main pipe of the public fountain, the guffaws of half the house eventually drew from the other half the supreme compliment of exasperated demands for silence. Mrs. George Edenborough was one of the loudest offenders. George himself had to wipe his eyes. And the Crime Doctor had forgotten that there was such a thing as crime.

"That chap's a genius!" he exclaimed, when a double encore had been satisfied by farther and smaller doses of Mr. Jingle, artfully held in reserve. "But who is he, Mrs. Edenborough?"

"Poor Mr. Scarth!" crowed the bride, brimming over with triumphant fun.

But the doctor's mirth was at an end. "That the fellow who can't manage a bit of a boy, when he can hold an audience like this in the hollow of his hand?" And at first he looked as though he could not believe it, and then all at once as though he could. But by that time the Edenboroughs were urging Scarth's poverty in earnest, and Dollar could only say that he wanted to meet him more than ever.

The wish was not to be gratified without a further sidelight and a fresh surprise; for as George and the doctor were repairing to the billiard-room, before the conclusion of the lengthy program, they found a group of backs upon the threshold and a ribald uproar in full swing within. One voice was in the ascendent, and it was sadly indistinct; but it was also the voice of the vanquished, belching querulous futilities. The cold steel thrusts of an autocratic Jingle cut it shorter and shorter; it ceased altogether; and the men in the doorway made way for Mr. Scarth, as he hurried a disheveled youth off the scene in the most approved constabulary manner.

"Does it often happen, George?" Dollar's arm had slipped through his former patient's, as they slowly followed at their distance.

"Most nights, I'm afraid."

"And does Scarth always do what he likes with him—afterward?"

"Always; he's the sort of fellow who can do what he likes with most people," declared the young man, missing the point. "You should have seen him at the last concert, when those fools behind us behaved even worse than to-night; it wasn't his turn, but he came out and put them right in about a second, and had us all laughing the next! It was just the same at school; everybody was afraid of Mostyn Scarth, boys and men alike; and so is Jack Laverick still—in spite of being of age and having the money-bags—as you saw for yourself just now."

"Yet Scarth lets this sort of thing happen continually?"

"It's pretty difficult to prevent. A glass about does it, as I told you, and you can't be at a fellow's elbow all the time in a place like this. But some of Jack's old pals have had a go at him. Do you know what they've done? They've taken away his Old Etonian tie, and quite right too!"

"And there was nothing of all this last year?"

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"THOSE TWO NAUGHTS HAPPEN TO MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH," SAID DOLLAR. "YET THEY ARE NOT BY ANY MEANS THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO PRESCRIPTIONS."

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"So Lucy says; I wasn't here. Mrs. Laverick was, by the way; she may have made the difference; but being his own master seems to have sent Jack to the dogs altogether. Scarth's the only person to pull him up—unless—unless you'd take him on, doctor! You—you've pulled harder cases out of the fire, you know!"

They had been sitting a few minutes in the lounge. Nobody was near them; the young man's face was alight and his eyes were shining. Dollar took him by the arm once more, and they went together to the lift.

"In any case I must make friends with your friend Scarth," he said. "Do you happen to know his number?"

Edenborough did—it was 144—but he seemed dubious as to another doctor's reception after the tragedy that might have happened in the adjoining room.

"Hadn't I better introduce you in the morning?" he suggested, with much deference, in the lift. "I—I hate repeating things—but I want you to like each other, and I heard Scarth say he was fed up with doctors!"

This one smiled. "I don't wonder at it."

"Yet it wasn't Mostyn Scarth who gave Dr. Alt away."

"No?"

Edenborough shook his head as they left the lift together. "No, doctor. It was the chemist here, a chap called Schickel. But for him Jack Laverick would be a dead man; and but for him again, nobody need ever have heard of his narrow shave. He spotted the mistake and then started all the gossip."

"I know," said the doctor, nodding.

"But it was a terrible mistake! Decigrams instead of milligrams—so I heard—just a hundred times too much strychnine in each pill!"

"You are quite right," said John Dollar, quietly. "I have the prescription in my pocket."

"*You* have, doctor?"

"Don't be angry with me, my dear fellow! I told you I had heard one version of the whole thing. It was Alt's. He's an old friend—but you wouldn't have said a word about him if I had told you that at the time—and I still don't want it generally known."

"You can trust me, doctor, after all you've done for me!"

"Well, Alt once did more for me. I want to do something for him—that's all."

And his knuckles still ached from the young man's grip, as they rapped smartly at the door of 144.

II

It was opened a few inches by Mostyn Scarth. His raiment was still at concert-pitch, but his face even darker than it had been as the Crime Doctor saw it last.

"May I ask who you are, and what you want?" he demanded—not at all in the manner of Mr. Jingle—rather in the voice that most people would have raised.

"My name is Dollar, and I'm a doctor."

The self-announcement, pat as a polysyllable, had a foreseen effect only minimized by the precautionary confidence of Dr. Dollar's manner.

"Thanks very much! I've had about enough of doctors!"

And the door was shutting when the intruder got in a word like a wedge. "Exactly!"

Scarth frowned through a chink just wide enough to show both his eyes. It was the intruder's tone that held his hand.

"What does that mean?" he demanded with more control.

"That I want to see you about the other doctor—this German fellow," returned Dollar, against the grain. But the studied phrase admitted him.

"Well, don't raise your voice," said Scarth, lowering his own as he shut the door softly behind them. "I believe I saw you down-stairs outside the bar. So I need only explain that I've just got my bright young man off to sleep on the other side of those folding doors."

Dollar could not help wondering whether the other room was as good as Scarth's, which was much bigger and better appointed than his own. But he sat down at the oval table under the electric chandelier, and came abruptly to his point.

"About that prescription," he began, and straightway produced it from his pocket.

"Well? What about it?" the other queried, but only keenly, as he sat down at the table too.

"Dr. Alt is a very old friend of mine, Mr. Scarth."

Mostyn Scarth exhibited the slight but immediate change of front due from gentleman

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to gentleman on the strength of such a statement; his grim eyes softened with a certain sympathy; but the accession left his gravity the more pronounced.

"He is not only a friend," continued Dollar, "but the cleverest and best man I know in my profession. I don't speak from mere loyalty; he was my own doctor before he was my friend. Mr. Scarth, he saved more than my life when every head in Harley Street had been shaken over my case. All the baronets gave me up; but chance or fate brought me here, and this little unknown man performed the miracle they shirked, and made a new man of me off his own bat. I wanted him to come to London and make his fortune; but his work was here, he wouldn't leave it; and here I find him under a sorry cloud. Can you wonder at my wanting to step in and speak up for him, Mr. Scarth?"

"On the contrary, I know exactly how you must feel, and am very glad you have spoken," rejoined Mostyn Scarth, cordially enough in all the circumstances of the case. "But the cloud is none of my making, Dr. Dollar, though I naturally feel rather strongly about the matter. But for Schickel, the chemist, I might be seeing a coffin to England at this moment! He's the man who found out the mistake and has since made all the mischief."

"Are you sure it was a mistake, Mr. Scarth?" asked Dollar quietly.

"What else?" cried the other, in blank astonishment. "Even Schickel has never suggested that Dr. Alt was trying to commit a murder!"

"Even Schickel!" repeated Dollar, with a subtle significance. "Are you suggesting that there's no love lost between him and Alt?"

"I was not indeed," returned Scarth, much more astonished. "No. That never occurred to me for a moment."

"Yet it's a small place, and you know what small places are. Would one man be likely to spread a thing like this against another, if there were no bad blood between them?"

Scarth could not say. The thing happened to be true, and made such a justifiable sensation. He was none the less frankly interested in the suggestion. It was as though he had a tantalizing glimmer of the Crime Doctor's meaning. Their heads were closer together across the end of the table; their eyes were joined for a moment of mutual probing.

"Can I trust you with my own idea, Mr. Scarth?"

"That's for you to decide, Dr. Dollar."

"I shall not breathe it to another soul—not even to Alt himself—till I'm sure."

"You may trust me, doctor. I don't know what's coming, but I sha'n't give it away."

"Then I shall trust you even to the extent of contradicting what I just said. I *am* sure—between ourselves—that the prescription now in my hands is a clever forgery!"

Scarth held out his hand for it. A less deliberate announcement might have given him a more satisfactory surprise; but he could not have looked more incredulous than he did, nor subjected Dollar to a cooler scrutiny.

"A forgery with what object, Dr. Dollar?"

"That I don't pretend to say. I merely state the fact—in confidence. You have your eyes upon a flagrant forgery."

Scarth raised them, twinkling. "My dear Dr. Dollar, I saw him write it out myself!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Absolutely, doctor! This lad, Jack Laverick, is a pretty handful; without a doctor to frighten him from time to time, I couldn't cope with him at all. His people are in despair about him—but that's another matter. I was only going to say that I took him to Dr. Alt myself, and this is the prescription they refused to make up. Schickel may have a spite against Alt, as you suggest, but if he's a forger I can only say he doesn't look the part."

"The only looks I go by," said the Crime Doctor, "are those of the little document in your hand."

"It's on Alt's paper."

"Anybody could get hold of that."

"But you suggest that Alt and Schickel have been on bad terms?"

"That's a better point, Mr. Scarth; that's a much better point," said Dollar, smiling—and then ceasing to smile, as he produced a magnifying lens. "Allow me to switch on the electric standard, and do me the favor of examining that handwriting with this loop; it's not very strong, but the best I could get here at the photographer's shop."

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"It's certainly not strong enough to show anything fishy, to my inexperience," said Scarth, on a sufficiently close inspection.

"Now look at this one."

Dollar had produced a second prescription from the same pocket as before. At first sight they seemed identical.

"Is this another forgery?" inquired Scarth, with a first faint trace of irony.

"No. That's the correct prescription, rewritten by Alt at my request, as he is positive he wrote it out originally."

"I see now. There are two more naughts mixed up with the other hieroglyphs."

"They happen to make all the difference between life and death," said Dollar, gravely. "Yet they are not by any means the only difference here."

"I can see no other, I must confess." And Scarth raised his eyes just as Dollar's fell from his broad brown brow.

"The other difference is, Mr. Scarth, that the prescription with the strychnine in deadly decigrams has been drawn backward instead of being written forward."

Scarth's stare ended in a laugh. "Do you mind saying all that again, Dr. Dollar?"

"I'll elaborate it. The genuine prescription has been written in the ordinary way —*currente calamo*. But forgeries are not written in the ordinary way, much less with running pens; the best of them are written backward, or rather they are *drawn upside down*. Try to copy writing as writing and your own will automatically creep in and spoil it; draw it upside down and wrong way on, as a mere meaningless scroll, and your own formation of the letters doesn't influence you, because you are not forming letters at all. You are drawing from a copy, Mr. Scarth."

"You mean that I'm deriving valuable information from a handwriting expert!" cried Scarth, with another laugh.

"There are no such experts," returned Dollar, a little coldly. "It's all a mere matter of observation, open to everybody with eyes to see. But this happens to be an old forger's trick; try it for yourself, as I have, and you'll be surprised to see how much there is in it."

"I must," said Scarth. "But I can't conceive how you can tell that it has been played in this case."

"No? Look at the start, 'Herr Laverick,' and at the finish, 'Dr. Alt.' You would expect to see plenty of ink in the 'Herr,' wouldn't you? Still plenty in the 'Laverick,' I think, but now less and less until the pen is filled again. In the correct prescription, written at my request to-day, you will find that this is so. In the forgery the progression is precisely the reverse; the *t* in 'Alt' is full of ink, but you will find less and less till the next dip in the middle of the word '*Mahlzeit*' in the line above. The forger, of course, dips oftener than the man with the running pen."

Scarth bent in silence over the lens, his dark face screwed awry. Suddenly he pushed back his chair. "It's wonderful!" he cried softly. "I see everything you say. Dr. Dollar, you have converted me completely to your view. I should like you to allow me to convert the hotel."

"Not yet," said Dollar, rising, "if at all—as to the actual facts of the case. It's no use making bad worse, Mr. Scarth, or taking a dirty trick too seriously. It isn't as though the forgery had been committed with a view to murdering your young Laverick!"

"Good God! I never thought of that!" said Mostyn Scarth, in a horrified whisper.

"You are quite right, Mr. Scarth. It doesn't bear thinking about. Of course, any murderer ingenious enough to concoct such a thing would have been far too clever to drop out *two* naughts; he would have been content to change milligrams into centigrams, and risk a recovery. No sane chemist would have dispensed the pills in decigrams. But we are getting off the facts, and I promised to meet Dr. Alt on his last round; if I may tell him, in vague terms, that you at least think there may have been some mistake, other than the culpable one that has been laid at his door, I shall go away less uneasy about my unwarrantable intrusion."

It was strange how the balance of personality had shifted during an interview which Scarth himself was now eager to extend. He was no longer the mesmeric martinet who had tamed an unruly audience at sight; the last of Mr. Jingle's snap had long been in abeyance. And yet there was just one more suggestion of that immortal, in the rather dilapidated trunk from which the swarthy exquisite now produced a bottle of whisky, very properly locked up out of Laverick's reach. And weakness of will could not be imputed to the

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young man who induced John Dollar to cement their acquaintance with a thimbleful.

III

It was early morning in the same week; the Crime Doctor lay brooding over the most complicated case that had yet come his way.

More precisely, it was two cases, but so closely related that it took a strong mind to consider them apart, a stronger will to confine each to the solitary brain-cell that it deserved. Yet the case of young Laverick was not only much the simpler of the two, but infinitely the more congenial to John Dollar—and not the one most on his nerves.

It was too simple altogether. A year ago the boy had been all right, wild only as a tobogganer, lucky to have got off with a few stitches in his ear! Dollar heard all about that business from Dr. Alt, and only too much about Jack Laverick's subsequent record from other informants. It was worthy of Dollar's Welbeck Street confessional. Laverick's career at Oxford had come to a sudden, ignominious end. He had forfeited his motoring license for habitually driving to the public danger, and on the last occasion had barely escaped imprisonment for his condition at the wheel. He had caused his own mother to say advisedly that she would "sooner see him in his coffin than going on in this dreadful way"; in writing she had said it, for Scarth had shown Dollar the letter addressed to him as her "last and only hope" for Jack; and yet even Scarth was powerless to prevent that son of Belial from getting "flown with insolence and wine" more nights than not.

Even last night it had happened, at the masked ball, on the eve of this morning's races! Whose fault would it be if he killed himself on the ice-run after all?

Dollar writhed as he thought about this case; yet it was not the case that had brought him out from England, not the reason of his staying out longer than he had dreamed of doing when Alt's telegram arrived. It was not, indeed, about Jack Laverick that poor Alt had telegraphed at all. And yet between them what a job they could have made of the unfortunate youth!

It was Dollar's own case over again! Yet he had not been called in—neither of them had!

Nevertheless, when all was said that could be said to himself, or even to Alt (who did not quite agree), Laverick's was much the less serious matter; and John Dollar had turned upon the other side, and was grappling afresh with the other case, when his door opened violently without a knock, and an agitated voice spoke his name.

"It's me—Edenborough," it continued in a hurried whisper. "I want you to get into some clothes, and come up to the ice-run as quick as possible!"

"Why? What has happened?" asked the doctor, jumping out of bed as Edenborough drew the curtains.

"Nothing yet. I hope nothing will——"

"But something has!" interrupted the doctor. "What's the matter with your eye?"

"I'll tell you as you dress; only be as quick as you can. Did you forget it was the toboggan races this morning? They're having them at eight instead of nine because of the sun, and it's ten to eight now. Couldn't you get into some knickerbockers and stick a sweater over all the rest? That's what I've done, but I wish I'd come to you first; they'll *want* a doctor if we don't make haste!"

"I wish you'd tell me about your eye," said Dollar, already in his stockings.

"My eye's all right," returned Edenborough, going to the glass. "No, by Jove, it's blacker than I thought, and my head's still singing like a kettle. I shouldn't have thought Laverick could hit so hard, drunk *or* sober!"

"That madman?" cried Dollar, looking up from his laces. "I thought he turned in early for once in a way?"

"He was up early, anyhow," said Edenborough, grimly. "But I'll tell you the whole thing as we go up to the run, and I don't much mind who hears me. He's worse even than we thought. I caught him tampering with the toboggans at five o'clock this morning!"

"Which toboggans?"

"One of the lot they keep in a shed just under our window, at the back of the hotel. I was lying awake and I heard something. It was like a sort of filing, as if somebody were breaking in somewhere. I got up and looked out, and I thought I saw a light. Lucy was fast asleep; she is still, by the way, and doesn't know a thing."

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"I'm ready," said Dollar. "Go on when we get outside."

It was a very pale blue morning, not a scintilla of sunlight in the valley, neither shine nor shadow upon clambering forest or overhanging rocks. Somewhere behind their jagged peaks the sun must have risen, but as yet no snowy facets winked the news to Winterwald, and the softer summits lost all character against a sky only less white than themselves.

The village street presented no difficulties to Edenborough's snow-boots and the doctor's hob-nails; but there were other people in it, and voices travel in a frost over silent snow. On the frozen path between the snow-fields, beyond the village, nails were not enough, and the novice depending upon them stumbled ignominiously as the elaborated climax of Edenborough's experience induced even more speed.

"It was Jack all right—try the edge, doctor, it's less slippy. It was that little brute, in his domino, as if he'd never been to bed at all, and me in my dressing-gown not properly awake. We should have looked a funny pair in— Have my arm, doctor."

"Thanks, George."

"But his electric lamp was the only light. He didn't attempt to put it out. 'I'm just tuning up my toboggan,' he whispered. 'Come and have a look.' I didn't and don't believe it was his own toboggan; it was probably that Captain Strong's—he's his most dangerous rival; but, as I tell you, I was just going to look when the little brute hit me full in the face without a moment's warning. I went over like an ox, and I think the back of my head must have hit something. There was daylight in the place when I opened the only eye I could."

"Had he locked you in?"

"No; he was too fly for that; but I simply couldn't move till I heard voices coming, and then I only crawled behind a stack of garden chairs and things. It was Strong and another fellow—they did curse to find the whole place open! I nearly showed up and told my tale, only I wanted to tell you first."

"I'm glad you have, George."

"I knew your interest in the fellow—besides, I thought it was a case for you," said George Edenborough, simply. "But it kept me prisoner till the last of the toboggans had been taken out—I only hope it hasn't made us too late!"

His next breath was a devout thanksgiving, as a fold in the glistening slopes showed the top of the ice-run and a group of men in sweaters standing out against the fir-trees on the crest. They seemed to be standing very still. Some had their padded elbows lifted as though they were shading their eyes. But there was no sign of a toboggan starting, no sound of one in the invisible crevice of the run. And now man after man detached himself from the group and came leaping down the subsidiary snow-track meant only for ascent.

But John Dollar and George Edenborough did not see all this. A yet more ominous figure had appeared in their own path, had grown into Mostyn Scarth, and stood wildly beckoning to them both.

"It's Jack!" he shouted across the snow. "He's had a smash—self and toboggan—flaw in a runner. I'm afraid he's broken his leg."

"Only his leg!" cried Dollar, but not with the least accent of relief. The tone made Edenborough wince behind him, and Scarth in front looked around. It was as though even the Crime Doctor thought a Jack Laverick better dead.

He lay on a litter of overcoats, the hub of a wheel of men that broke of itself before the first doctor on the scene. He was not even insensible, neither was he uttering moan or groan; but his white lips were drawn away from his set teeth, and his left leg had a subtle look of being no more a part of him than its envelope of knickerbocker and stocking.

"It's a bust, doctor, I'm afraid," the boy ground out as Dollar knelt in the snow. "Hurting? A bit—but it serves me jolly well right!"

Courage was the one quality he had not lost during the last year; nobody could have shown more during the slow and excruciating progress to the village, on a bob-sleigh carried by four stumbling men. Everybody was whispering about it—everybody except the grim doctor who headed the little procession with a face in keeping with the tone which had made Edenborough wince and Scarth look around.

The complex case of the night—this urgent one—both were forgotten in Dollar's own case of years ago. He was back again in another Winterwald, another world. It was no longer a land of Christmas trees growing out of mountains of Christmas

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HE LAY ON A LITTER OF OVERCOATS, THE HUB OF A WHEEL OF MEN THAT BROKE OF ITSELF BEFORE THE FIRST DOCTOR ON THE SCENE.

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cake; the snow melted before his mind's eye; he was hugging the shadows in a street of toy-houses yielding resin to an August sun, between green slopes combed with dark pines, under a sky of intolerable blue. And he was in despair; all the knights of Harley Street could or would do nothing for him. And then—and then—some forgotten ache or pain had taken him to the little man—the great man—down this very turning to the left, in the little wooded house tucked away behind the shops!

How he remembered every landmark—the hand-rail down the slope—the little porch—the bare stairs, his own ladder between death and life—the stark surgery with its uncompromising appliances in full view! And now at last he was there with such another case as his own—the minor case that he had yet burned to bring there—and there was Alt to receive them in the same white jacket and with the same simple countenance as of old.

They might have taken him on to the hotel, as Scarth indeed urged strongly; but the boy himself was against going another yard, though otherwise a hero to the end.

"Chloroform?" he cried faintly. "Can't I have my beastly leg set without chloroform? You're not going to have it off, are you? I can stick anything short of that."

The two doctors retired for the further consideration of a point on which they themselves were not of one mind.

"It's the chance of our lives, and the one chance for him," urged Dollar, vehemently. "It isn't as if it were such a dangerous operation, and I'll take sole responsibility."

"But I am not sure you have been right," demurred the other. "He has not even had concussion, a year ago. It has been only the ear."

"There's a lump behind it still. Everything dates from when it happened; there's some pressure somewhere that has made another being of him. It's a much simpler case than mine, and you cured me! Alt, if you had seen how his own mother wrote about him, you would be the very last man to hesitate!"

"It is better to have her consent."

"No—nobody's—the boy himself need never know! There's a young bride here who'll nurse him like an angel and hold her tongue till doomsday. She and her husband may be in the secret, but not another soul!"

And when Jack Laverick came out of chloroform to feel a frosty tickling under the tabernacle of bed-clothes in which his broken bone was as the ark, the sensation was less uncomfortable than he expected; but a dull, deep pain in the head drew his first complaint, as an item not in the estimate.

"What's my head all bandaged up for?" he demanded, fingering the turban on the pillow.

"Didn't you know it was broken, too?" said Lucy Edenborough, gravely. "I expect your leg hurt so much more that you never noticed it!"

IV

Ten days later Mostyn Scarth called at Dr. Alt's to ask if he mightn't see Jack at last. He had behaved extremely well about the whole affair; others in his position might easily have made trouble. But there had been no concealment of the fact that the injuries were not confined to the broken leg, and the mere seat of the additional mischief was enough for a man of sense. It is not the really strong who love to display their power. Scarth not only accepted the situation, but voluntarily conducted the correspondence which kept poor Mrs. Laverick at half Europe's length over the critical period. He had merely stipulated to be the first to see the convalescent, and he took it as well as ever when Dollar shook his head once more.

"It's not our fault this time," he explained. "You must blame the sex that's privileged to change its mind. Mrs. Laverick has arrived without a word of warning. She is with her son at this moment. And you'll be glad to hear that she thinks she finds him an absolutely changed character—or rather what he was before he ever saw Winterwald a year ago! I may say that seems more or less the patient's own impression about himself."

"Glad!" cried Scarth, who for the moment had seemed rather staggered. "I'm more than glad—I'm profoundly relieved. It doesn't matter now whether I see Jack or not. Do you mind giving him these magazines and papers with my love? I am thankful that my responsibility's at an end."

"The same with me," returned the Crime Doctor. "I shall go back to my work in London with a better conscience than I

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had when I left it—with something accomplished—something undone that wanted undoing!"

He smiled at Scarth across the flap of an unpretentious table, on which lay the literary offering in all its glory of green and yellow wrappers; and Scarth looked up without a trace of pique, but with an answering twinkle in his own dark eyes.

"Alt exalted—restored to favor—Jack reformed character—born again—forger forgotten—forging ahead, eh?"

It was his best Mr. Jingle manner—indeed, a wonderfully ready and ruthless travesty of his own performance on the night of Dollar's arrival. And Dollar enjoyed it none the less for a second strain of irony in Scarth's manner, which he could not but take to himself.

"I have not forgotten anybody, Mr. Scarth."

"But have you discovered who did the forgery?"

"I always knew."

"And have you tackled him?"

"Days ago!"

Scarth looked astounded. "And what's to happen to him, doctor?"

"I don't know." The doctor gave a characteristic shrug. "It's not my job; as it was, I had done the detective business, which I loathe."

"I remember," cried Scarth. "I shall never forget the way you went through that prescription, as though you had been looking over the blighter's shoulder! Not an expert—modest fellow—pride that apes!"

And again Dr. Dollar had to laugh at the way Mr. Jingle wagged his head, in spite of the same slightly caustic undercurrent as before.

"That was the easiest part of it," he answered, "although you make me blush to say so. The hard part was what the reviewers of novels call the 'motivation.' "

"But you had that in Schickel's spite against Alt?"

"It was never quite strong enough to please me."

"Then what was the motive, doctor?"

"Young Laverick's death."

"Nonsense!"

"I wish it were, Mr. Scarth."

"But who is there in Winterwald who could wish to compass such a thing?"

"There were more than two thousand visitors here over Christmas, I understand," was the Crime Doctor's only reply.

It would not do for Mostyn Scarth; he looked less than politely incredulous, if not shocked, and rather more indignant than he need have looked. But the whole idea was a reflection upon his care of the unhappy youth. And he said so in other words, which resembled those of Mr. Jingle only in their stiff, staccato brevity.

"Talk about 'motivation!' I thank you, doctor, for the word, by the way, but I should thank you even more to show me the thing itself in your theory. And what a way to kill a fellow! What a roundabout, risky way!"

"It was such a good forgery," replied the doctor, "that even Alt himself could hardly swear that it was one."

"Is he your man?" asked Scarth, in a sudden whisper, leaning forward with lighted eyes.

The Crime Doctor smiled enigmatically. "It's perhaps just as lucky for him, Scarth, that at least he could have had nothing to do with the second attempt upon his patient's life."

"What second attempt?"

"The hand that forged the prescription, Scarth, with intent to poison young Laverick, was the one that also filed the *flaw* in his toboggan in the hopes of breaking his neck."

"My dear doctor," exclaimed Mostyn Scarth, with a pained shake of the head, "this is stark, staring madness!"

"I only hope it was—in the would-be murderer," rejoined Dollar, gravely. "But he had a lot of method; he did his bit of filing—a burglar couldn't have done it better—in the domino Jack Laverick had just taken off!"

"How do you know he had taken it off? How do you know the whole job wasn't one of Jack's drunken tricks?"

"What whole job?"

"The one you're talking about, the alleged tampering with his toboggan," replied Scarth, impatiently.

"Oh! I only thought you meant something more." Dollar made a pause. "Don't you feel it rather hot in here, Scarth?"

"Do you know, I do!" confessed the visitor, as though it were Dollar's house and breeding had forbidden him to volunteer the remark. "It's the heat of this stove, with the window shut. Thanks so much, doctor!"

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And he wiped his strong, brown, beautifully shaven face; it was one of those that require shaving more than once a day, yet it was always glossy from the razor; and he burnished it afresh with a silk handkerchief that would have passsed through a packing-needle's eye.

"And what are you really doing about this—monster?" he resumed, as if accepting the monster's existence for the sake of argument.

"Nothing, Scarth."

"Nothing? You intend to do nothing at all?"

Scarth had started, for the first time; but he started to his feet, while he was about it, as though in overpowering disgust.

"Not if he keeps out of England," replied the Crime Doctor, who had also risen. "I wonder if he's sane enough for that!"

Their four eyes met in a protracted scrutiny, without a flicker on either side.

"What I am wondering," said Scarth, deliberately, "is whether this Frankenstein effort of yours exists outside your own imagination, Dr. Dollar."

"Oh! he exists all right," declared the doctor. "But I am charitable enough to suppose him mad—in spite of his method *and* his motive!"

"Did he tell you what that was?" asked Scarth with a sneer.

"No. But Jack did. He seems to have been in the man's power—under his influence—to an extraordinary degree. He had even left him a wicked sum, in a will made since he came of age! I needn't tell you that he has now made another, revoking——"

"No, you need not!" cried Mostyn Scarth, turning livid at the last moment. "I've heard about enough of your mare's nests and mythical monsters. I wish you good morning—and a more credulous audience next time."

"That I can count upon," returned the doctor at the door. "There's no saying what they won't believe—at Scotland Yard!"

A WINTER SUNSET

BY GEORGE STERLING

THERE seems no wind in all the land.
Austere against the fading light
I see a lonely cypress stand
As carved from steel and malachite.

Beyond, a single sea-bird flies
To gain its far and craggy home
Below the lemon-colored skies—
An ocean-islet ringed with foam.

In all the land there seems no stir
Save that of pinions westward flown.
Glad weather, fellow traveler!
To-night I also fare alone.

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DISPOSSESSING CHARITY

by
ALICE MAXWELL APPO

CARTOON BY O. E. CESARE

"JUSTICE BEFORE CHARITY AND PREVENTION RATHER THAN CURE."

A TALE soon told is the story of Jennie Eckert's little flier in suicide.

Life is more than raiment, generally speaking, but modern life without shoes made no appeal to Jennie. Unfortunately, her wages were not designed to include them, and though she had the promise of a pair from a junk-dealer, it was merely in case he had a pair when the day's junketing was over and the loot sorted. She hurried to his shop in the evening, only to find that people were not discarding footwear for the special benefit of factory girls on low wages.

So, soon after returning home, she took something, and then the ambulance came.

In some communities such conduct is bad form legally—the road from the hospital, when it misses the graveyard, leads to the police station. But in the city of Jennie Eckert's rebellion a road from the city hall led straight to the hospital, and along this thoroughfare traveled city employees—usually women, never policemen—on errands of reconstruction, in conformance with a theory that human lives, unlike china plates, can not be got rid of when damaged or broken, and that mending is therefore only second to preventing as a measure of economy.

When Jennie Eckert reached the full realization of her failure—to speak plainly, when she "came to"— one of these city emissaries was seated at her bedside. The story unfolded. Among the high lights were: home, half a room in a two-room house fronting on an alley; family, a brother who left no address; wages, five-fifty, to cover twenty-one meals, seven nights' lodgings, twelve carfares, and sundries.

The mending, which was begun almost immediately, concluded with a new home, better wages, and sufficient clothing. Jennie, reconstructed, may be dismissed. But the record of the case has become the property of the city, and with hundreds of

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others goes to make up an unparalleled book of knowledge.

This volume is the text-book of a new department in the Kansas City scheme of government. Missouri is reputed to be the doubting Thomas among states, but no suspicion exists to-day in her second largest city that human welfare has less importance than street grading, ornamental light standards, and the price of gas. The evidence is the Board of Public Welfare, a municipal board, operating under city ordinance, supported by city funds, and seeking to exterminate within the city every condition that makes directly or indirectly for poverty and crime.

As a beginning it has brought to a focus all the charitable and penal institutions, itself occupying the position of the hub of a wheel, with forty-three institutions encircling like the rim, and its own activities as the spokes, radiating from one to the other. Duplication and overlapping are prevented, and gaps, because they can be readily noticed, can be readily filled. Jennie Eckert would fare badly in a community running strongly to infant asylums and old ladies' homes, but can not continue to be overlooked where relief agencies are centralized and supplemented in this manner.

A CHANCE, NOT CHARITY

The creed of the Welfare Board begins in this fashion: "Justice before charity and prevention rather than cure." To prevent measles, typhoid, and bubonic plague, expensive though it be, is less expensive than to cure them. To prevent industrial accidents, unemployment, and prostitution, cost what it may, is cheaper than correcting their consequences. As for "charity," it repels. The submerged swallow it, but it sticks in the throat. A chance, not charity, is the burden of their cry.

The Board holds, besides, that "the burden of caring for the poor should be laid upon the entire community through taxation rather than be provided for by the voluntary gifts of the generous minority." A new note this—municipal responsibility for municipal shortcomings—and, incidentally, a tribute to the splendid generosity of private charity. Since the beginning of time private charity has been father and mother, doctor, nurse, minister, to sick and disabled citizens, while cities have commended readily, profited largely, and shirked invariably.

The Board holds further that "social action should be based on accurate knowledge, and investigation should both precede and accompany all efforts to improve social conditions." Following this policy, there has been instituted a series of surveys, on subjects such as housing, recreation, and commercialized vice, and a research bureau, which is the agency for acquiring and disseminating information.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT

The line dividing unemployment from vagrancy is neither so straight nor so distinct that it can easily be discerned, and as much harm may result through mistaking the honest workman for the professional workless man as the other way round. This broad field for investigation is covered by the department for the homeless and unemployed. Through this agency the Welfare Board conducts a public rock quarry where the unemployed are given temporary work, while a free employment bureau searches the city for permanent jobs.

Among other departments is the legal-aid bureau, the only municipal free legal aid in the country. It serves many a poor person whose claim is too small to be pressed through the ordinary channels; as for example: An iron pig stood on a mantel two years and, consuming small coin fed him by mother and the children, became gorged fourteen dollars' worth. Then father, "resigning," appropriated the pig and set him up in the home of an affinity. Deserting husbands are numerous and prosecutions frequent in the history of the legal aid, but in this instance the object of litigation was—the pig. There are doubtless many who will sympathize with the mother's conception of values.

The loan shark has become a negligible quantity in Kansas City under stress of competition with the loan agency of the Welfare Board. Figures speak louder than words—ten per cent. a month is the charge of the loan shark, and one per cent. the charge of the welfare agency.

Dance-halls in Kansas City rival Sunday-schools for order and decorum, under the guidance of the recreation department. The effective big stick held over the situation is the fact that dance-hall licenses re-

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quire the signature of the Board's president. The factory-inspection department is specially concerned with the working hours of women, safety of workers, employment of child labor, and lighting, ventilating, and sanitary conditions in shops and factories.

Collecting wages from delinquent husbands and fathers, for the benefit of wives and children, is one of the occupations of the parole department. Among the paroled are some who have served part of their sentences at the municipal farm. Leeds Farm comprises one hundred and thirty country acres, which form a background that for useful, interesting, and healthful labor can scarcely be improved upon; and when the laborers themselves are morally a bit unhealthy, the character of the background becomes doubly important.

Each department contributes its special chapter to the volume of human experience and in turn may draw upon the whole. With Jennie Eckert's address a matter of record, it is a simple proceeding to look through the reports of the housing survey and discover that she comes from one of the worst spots in the city—sixty-three hovels in the short space of one block lining both sides of the alley. Her tragedy is of a piece with others emanating from the same environment, and the block is doomed. It is twice doomed; the type will never be repeated because a new building code will relegate all such sections to the less enlightened past.

There is, too, concealed in the homely tale of Jennie's trials a hint of minimum wage, a wage that shall be adjusted to the price of food and lodging and no less particularly to the cost of shoes.

A PROGRAM OF REMEDIES

This brings us to the question of legislation—how to effect it. Here is the stone wall that halts, apparently, the progress of the Welfare Board; but consider in this connection the fact that public opinion has much to do with shaping laws and that the Welfare Board is strategically situated to shape public opinion. Following is a program involving legislation, which the Welfare Board has outlined for the prevention of destitution: Unemployment, to be met with employment bureaus, the establishment of public works, and unemployment insurance; widowhood, to be met with life insurance, widows' pensions, and the safeguarding of living husbands; desertion, with prosecution; sickness, with sick benefits; accidents, with working-men's compensation laws and compulsory insurance; and old age, with old-age pensions.

NO POLITICS IN THE WELFARE BOARD

Five members who serve without compensation compose the Board of Public Welfare. The Board nominates its own successors and therefore is self-perpetuating. Appointments are made by the mayor, and he is privileged to reject any nomination he sees fit and ask for another, but may not himself nominate any one. This arrangement helps to keep the Board out of politics, and the integrity of its present members promises an endless chain of honorable successors. Hands off the Welfare Board is the understanding around city hall.

All the money appropriated by the city for the relief of the poor, sick, and indigent is expended through the Welfare Board. The Board pays no subsidies, no public money to private charity, nor does it give outdoor relief, that is, material assistance like groceries, to persons in their homes. Such relief, it is believed, if extended to the underpaid workman, takes the place of wages and puts a burden on the community that properly should be borne by the employer.

It is the Board's duty to cooperate with the police, in particular for the suppression of vagrancy, and it should be noted that the two work together admirably well, though the altruistic methods of the Welfare Board are scarcely the methods usually ascribed to the police department.

On the way toward attaining its superlatively high aim, the extermination of the conditions that lead to poverty and crime, the Welfare Board divides its energies between those somewhat antagonistic objects, cure and prevention. But resorting to cure does not impede the progress of prevention, and as prevention proceeds the necessity for cure recedes.

This is the process called dispossessing charity. It means turning charity with all her goods and chattels out upon the sidewalk. She was a good tenant until a developing public conscience raised the rent, and the rent is going higher. Kansas City is demanding more. The Welfare Board, as agent, has undertaken to secure it.

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EDITH TALIAFERRO, WHO IS TO STAR IN A NEW PLAY WITH HER SISTER.

The Sex-tangled Drama

BY JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

HERE are a great many critics, many women's clubs, and a prosperous Drama League very busy telling people what plays they ought to see; but the play that attracts the attention of the police is one that is sure to attract large patronage from amusement-seekers. The combined enthusiasm of all the most brilliant and discriminating minds you could get together has no weight at all compared with one honest cop's doubt about its decency, in giving a play the precious boost that means big audiences and practical appreciation. Many an important drama has been saved from the storehouse by the back kick of a zealous moral scruple.

On the whole, the blue-coated guardians of our souls' welfare show a remarkably consistent and excellent judgment in the plays they condemn. They never go after vulgar summer shows and noisome farces with their beneficent brickbats

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—such things are left to do their own attracting with their own odors.

They usually keep their most helpful howls for plays whose theme, or dramatic power, or literary excellence, makes them worth public attention. A few years ago Bernard Shaw was nothing but a fad for the few in America. Even the art of Richard Mansfield and Arnold Daly could not make him popular. Then the police were shocked by "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and the United States of America became acquainted with a new mind.

There seems sometimes to be a special providence endowing these undiscriminating moralists with a discrimination deep and true beyond their worst intentions. This year they have managed to make Brieux a profitable theatrical venture, which is an achievement to boast of. Bernard Shaw, with pages and pages of his most Shavian enthusiasm, couldn't do it. And they have done it with "Damaged Goods." Of all Brieux's plays that have been turned into English this is the least likely one to have turned out a popular offering in the theatre. But it has survived the patronage of the curious and the morbid, and arrived at success on the mere ground of being worth seeing.

Brieux, so far as we have had a chance to read him outside his original French, is much more a preacher than he is a dramatist. He is a tremendous moralist; if you want a moral in a play, go to him: he will give you one, one for each play, that will make you blink. Only he doesn't happen to be a prude, which is rather shocking to a mind that persists in confusing the two. He pokes his pen down into the affairs of people and digs out things that are often not at all pleasant to look at. He shows men and women sinning and suffering, terribly, not because they are bad but because they don't know any better. The lesson he wishes to draw shows itself unescapably; but lest some of us happen to be blind, M. Brieux makes sure that it shall not escape us by telling us in emphatic words just what he has been driving at.

"DAMAGED GOODS"

A REAL BLOW AT ROTTENNESS

"Damaged Goods" is that kind of play—a sermon in dialogue, with only one moment of action in the whole thing—the climax of the second act, which leaves the beholder aghast and shivering in his seat through its sheer dramatic power. And then there is still another act of talking and preaching, which passes without the young man whom we have looked upon as the hero ever showing himself again. An entirely new set of characters has been introduced. But when the last curtain has fallen we find we haven't been really bothered by the star actor's dropping out in the middle of the play, or by the large amount of talk and the large amount of "nothing doing." We've been watching a much bigger and more thrilling struggle than that of a lover fighting through three acts to win his beautiful beloved, and we need to have a pretty careless kind of mind not to stay awake thinking about it a while after we get home.

The hero of "Damaged Goods" is really the doctor, a modern, most human scientist of steady heart and keen intellect, fighting against hypocrisy and ignorance and stupidity and selfishness. The specific disease that smashes young *Dupont's* home isn't the theme of the play. It merely stands for the forces Brieux hates so courageously; because it is so horrible in itself, and so hedged about with still greater horrors by ignorance and blind half-knowledge, it objectifies them more tellingly than anything else could—and it gives the author an opening for some of his sharpest shafts against prudery. It would take a highly strabismic eye to see nothing in the play but a gruesome clinical *exposé*.

Richard Bennett produced the play—after opposition that must have been rather coercive at times. He calls it an educational production, which sounds forbidding enough to scare away even the faddists. But the professional puritans came to the rescue with their luring objections, and the play is educating seven large crowds weekly—not in pathology or piquant details about sex-life in France, but in the brave business of facing facts—in addition to giving legislators special object-lessons in the need of more sensible marriage laws.

The production does justice to the play. Mr. Bennett is temperamentally about as unfitted to depict a sick Frenchman as any thoroughgoing American could be, but that hardly lessens the effectiveness of his acting. Laura Burt seemed at first to have stepped out of an Irving Place comic opera,

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BILLIE BURKE WILL OPEN THE SEASON WITH "THE AMAZONS," AND LATER STAR IN A NEW PLAY BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

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but she ended with a smashing climax that marked the top point of the play's dramatic action.

"THE LURE"

AN UNFRUITFUL DIP INTO MUCK

Managers appreciate very gratefully the attentions of people who are looking for something to suppress. They even invite such attentions, sometimes. "The Lure" came into New York on the tail of a rumor that the police were likely to interfere with its first performance. Nothing of the kind happened, however, at first. White slavery has been too widely admitted into polite dinner-table conversation to have anything left about it that is reasonably objectionable, and females in negligee have been much more startlingly exhibited on the roof-gardens. So they started calling "The Lure" a necessary and timely moral lesson.

The lesson of it apparently is that you shouldn't be a poor working girl with a sick mother; or, if you can't help being that, that you shouldn't trust well-dressed women who give you their cards over your counter in the department store. As this lesson hasn't a really wide application among theatregoers, the play must eventually make its appeal by other means. Not by its ideas, certainly—whatever ideas it contains did service in the early days of "Camille;" it is up to date only in following this year's fashion of showing what expensive-looking gowns fallen women sometimes wear, and what atrocious schemes of house decoration they follow in their dwelling-places.

The first act shows a girl—a department-store worker on the verge of losing her job—with a mother in extreme need of fresh air and good food that is beyond their means. A man is introduced also, a Federal detective, who pauses long enough in his pursuit of some white-slavers to show that he cares for the girl. Then the girl goes out to look up some night-work. The last act shows her back home again after she has found out what the night-work was—and been rescued from it. Commonplace acts they both are, even at their best, with frequent awkwardness in getting people on and off the stage so that the action can go on as the author wishes, and such meager characterization that the actors have a pretty hard time trying to seem real.

The second act—the daring one!—is exciting, because unless you're quite *blasé* it is hard work not to sit up and take notice when several people are tumbling around in a very earnest hand-to-hand fight, with a woman or two splitting your ears with screams. It is the act wherein the girl goes to the woman who has offered her the night-work, and finds that "Madame" doesn't necessarily mean a fashionable modiste at all. The detective lover finds her there and assumes at once, in the precipitate fashion of stage lovers, that she is not what he had fondly believed, but a thoroughly bad lot. So he reviles her and throws money at her—everybody else being conveniently off stage for the moment—and then, with a surprising return of common sense, sees that she is one of the white-slave victims it is his business to rescue. As she is still a pure girl he heroically rescues her after she has failed in a thrilling attempt to fight her way out with a broken beer-bottle. It is sordid and unilluminating, and only superficially credible—and exciting!

Most of the actors managed to seem like flesh-and-blood people most of the time. It was an achievement for Mary Nash to have made the heroine anything more than a stick; she had no such chances as she had a year or two ago as the telephone-girl in "The Woman." George Probert made his part so despicable that one must believe he did some very good acting. Such a specimen as he played might be anything—there is no real-life standard within our knowledge to judge him by. That he made every man in the audience want to climb over the footlights and kick him was something of a triumph, which he accomplished by the most subtle, skilful performance of an insufferable he-cat we ever had to sit through.

"THE FIGHT"

A STRING OF IMPROBABILITIES IN THE GUISE OF A PLAY

"The Fight" is another play that hasn't escaped police scrutiny. It, also, has a brothel scene—a more convincing one in some respects and, oddly enough, a less repelling one, than that in "The Lure." But it isn't the "big" scene in the play; it might better have been left out altogether, for it merely clutters up the plot with an unnecessary episode that isn't even entirely plausible.

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BLANCHE RING, WHO CONTINUES IN THE PLAY PRODUCED LAST SPRING—"WHEN CLAUDIA SMILES."

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CHRISTIE MacDONALD, THE STAR IN VICTOR HERBERT'S NEW LIGHT OPERA, "SWEETHEARTS."

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The scene of the play is a Colorado town where a woman is running for office, and the fight is her fight against political and social corruption. The heroine is the kind of woman who can foil a United States senator with one hand and correct a cooking recipe with the other. For five years she has been the successful head of her late father's bank. Then she goes into politics and becomes a reform candidate for mayor.

Opposition develops, first in her own family and then among the business men who have been her friends. She goes into a low house to rescue a girl who has been enticed there, and is seen by her enemies—an incident the author apparently intended to use as a weapon for her political opponents. He drops it, however, and lets them try to ruin her by starting a run on her bank. She is able to force a confession of this plot from one of the conspirators, a properly drawn affidavit that we must suppose will clinch her election when it appears in the newspapers. Then the enemies troop in to get the affidavit from her by force. Their failure furnishes a good melodramatic finish for the act, but later on we learn that they finally captured it after it had left the office.

The thing that finally makes the lady's victory seem assured is the Murphyish saloon-keeper's announcement that he's going to order her election—because if he doesn't his wife won't ever let him in the house again!

This might, with its theme, have been a noteworthy drama—and incidentally the first serious suffrage play. As it is, it is only a zip-bang melodrama that tumbles all to pieces before critical analysis. Watching it, one is carried along by its rapid movement, its surprises, and its ingenious management of suspense. But lots of "whys" crop up when one thinks it over as a whole.

Why all the hullaballoo about the affidavit when it amounts to nothing in the end? It served to fill up a whole act! Why the second act at all? So that the wicked senator might lose his influence with his fellow politicians, of course. But that wasn't necessary—*Mrs. Jimmy Callahan* is dragged in to guarantee *Jane Thomas's* election in the last act. And all the fighting has gone for nothing except to fill out a full evening's entertainment. If that is all the play pretends to do there's no use in quarreling with it. But Mr. Veiller has enough promise as a writer for the stage to make us sorry he wasn't more careful and more plausible when he wrote "The Fight." He might have made a good and important play of it, and made it not one bit less interesting as a mere entertainment.

William McVay, ever since he came to New York to act at the New Theatre, has been doing inconspicuous character parts in a vivid way that makes them stick in memory. He was *Bread* in "The Blue Bird," the apoplectic general in "Don," and the bibulous Puritan in "The Witch." In "The Fight" he makes *Jimmy Callahan* the one unmistakably live figure in the play. Margaret Wycherly was the heroine, and she embodied Mr. Veiller's idea of a business-lady very successfully.

TWO WAYS OF DEALING WITH FILTH

These three productions illustrate as well as one can wish the difference between plays that prudes object to and plays that a genuine moralist might well object to. They bring into illuminating relief the qualities that distinguish the clear, straight thinker, who examines the facts of life in order to broaden our understanding of life, from the poor muddlehead who can not see a fact till it is pointed out to him, and having seen it knows no more how to extract its significance than a turkey-gobbler knows how to apply the binomial theorem.

"Damaged Goods" pleads with splendid candor for clean living, intellectual and moral honesty, and a courageous fight against hypocrisy. It is sensational only in being frank. It is never indecent, and it never lies. "The Lure" manages to be sensational by tagging itself with a few details from the vice investigation's report. "The Fight," in one act, does the same thing. Both of them remain nothing but indifferent melodramas, and no grand jury decision can make them anything more nor less than that—"The Lure" because the fundamental story, to which the white-slave business is merely incidental, is built on a worn-out and false estimate of the values of life; "The Fight" because it sacrifices whatever germs of truth it contains to the most superficial kind of theatrical effectiveness. They may have been written merely to make money, or their authors may have thought they were presenting something valuable to

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ELSIE FERGUSON, WHO APPEARS IN A NEW PLAY, "A STRANGE WOMAN."

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people who like to think more or less seriously about social problems. They may succeed in making the money, but they will have to dig deeper and interpret more thoughtfully to make what they do worth anything as serious drama. A "strong" play isn't made simply by stirring up filth. M. Brieux's manner of dealing with filth is to clear it away. Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Veiller only make it a little more obviously messy.

"THE FAMILY CUPBOARD"

AN OLD SKELETON IN A NEW DRESS

"The Family Cupboard" doesn't venture so noisily into the social muck as "The Fight" and "The Lure." It is a play of family life, in which the bad woman's badness bears no shrieking labels. It is about a husband and wife whom business and "Society" have been driving farther and farther apart, until, when the son and daughter are grown up, they are almost strangers to each other. Then the wife discovers that the husband has been going to a vaudeville actress for the female companionship he could not get at home. The home breaks up, the husband casts off the actress, and the actress, "to get even," goes after the son. When she has done with him, and the boy is on the verge of suicide, the father and mother come to his rescue. There is a reconciliation all around and a happy family reunion.

Owen Davis wrote the play, and perhaps the most interesting thing about it is the progress it shows from the days when he wrote "Chinatown Charlie." It is excellent in lots of things it doesn't do—it keeps pretty clear of mock-heroics and incredibly lucky coincidences, and it doesn't drag in characters and incidents for mere theatrical effect. It sticks to its main business and manages to make everybody contribute something to that business in a human, lifelike way. It's a play of which you are apt to say, "Oh! it's pretty good!"

Forrest Winant, who made himself a specialist in this line of work by his success in "The Country Boy," has the best acting chances in the part of the son. He is a weak, callow, thoughtless, and sometimes selfish boy who, without ever really showing it, leaves a conviction that he has the stuff of a real man in him, and that now this particular episode of his life is done with, the real man is going to grow. It takes careful and sympathetic delineation to be the boy and suggest the man without overdoing either. Irene Fenwick made the home-wrecking actress an ingenuous, white-mouse-like person, with a delicate but convincing indication that even white mice are rodents. The rest of the cast did very well parts that required no unusual acting power.

"HER OWN MONEY"

HINTS TO MARRIED PARTNERS

"Her Own Money" is a play of family life that keeps out of the muck entirely. It is about the kind of family we see most of in our every-day living and enjoy having for neighbors—wholesome, pleasant people who make up the roast-beef and bread-and-butter portion of our population. They have domestic difficulties, as so many families do, over the wife's having always to ask her husband for whatever money she needs. They go on the well-known principle that so long as a marriage is founded on love all the prosaic incidentals will take care of themselves, forgetting that even a matrimonial partnership has business-like elements in it.

Then comes the inevitable adjustment of insecure ideals to actual conditions, with a wake of misunderstanding and heart-burning. When it is all settled, the family is a much wiser family than it was before, and it is running on a basis that promises fewer chances for domestic difficulties in the future.

Among the serious plays of the early season this is by a long way the most satisfactory. It is sincere but never gloomy; it is true—movingly true in the parts where it shows the more tender side of men and women and delightfully true in the keen humor with which it shows weaknesses of human nature. It is carefully constructed, so that everything helps along the main idea of the play. And it is exceptionally well acted.

Winthrop Ames produced "Her Own Money." Mr. Ames has produced several plays, since he became a New York manager, that haven't made money for him, but he has never put on one that hasn't had something worth while in it. He has given people a chance to see interesting plays from England, France, Germany, Austria,

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MARGARET ANGLIN, AS *VIOLA* IN "TWELFTH NIGHT." SHE IS TO APPEAR IN A REPERTOIRE OF FOUR SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

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and even China—plays selected for their intrinsic qualities and not because they happen to have been successful somewhere else, or written by a dramatist with a safe reputation. Invariably he has staged them artistically and intelligently.

His company in this play is particularly successful. Every one of them is helped by the author—Mark E. Swan knows human nature and how to write for the theatre well enough to create parts that live behind the footlights like real men and women. Julia Dean has acted noisier rôles in the last few years—she was the wife in "Bought and Paid For"—but she has not had a chance before to show what moving strength she can inject into a genuine flesh-and-blood heroine. Beverley Sitgreaves is an excellent actress who has had far too few chances in the last three or four years. She has a part in this play that calls out more laughter than sympathy, but her acting has something more in it than a gift for brilliant comedy. A mere comedienne could not have made the nagging wife across the air-shaft illumine the significance of Mr. Swan's lines as Miss Sitgreaves did. Howard Hassell did as much for the nagged husband, and Ernest Glendinning, rescued at last from the Winter Garden, played a juvenile rôle with something more than the hearty vapidity that usually goes with such parts.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS"

A NOVEL EXAMPLE OF MAN'S FOLLY AND WOMAN'S WISDOM

The lighter plays of the early season have been exceedingly light. "Where Ignorance Is Bliss" is by far the nearest to being brilliant. Ferenc Molnar proved a few years ago in "The Devil" that he could distil sparkling comedy, with a sharp tang to it, out of the foibles and frailties of the artistic temperament. In this new play, which Harrison Grey Fiske has given a happily fitting production, he shows what he can do with the histrionic branch of temperamental artists. He takes an actor and an actress who are husband and wife, and sets the husband the task of winning back his wife's waning affection by coming to her in the guise of a new lover—a chance for clever comedy in the hero's struggle between crowning the actor at the expense of the husband and proving his wife's loyalty. The result is an enigma to everybody—husband, friends, and audience; nobody knows what all the elaborate plotting really accomplished. We only know that that fascinating wife—amazing mixture of real blood and grease-paint—has somehow managed to get the best of it and to remain a delightful mystery to us.

It is impossible to recall anything else, in the theatre or between book-covers, in which the inside workings of stage people have been so subtly and deftly exposed as they are in this play. Rita Jolivet—following the comedy course in Mrs. Fiske's school of acting—makes the actress a puzzle and a delight to the mind, without an instant's appeal to the heart—which is probably what the author intended her to be. William Courtleigh acted the actor much more heavily, but effectively.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

LIVE MEN IN A PASTEBOARD PLAY

"Potash and Perlmutter" has nothing to do with high comedy. It just pokes us vigorously in the ribs, and we lean back and roar. It takes the chief characters out of Montague Glass's stories, and subjects them to an artificial and creaky plot; they come out of it unscathed—human, lovable beings who have made us laugh and won our sympathy. Barney Bernard proved again that burlesque may be a very good school of acting for the right man, and put the blood of a real Hebrew into *Abe Potash*. Alexander Carr and Lee Kohlmar made two other types into living men, and Louise Dresser showed what a musical comedy lady can do when she has no songs to sing. The poor Russian refugee who furnished the peg for the plot was a very wooden peg, but he was a creation of the theatrical workshop, not of the real Montague Glass.

FARCE

WITHOUT AND WITH MUSIC

"Kiss Me Quick" is not so silly as its title. A lot of people who saw the play when it was first produced jumped at the conclusion that it was a satire on the "movies" and then found fault with it because it was nothing of the sort. It is really a satire on the kind of lady-authoress who makes her writing and her temperament a very serious business to herself and a

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EDNA GOODRICH, WHO TAKES THE NAME-PART IN "EVANGELINE," POSED AFTER THOMAS FAED'S FAMILIAR PICTURE.

joke to everybody else. It is a farce that is fresh and ingenious in many ways, and quite amusing if you see it open-mindedly. It gives Arthur Aylesworth a chance to be very funny for people who like their fun plain and obvious.

"Adele" is a musical comedy with a French libretto that has survived Americanization without losing all its point. There were plenty of chances for it to be vulgar, but it slid over them without a jolt. The music is inoffensive, and of the kind that won't be served up interminably with table d'hôte. It is uncommonly well acted for a musical comedy. Hal Forde is an unusual leading man who can sing and dance and play a part so that you can find no fault with it, and Georgia Caine indicates that when her voice entirely leaves her she still will have plenty of equipment for straight comedy. William Danforth and Dallas Welford were laughably eccentric without being grotesque. And Natalie Alt, without the flourish of a single trumpet, opened New York's eyes to a charming new prima donna.

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MORSE MARCHED HIS PRISONER UP THE STAIRS TO A BACK ROOM.

The HIDING-PLACE

by JOHN PRENTIS

AUTHOR OF "THE CASE OF DOCTOR HORACE"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

PRESIDENT MORSE of the Morse Motor Works woke suddenly in the night. He did not know what had roused him; but he lay there in the silent, heavy darkness, uneasy with a vague apprehension. He was in his own bed, in his own room, and everything seemed secure and natural around him; yet some instinct warned him of intrusion and danger. He was alone in the house; and the quietness was so absolute that no footstep could be light enough to escape his ears, no movement stealthy enough to be unheard.

But the stillness remained unbroken, and after straining his senses for a while in the dark, he had begun to assure himself that there was nothing wrong, when his relaxing nerves suddenly drew taut again. A slight noise came from the next room. Some one had stirred there, in the study. There had been a sound like the faint rustling of paper.

Morse slipped quietly from the bed and

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very softly secured his revolver. Then he stole cautiously, with slow, crouching steps, toward the next room. He slipped through the half-open door and, with his revolver ready, reached for the switch on the wall. With a quick twist he snapped on the light. Even in the sudden, blinding glare he distinguished the figure of a man, and menaced him with the revolver. "Hands up!" he commanded hoarsely.

The startled intruder stood motionless, blinking in the sudden light. After a moment Morse was able to make him out clearly; and he saw, not the rough, burly figure of an ordinary burglar, but a slight, good-looking, well-dressed man.

"I've got a legal right to shoot you where you stand," Morse said savagely, "and I'll do it, too, the first bad move you make. Put up your hands."

The burglar swayed unsteadily. "Shay," he demanded with grave dignity, "you're in my housh, ain't you? Not nice for a guest. 'R 'm I in your housh? 'Pologize, 'm sure. Some mishtake."

"Drop that nonsense," ordered Morse.

"Lemme 'splain," urged the man, "'r you 'splain to me. I'm a peace—peaceful cizzen. Thish is my housh. 'R it's your housh."

Morse came close and seized the intruder by the arm. "That bluff don't go," he said roughly. "Hand back what you've taken."

The man measured his opponent quickly, noting his bigness, his keen eye, and the familiar way he handled the revolver, and he shook his head. "I'm no shief," he protested. "If thish's your housh, I 'pologize. Some mishtake."

"I'll see about that." Morse slapped the man's hip pockets and felt around his waist. Finding no weapon, he put away his own revolver, and set about a more thorough search. The man suddenly drew away; crouched with clenched fists and flashing eyes, as one who braces himself for a desperate resistance.

"Here, none of that!" exclaimed Morse, hastily picking up his weapon again. "Turn around. Put your hands behind you. One whack over the head with the butt of this will do you the same as a bullet. Now! Perhaps that'll hold you!" With a big handkerchief he tied the man's hands tightly behind his back.

"I protesh against thish outrage," muttered the prisoner.

Morse resumed his search. He found only the man's own watch, loose change, and personal belongings. His breast pockets were bulging, but the manufacturer merely noted that they were stuffed with papers, and passed them by. He had expected to find jewelry or silver.

"Well, never mind!" he said, a little disappointed. "I caught you before you got anything. Maybe you're only drunk. If I turn you over to the police, I'll have to appear against you. I think I'll just kick you out the front door."

He looked at the man again, noticing the aristocratic cast of his heavy jaw and slightly hooked nose. "Mighty queer!" he exclaimed suddenly. "No smell of liquor. That drunk is a bluff." But the man remained silent and turned away. Morse frowned, uncertain what to do. Then he decided. "There's something mighty queer in this," he repeated. "I've got a little cage up-stairs, though, where you'll be safe till morning."

The man gazed desperately around the room and strained at his bound wrists. But the cloth was twisted tight and the knots did not give, and when his captor's hand fell upon his shoulder he obeyed its impulse steadily. Morse marched his prisoner up the stairs to a back room on the third floor. It was just four bare walls, without closet or window; lighted by a high skylight, and furnished with only a chair and a heavy iron bed. He shoved the bound man roughly into its dark interior and locked the door, leaving the key on the outside. The gray of daylight was just creeping into the darkness of the night when he got back to bed.

At eight o'clock that morning Morse was at his desk in the study next his bedroom, taking a long, flat pocketbook from one of the drawers. The night before it had been full of stock certificates, representing the majority stock of his motor company. It was still full, but now it held only blank paper. Also, a neat little bundle of the paper was lying on the desk. For a moment Morse fingered the white, blank sheets stupidly. Then he jammed them back into the pocketbook and swore.

"That's what the thief was after," he muttered. "Those were my certificates, in his breast pockets. And I had my hands on them, and passed them by! The clever rascal!" He started grimly for the room up-stairs.

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The prisoner had been crouching with his back against the wall, working at the bonds. As the quick steps approached, he wrenched his hands apart with a last desperate twist, snatched the papers from his pockets, leaped across the room, and shoved them under the mattress. When the angry manufacturer burst into the room, he found his prisoner sitting quietly on the bed, his hands apparently still fastened behind him.

"You thief!" said Morse. He seized the man by the collar and plunged his hand into one breast pocket after the other. In the second one he found two certificates that the burglar had missed in his haste. "Where are the rest?" he growled.

"Take your hands off me."

"Give me those papers."

"I haven't anything of yours."

Morse flung him back on the bed. "Maybe it's best for the officers to find them on you," he said. "Hell! How near I was to letting you get away! I'm going to telephone for the police now. About twenty years you'll get for this."

He stamped out, slamming and locking the door after him. A moment later he was at the telephone, calling police headquarters. "I've been robbed!" he cried.

"Yep," answered the sergeant, indifferent to the familiar words. But a brief account of the circumstances won Morse the chief's immediate attention.

"You've got the thief, you say? Don't do anything till the officers get there. Right away."

In half an hour four men arrived: Lieutenant Burke, big and aggressive; Hunter, the young detective with a new method; and precinct detectives Lally and Donaldson. Burke looked the house over from the outside with an eye to possibilities. It was a narrow, three-storied building, set solidly between two others, so that there were no windows on the sides.

"You stay in front here, Lally," he directed. "Don, you go through to the back of the house. Don't let any one out till we get our man."

Morse met them at the door and took them up-stairs, explaining matters as they went. "This," he continued, "is my study, where I caught the thief. I had the securities in this pocketbook, in the drawer here of my desk. This morning I found the pocketbook full of this dummy paper, and the certificates gone. I found these two on the thief. I didn't stop for the rest."

"The dummies are folded in the right oblong shape," said Burke, comparing the certificates with the little pile of blank paper on the desk. "He brought them to swap. They're thinner, but he had enough, and some over. He must have known the size and shape, but not the number of those he was after. If you'd just grabbed up the big wallet, Mr. Morse, you'd never noticed the difference."

He opened the pocketbook, took out the packet of blank paper, and shuffled it through his fingers. "But, of course," he continued, slipping the paper back and holding up the wallet, filled again, "the minute she was opened, it was all off. Each certificate is a little folder by itself, and it's parchment color, while the dummy stuff in the pocketbook shows thin edges of white paper. Is this stock valuable, Mr. Morse?"

"Very valuable."

"You might have kept it in a safer place."

"I brought it here for secrecy, rather than safety. I didn't want them to know it had been entrusted to me. I never dreamed of its being stolen."

"Who's in the house besides yourself?"

"No one. I'm a widower. My son is at college. My daughter, who keeps house for me, is visiting him. The servants, a husband and wife, are away at night. Last night I was entirely alone in the house. I want to turn this fellow over to you and recover the papers at once."

"All right, we'll take him now."

"He's up-stairs," said Morse. He led the way, unlocked the door, and entered the prison room ahead of the other two. They followed, and found him staring about in startled amazement. The prisoner was gone. . .

While Morse had been explaining matters up-stairs, Lally had been sitting on the front steps, whistling softly to himself. The door opened suddenly and a man came out. Lally jumped up. "You can't leave the house, sir," he announced. "No one's allowed to pass for a while."

"I didn't know we were quarantined. How long will it last?"

"It's a police quarantine. It'll be lifted before nine, I guess," said Lally, looking at his watch. "It's a quarter to nine now."

"All right; I'll wait."

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He lingered, looking up and down the street wistfully; but he was not a large man, and the big detective towered watchfully above him. After a moment he went back into the house.

The party up-stairs examined the empty room hurriedly. The walls were bare, and there was no closet or hiding-place of any kind. Morse peered under the bed, hardly able to believe that the man could be gone.

"I locked him in," he protested. "And the door was locked when we came back. That skylight hasn't been touched. He couldn't reach it, anyhow."

"He's in the house yet," shouted Burke. "Both doors are guarded. Come on! We'll get him!" They dashed down the two flights of stairs to the front door. "That's the man," proclaimed Morse, when he heard Lally's description.

"After him quick!" shouted Burke. "Lally, watch the front windows. Hunter, skip through the house and tell Don. We'll

THE BURGLAR SWAYED UNSTEADILY. "SHAY," HE DEMANDED WITH GRAVE DIGNITY, "YOU'RE IN MY HOUSH, AIN'T YOU? NOT NICE FOR A GUEST."

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make sure of the cellar first. If he's upstairs, he can't get away."

The searchers scattered, and in a few moments shouts from Lally called them back to the hall. He had looked in at the front door and discovered the man sitting calmly at the telephone. As the group gathered, the thief hung up the receiver and rose quietly to face them.

"I never saw him before," announced Burke after a moment's scrutiny. "How about you, Lally?"

"New to me. He'll have to be measured up. The quarantine's lifted, sir. I said it would be, before nine o'clock."

"I want my stock," said Morse.

"Hand it over," commanded Burke.

"This gentleman is wrongfully accusing me," answered the suspect theatrically. "I have not touched anything that belongs to him."

"Search him," commanded Morse. Burke and Lally laid hands on the man.

"I realize, officers," he said, holding them off as he spoke, "that appearances are against me. I am willing to submit to any fair test. Search me!" They proceeded to go through him in a professional and scientific manner, and he yielded himself serenely.

"You needn't search him for a postage-stamp!" exclaimed Morse impatiently. "Those certificates make a good-sized packet. A man couldn't hide them in his shoes or his hair."

"Here," said Burke, fishing out a curious-looking pair of forceps, "look at that pretty little tool."

"What's it for?" asked Morse, turning it over in his hand.

"Unlocking a door from the wrong side. You left the key in the door when you locked him in."

"I see. Now I want my securities."

"They ain't on him; not one of them. What did you do with the papers, captain?"

"This ought to convince you gentlemen that you're mistaken," protested the prisoner. "I did *not* take any papers. Now kindly release me."

"A poor bluff!" growled Morse. "He hid them in his room. We'll find them."

The whole group climbed the stairs, keeping the prisoner well guarded in their midst; and it did not take them long to search the small, bare room. In the bed or under the matting were the only likely places of concealment, and the papers were in neither. Some of the men inspected the walls, examined the floor, and scrutinized the skylight, but they discovered nothing. The prisoner stood quietly watching.

"Quit this foolishness and hand over my papers!" shouted Morse.

"Can't you see," protested the prisoner, "that I've had nothing to do with your loss?"

With an effort Morse controlled his irritation. "You had them in this room at eight o'clock this morning. You didn't have them at nine, when we caught you in the hall. You haven't been outside the house in between, so the papers must be here. You hadn't broken out of this room when the officers came. You'd have made your getaway, if you had. That was soon after eight-thirty."

"It was a quarter to nine," interrupted Lally, "when he tried to get by me. He wouldn't be leaving the stuff behind him then. He went back into the house, and it was three minutes to nine when we caught him at the telephone. So he must have hid the papers in the twelve minutes between."

"I guess we got you pretty close, captain," said Burke. "Where'd you put 'em? You stay locked in this room till they're found."

"I protest," answered the prisoner. "I'm illegally imprisoned. If you have a charge against me, I demand commitment and the right of bail."

"You'll stay here," growled Morse, "until those papers are found."

"I don't get the straight of this," said Burke. "Let's go down-stairs and talk it over. Lock the door on him again, Mr. Morse. He won't get out now."

"That fellow's no fool," he continued, when they had gathered in the manufacturer's study, "but I ain't wise to his game. Those papers are in the house. What's the use of his bluff? You're sure to find them sooner or later."

"Sooner or later won't do for me," answered Morse, pounding his desk. "He doesn't need to steal those certificates. All he needs to do is to keep them out of my hands till to-morrow afternoon."

"I was wondering how he'd negotiate paper like that."

"He couldn't. In a corporate election

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the votes belong to the person to whom the stock is credited on the company's books. The notice is out that the books of the Morse Motor Company are closed to-morrow at two o'clock pending the election of officers. They're trying to put me out of the presidency, and those certificates represent the majority stock."

"I'm no expert on corporations," said Burke. "I don't see yet. Did he want to steal the stock and have it transferred out of your name before the books closed?"

"No! That wouldn't be legal. The stock's not in my name now. That's the trouble. It stands credited on the books to friends of the other party. It's stock that's been bought up secretly by my friends, at a high price, and upon my pledged word. I've been holding it back on the rascals because I didn't know what game they'd be up to when they discovered I had overcome their majority. They have just found out, evidently, and they've taken this method of keeping it out of my hands until the books close."

"Ah!" exclaimed Burke, "that's the game."

"Yes. I'm a manufacturer of motors; and I've made the reputation of the Morse Motor Company. We make the only successful two-cycle, air-cooled, friction-drive car in the world. Polk and his crowd are stock manipulators; financiers, they call themselves. They want to make money. Our company is conservatively capitalized at two million dollars. They want to water it up to ten million on the basis of enlargement of the plant. It would certainly make money for the present stockholders, but it would ruin the Morse Motor Company for making motors.

AS THE QUICK STEPS APPROACHED, HE SHOVED THE PAPERS UNDER THE MATTRESS.

M. LEONE BRACKER

"We'd have to earn dividends on five times our present capitalization. We'd have to use poor material and cheap labor. We'd have to rush out inferior goods and depend on tricky salesmanship. In a little while our reputation would be gone, and we'd go under with the first hard times. Then the loss would fall on those who bought our watered stock. And I tell you I won't have it! If we don't get that stock back to-morrow noon, by twelve o'clock, I'll telephone my friends that I'm beaten, and let them sell out before the election. But we *must* get it. We've got to find it!"

"Well, it's certainly right here in the house," said Burke. "We may have to

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tear things up some, but we can find it, all right, all right."

"We'll search the house," said Morse.

"Search the man," suggested Hunter.

"We've already been through him."

"Been through his clothes. The hiding-place is in the man's mind. That's the place to find the truth."

"Sure," agreed Burke suddenly. "The thief's the one that knows. He'll tell if we talk to him right. Hunter, you and Don go up and get him."

The two detectives returned with the prisoner, who folded his arms complacently and faced the group.

"Now see here, captain," said Burke; "to save the trouble of mussin' up the house, Mr. Morse has a proposition to make you."

"I want my stock," said the manufacturer. "Turn it over to me, and we'll let you off easy. What do you say? We'll let you off altogether. If you refuse, you're sure to get the limit of the law."

"You're mistaken," answered the man quietly. "You find a drunken man in your house and charge him with stealing, to cover up your own tracks. But you have no proof against me."

"Proof!" shouted Morse. "Proof! The stock is gone. The pocketbook is stuffed with paper. I found two of the certificates on you."

"No, you did not," contradicted the man. "I never had them on me. My word is as good as yours. I demand my freedom. My imprisonment here is unlawful and unjust. You will suffer for it."

"It's the third degree for his," suggested Donaldson. "He's got the nerve of an insurance agent, but he'd loosen up under treatment."

"Nothin' doing," answered Burke with decision. "Things won't stand for it just now. Take him back to his room, boys. Mr. Morse, we've been wasting time on the man. We'll search the house."

"Let me try the man," requested Hunter. "Perhaps I could find out from him."

"It's impossible to do a thing with the fellow," answered Morse.

"Hunter's got a new system that's worked once or twice," explained Burke.

Morse waved his hand in impatient dismissal. Then he noticed that the others were giving Hunter's suggestion consideration, and he turned again to him. "What's your new system, young man?"

"Why," said Hunter, hesitating, "it's to investigate the human side of a case. I work along the line of a man's conscience. The explanation of every action is there. You think the hiding-place is some corner. I think it's the man's mind. You'd search the house. I'd search the conscience of the *man*."

"Huh! That's too deep," objected Morse. "They've never invented a microscope good enough or a light bright enough to read the conscience."

"But one man can read another," insisted Hunter.

"A man can't be read at all," declared Morse. "What shows what's going on inside him?"

"His actions!" proclaimed Hunter. "His expressions. A man acts when he thinks. He can't think without action."

"But he can think without showing it."

"No, he can't! Not while he's alive! His body and his mind are one piece. He's not a man inside a body. His body changes with every thought. You can't separate a man's thought and feeling from his expression of them."

"Well, even then a man can't be read. How can you tell what his expressions mean?"

"By repeating them. If you repeat each one, you get to its meaning."

"Then you'd have to imitate every little thing the other man does, to find out what it means to him?"

"Yes, that's it! It's a fight; but it works."

"It don't sound good to me. Anyhow, it's all theory. We'll find the papers quicker the other way. We'll search the house. I have an idea as to just where that fellow put the papers."

"Sure," agreed Burke. "It's a cinch! Where do you think they are?"

After they had looked in that place, Morse thought of another likely one, and then another; but the certificates were not in any of them. After half an hour of fruitless looking, Burke called a halt.

"There's two ways of doing this," he said. "One is to go rubberin' round like we have been, and the other is to get together, start in at one place, and go through the house proper. That's the sure way. This house ain't so big. We can do it in one afternoon."

"Come down-stairs and have lunch before we start," said Morse.

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"Go ahead, boys," ordered Burke. "I'll have to telephone headquarters first, and explain things to the chief."

"Now," said Burke, after the lunch was over, "we'll go about this right. We began looking for the thief in the cellar, and he showed up in the front hall. So it's most likely he came from up-stairs. He'd rummaged the study over last night findin' the papers, so he knows that room. It's the likeliest place in the house. We'll start there."

When they had reached the study Morse took out the long, flat pocketbook again. It was made of heavy, black leather, and consisted of but one large oblong compartment, closed with a full-width flap. Morse shook back the flap and held it up to view. "This dummy filling," he reminded the officers, holding the edges of the blank white paper between his thumb and finger, "just about equals the stock certificates, about twenty in all. You see how big a packet it is to hide. These two I found on the thief. We'll keep them in sight to remember what we're after. Now let's get busy."

They started with the study. First they inspected the floor, taking up all the covering. Next they examined the walls, removing everything upon or against each one in turn, and piling all the furniture and movables in the middle of the room. One group, Burke, Lally, and Morse's manservant, removed the things, examining each one carefully. The other group, composed of Morse, Donaldson, and Hunter, replaced the things, going over them carefully in turn. All felt that with such a system the hiding-place of the certificates could not be missed.

No book was passed without being shaken. Every drawer, locked or unlocked, was investigated. Not an inch of space anywhere was neglected. When they had finished with a room, each man of the six was certain that the papers were not there. So they sifted through the entire second floor, without result.

Disappointed, but with unflagging zeal, they continued the same system downstairs, from the front room back through the kitchen. Then Burke insisted on searching the cellar, and they made sure of that. Evening was coming on when they mounted again to the third floor. It consisted of only three rooms—two front ones and the prison room. They went through the two others first. Then they stopped, a tired and disgusted lot of men.

There was no possibility of any other hiding-place.

"He must have had them on him or in his room all the time," growled Burke. "But we searched both. I don't see how he got them past us. He's a smooth one!"

"Well, we know where they must be, now," said Lally. "We can go and get them."

They gathered in the prisoner's room again, and searched him roughly and thoroughly down to his very skin. Then they examined the undisturbed skylight, and searched the bare little room so that not as much as a bent pin or a burnt match could have been concealed in it anywhere; but the papers could not be found. Morse was dazed. Burke was stunned. It was incomprehensible.

Morse lost control of himself and swore passionately. Burke echoed the sentiments with fury. But the prisoner faced the storm without faltering. Their passion and their threats left him unmoved.

A grim and silent group of men gathered for their second meal at the manufacturer's table. Shortly after supper the chief himself burst in upon them, and listened to the kind of explanations that beaten men give.

"The papers ain't in the house," said Burke.

"How could they get away?" asked the chief.

"The man threw them out of a window, perhaps."

"Lally would have seen that in front, and Don at the back. There are no windows on the sides of the house. There's no window in the room where you have him."

"He passed them to some one, then."

"One of the servants, eh, Mr. Morse? Not possible, you say. You were alone in the house. If the thief had any real accomplice he wouldn't have stayed locked in his room so long, when the key was sticking in the outside of the door."

"Well, they ain't in the house," growled Burke. "You couldn't hide a piece of tissue-paper from the hunt we made."

"What do you think, Mr. Morse?"

"I don't see how we could have overlooked them," answered the manufacturer. "And yet they must be here somewhere. Where can they be? Where can they be?"

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"There's just two chances," said the chief decisively. "One is that the thief destroyed them."

Morse winced from the suggestion as if in pain. "That's what I'm afraid of," he said hoarsely.

"It's possible," continued the chief, "but not likely. There aren't any fireplaces in a steam-heated house like this, and so the smell of smoke would stay around a long time. The burnt paper would be as hard to hide as the unburnt. Did any of you smell smoke or come across burnt paper?"

They all shook their heads. "I was on the lookout for it, too," said Lally.

"Maybe he tore them into little pieces," said Burke, "and—and——"

"And did what? Swallowed them?"

"Yes."

"He'd have a hearty meal," said Morse. "There'd be enough to fill a basket. Besides, he couldn't have torn up all that stiff, tough paper, let alone dispose of it, in twelve minutes."

"There were just two chances," continued the chief, quietly, "and now there's only one. We haven't missed anything. The papers are in this house. What's the matter with you fellows?" he thundered suddenly. "Are you blind, or a lot of dubs? You'll go through this house again. You'll start to-night. And you'll find them before to-morrow noon!"

Morse came over beside Hunter later in the evening while they were waiting for the other party to clear a wall. "Say, young man," he asked, "what was that scheme of yours for finding what's in a man's mind?"

"By repeating the result of his thought," answered Hunter shortly.

"But this thief has nerves of steel. He's as cool and smooth as ice. Nothing that's happened has phased him. Do you think you could find out anything he didn't want you to know?"

The chief, standing near, had listened to the questions. "Hunter gets results with his system," he answered. "He has done it."

"Suppose," continued Morse, "you try to get to this fellow's mind and read where he's hidden the papers. I'd take a chance on a fortune-teller, or a ten-cent horoscope, to-night."

"Lay off on this business, then," ordered the chief, "and start on the man."

"Here." Morse handed Hunter a key to the prisoner's door. "Go up-stairs and go to bed in one of the other rooms. You can't do anything till morning, and you need the rest."

Late that night the burglar woke suddenly and started up. The room was lighted and a man was bending over his bed. "What do you want?" he asked hoarsely. "What do you want?"

But Hunter had not come to threaten nor to question. He bent over the bed without answering, as absorbed in the man's face as a doctor would be in the vital symptoms of a strange case. He craved a deeper knowledge of the features. He needed to study them, to become familiar with the look and play of each one.

The burglar bore the silent, searching scrutiny for a while stoically. He fronted Hunter, at first with indifference, then with interest, and finally with defiance. But the detective paid no attention to the other's attitude. He was intent on the man's contradictory features.

The burglar had soft brown hair that ought to have curled, but that hung limp and straight. The low forehead was the kind that usually drew down in a scowl, but his was as smooth as a boy's. The eyes were the wide, unruffled blue of the Teuton, but his were set close together, and the crow's-feet were deep beside them. The cheek-bones were high, like those of an Indian, but he had the fair skin and red color of an Englishman. The nose was aristocratically beaked, but it was small. The lips were thin, yet they hung strangely loose; such lips are generally drawn tight. The chin was broad, the jaw square, as if for the foundation of a bigger, nobler face.

"What do you want?" repeated the man angrily. "What do you want?" Still receiving no answer, he turned his back to his visitor. "Get out," he said, with his face to the wall, "and put out the light."

Next morning the search was started again down-stairs. Hunter watched it for a while and then turned to his own task. He had an old-fashioned pair of handcuffs —two circlets of steel joined by a short chain. Outside the prisoner's door he stopped a moment and stood silently collecting himself for a great and trying task.

The thief was standing in the middle of the room listening to the search below. He turned quickly and faced his visitor. Hunter closed the door and stepped to the man's

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side. Without a word of explanation he caught one arm and snapped a handcuff on the wrist. He twisted the arm behind the man and crushed him savagely against the foot of the heavy iron bedstead. So sudden and fierce was the attack that before the thief could gather himself together, the short chain had been passed under a rod of the bedstead and the second handcuff snapped on his other wrist. He stood chained, with his hands behind him, to the foot of the bed. Hunter stepped back and faced his prisoner.

The burglar suddenly threw himself forward, twisting and tugging fiercely at his wrists, dragging the heavy bed to one side and the other after him. But his struggle was useless, and in a few moments he realized this and controlled himself again. "Take these things off," he said between his teeth. "What do you mean? Take them off!"

Hunter made no answer. He got the chair from across the room and put it opposite the burglar. With his handkerchief slipped through the back of the chair and looped around each wrist, he stood in front of his man fastened in a similar manner. Then he drew up close to the prisoner and looked him earnestly in the face. The secret of the hiding-place was in this man's mind. If his thought could be read, then the secret could be learned.

The thief drew back against the iron rods of his bedstead before these strange preparations. "What do you want?" he demanded.

"Where are those papers?"

"Go to hell."

Hunter was centering himself more and more on the prisoner's face. As he had done the night before, but with greater ease and familiarity, he was going over the features one by one, noting the character of each, drawing his own thought closer and closer to the expression of the man's features. The face became larger and plainer to him. His world grew to be a low forehead, big, close-set eyes, a small, beaked nose, a square jaw.

The thief stirred uneasily under the intent regard. "What are you trying to do?" he asked with some contempt. "Hypnotize me?"

"You are going to tell me where those papers are," said Hunter tensely. He was pressing nearer and nearer to the point where he would be sensitive to every change of the man's features, and immediately

THE BURGLAR BORE THE SILENT, SEARCHING SCRUTINY FOR A WHILE STOICALLY.

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responsive to their slightest variation.

"Take these things off my wrists," answered the prisoner. "You won't find out anything from me."

"You are going to tell me where those papers are," repeated Hunter.

"I am not going to tell you anything about anything."

It was a direct response to the question. The man had started thinking along the right line. With the whole strength of his attention centered upon his prisoner's face Hunter seized the movements that accompanied these words. The body had remained leaning back carelessly upon the foot of the bed; the eyes had not looked at him, but had glanced here and there about the room above his head; the lips had made the words naturally. The detective's lips repeated the movements of the same words in the same way, his eyes for the moment leaving the man's face and his body leaning carelessly back. He felt a sensation of calmness and confidence.

There was not the least trace of doubt or fear in the expression. There was not even defiance. Fastened there a prisoner, and confronted with the statement that his secret was sure to be discovered, he had felt no uneasiness or anxiety. He was confident of the security of his hiding-place.

"You are sure we can't find the papers," said Hunter, absorbing himself again in the prisoner's face. "You are sure we can't; but we can. We can, because you have not destroyed them. You didn't burn them. There was no place to do it. You didn't tear them up. You hadn't time. We know you didn't."

The man did not speak. He was still leaning carelessly back upon his chained arms, waiting for the other to get through. But his eyes, looking above Hunter's head, narrowed a little, and his lips pushed out in a slight smile. The detective earnestly worked these changes over in himself. He found no contradiction in their expression. They gave him a half-sarcastic sensation, as if the prisoner had ironically complimented him upon the soundness of his reasoning. Then the alternative which they had feared was not the true one. The certificates had not been destroyed.

"Those papers," continued Hunter with steady intensity, "are still in the house. You did not get outside for a single instant. You were not able to send them out. You had no one to send them by. There was not a moment when you could reach any one outside. You had no one with you. You came here alone. The papers are still in the house."

The prisoner did not alter his position, and the slight smile came again upon his face. But to the detective it was not a smile. It came to his absorbed attention as certain slight but vivid movements of the man's features. And these were different movements from the ones that had produced the former smile. The upper lip drew back from the teeth, the eyes widened instead of narrowing.

When the detective reproduced these changes, he found that they required an effort. It was a forced smile, not the former pleasant, cynical one. The prisoner had answered to the suggestion, and his expression was of an unpleasant feeling. He did not like the thought. He would rather the detective were not so sure that the papers were still in the house.

"You couldn't hide them down-stairs," said Hunter, renewing his compelling intentness. "There were men at the back and front doors who would have seen you. We began to search for you down-stairs, and you were not there. You had the certificates with you when you tried to get out the front door. You went back up-stairs and hid them."

The man shifted his feet and drew himself upright against the foot of the bed. He glanced quickly at his captor. His lips tightened, his eyebrows drew down. The detective had been holding himself sensitive for any changes that would bring him the feeling of negation. But the shifting feet, straightening body, and quick, frowning glance, when he reproduced them, required instead a feeling of uneasiness. It was like an expression of jealousy. He was coming closer to the secret now.

"You hid them in the study," said Hunter breathlessly. "You had been through it the night before. You went directly up-stairs again. You knew what you were going to do. You went back to that room. You hid them in the study."

The man crouched forward slightly and thrust his face closer to his captor's. His lips drew back, showing his jaw tightly clenched. His eyes had narrowed to mere slits. "I didn't put them anywhere," he said through his teeth. "I never touched his papers."

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SO SUDDEN AND FIERCE WAS THE ATTACK THAT BEFORE THE THIEF COULD GATHER HIMSELF TOGETHER, THE SECOND HANDCUFF HAD BEEN SNAPPED ON HIS WRIST.

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The detective reproduced the changes, absorbing himself in their exact expression. The crouched position, the clenched teeth, the narrowed eyes, as he slowly reproduced them, gave him a feeling of alarm, and of an antagonism so intense and malignant that he could not express it. The man's answer to the suggestion was opposition and antagonism. There was denial in his words, but not in his mind. His thought was like that of some wild animal snarling at impending attack.

"You did hide them in the study!" cried Hunter, holding his attention fiercely and triumphantly upon the other's face. "You hid them in the study. Where was it? Where? You're going to tell me. We've searched that room through and through. We've been over every inch of it. What place is possible there? Where did you put them?"

"What are you doing?" gasped the prisoner, tearing away from Hunter's gaze and twisting himself sideways against the iron bars. "I'm not going to listen to you. Take these things from my wrists."

"You shall listen," answered Hunter. "You can not help it. You hid those papers in the study. There's no hiding-place possible there. You put them in the one impossible place. They're in the one place where they can not be."

But the prisoner would not listen. He jerked his handcuffs against the iron bar. He twisted himself this way and that. He laughed harshly and stamped his feet. Hunter had an almost overpowering impulse to beat his fists upon the man's face until it was mashed into a pulp; to fasten his hands upon the man's throat and choke with all his might; to tear the secret from him with bare hands. But he mastered the impulse and held himself to fierce intentness.

"Do you know what you'll get for this?" he demanded, his whole strength stretched to its highest tension. "You'll get twenty years in prison. It's jail for you. You can't escape. No matter where you put the papers, your punishment is sure."

The man suddenly turned toward him again. His lips were contracted in a smile, his eyes were wide open, his head tilted to one side. Hunter followed the changes—the sudden turn that presented the features again to view, the contracted smile, tilted head, and wide-opened eyes. "What!" he cried, hardly believing the sensation that he received. Here was the negation for which he had been sensitive. Here was the contradiction he had feared all along. "What!" he cried again. "You won't go to prison! You've put the papers where you'll escape punishment! Where's that? Where have you put them?"

With a cry of rage the thief sprang forward the length of his chain and dashed his body against the detective's. Hunter was knocked staggering across the room, his arms jerking from the chair that held them, and he fell tottering against the closed door. Mechanically he grasped the knob and pulled it open. The distant chime of a house clock striking the hour came faintly to his ears. It was the first stroke of twelve. His answer was due.

He was repeating to himself: "They're in the one impossible place. Where's that? They're in the one place where they can not be. Where's that? They're in the one place where they will not incriminate the thief. Where's that? There's no place like that, except—except—except— You've put them back!" he yelled. "You've put them back."

With a shout that came like the echo of the prisoner's yell of rage, he sprang for the stairs. Down the steps he dashed with reckless leaps, stumbling, staggering, nearly falling in his haste. Through the second hall he rushed and down to the first floor. Morse was already at the telephone, dejection and defeat in his attitude. The other searchers were standing by, a dirty, tired, beaten group of men. Hunter cleared the last dozen steps in one wild bound and staggered toward them.

"Stop!" he gasped. "I've found the papers! I've found out where they are."

Morse dropped the telephone and sprang toward him. Like a match struck to tinder, his words fired the dejected men. They crowded round him with eager cries and questions. "Come on! Come on!" cried Hunter, trembling with weakness and excitement. "I'll show you where they are."

He led the way up the stairs, the men crowding and clamoring with him. He crossed the study to the manufacturer's desk and sank into a chair. "In there," he said. Morse rolled up the top of the desk. A sudden silence fell upon the men.

"In there," Hunter repeated, pointing to a drawer. Morse jerked it out noisily and

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turned it upside down upon the desk. Its contents scattered.

"In that," said Hunter, pointing to the long, flat pocketbook. He leaned back and closed his eyes. He was exhausted and his work was done. Morse flapped open the pocketbook and held it up to view. It was filled with white, blank paper.

"Damnation!" he yelled, throwing it down upon the desk. "Do you suppose we hadn't looked here? What do you mean wasting time with your crazy talk and fool theory?"

"But they must be there," protested Hunter, starting up from his relaxation. "He said they were. He told me so."

"He told you so! And you believed that thief! Let me get back to the telephone. Get out of my way."

Morse thrust him savagely aside and started for the door. Hunter reeled against the desk and clutched the pocketbook. "The papers must be here," he cried. "That was his thought. It's certain and it's true." He opened the pocketbook. It was filled with blank paper.

He sank down on the chair, too stunned to believe the sight of his eyes. Tremblingly he pulled out one of the blank pieces. It was a thick oblong of paper, folded in the shape of the stock certificate. It bulged open in his hands. Hunter staggered to his feet with a yell that halted the men outside and brought them running back. Folded inside each blank sheet was one of the stolen stock certificates.

"Fool theory!" yelled Hunter, throwing himself staggering upon Morse. "Fool theory! I tell you it's sure! A man thinks the truth! His mind's the hiding-place!"

Morse snatched the pocketbook, and, utterly unconscious of the detective shaking him back and forth, he tore and sorted the precious certificates from their foldings.

"I've got them!" he shouted. "I've got them! The election's mine! They're here! They're here!"

"An' we looked every other place in the house, twice over!" exclaimed Burke.

"The clever rascal!" said Morse. "Back where he took them from! What hold has the law on him now? The clever rascal! And you," he continued, grasping Hunter, "you beat him! You found out! How? That theory of yours! To the mind of the man! That theory of yours! It must have worked! It surely found the hiding-place!"

YEARS AFTERWARD

by NANCY BYRD TURNER

IT IS not sight or sound
That, when a heart forgets,
Most makes it to remember:
It's some old poignant scent re-found—
Like breath of April violets,
Or apples of September.

It isn't song or scene
That stirs the tears again:
It's brush smoke from the hills, at night,
Spicy and sweet; or that wet, keen,
Long-lost aroma of delight,
Fresh plowed fields after rain.

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The PINCH of LIFE

And Some Victories

A ROW OF BOOKS

by
N P DAWSON

THE vindictive wives, as told in a recent quaint and popular fable, married the philosophers to be able to pinch them in bed, only to find their skins were so thick they did not know they were being pinched! The wives may well have been surprised and indignant. They did not understand the protective armor furnished by real thinking and real doing; the noble insensibility that comes from being too intent or too busy to note the pinch of circumstance or surrounding.

The lesson is confirmed in recent books, in which in simple fashion is told the old, old story of men and women with souls too engrossed by the real facts of life to be much troubled by its incidental ills.

For example, there is J. H. Fabre, "Poet of Science," as he is called in the life written by his compatriot, Dr. C. V. Legros (Century). If ever a philosopher has known the pinch of living, of poverty and obscurity, it is Fabre. Yet he has steadily gone on cultivating his garden, which in his case happens to be insects.

Some fifty years ago he went into his Provençal retreat in the little market-town of Sérignan, to find solitude. Since then, although little has been known of him personally, volumes of the monumental "Souvenirs entomologiques" have been appearing, until now, when he is an old man of ninety, filled with labor and with struggle, the epic of the insect world is complete and told as it has never been told before.

It is only in the last few years that Fabre's fame as a naturalist seems to have extended much beyond scientific circles. He was born a peasant. His father was a small farmer and cowherd, and later a café-keeper—not a good café-keeper, we may infer from the many moves. In the farm days the family used to adjourn evenings to the cow-shed for warmth and comfort, and was not much better off in the little cafés in the towns.

Fabre educated himself, largely. But, as he writes to his brother, "Geometers are made, while a naturalist is ready-made." At one time he served mass on Sundays for school fees; once he went to school to his godfather, who was also "barber, bell-ringer, and singer in the choir." He became proficient in geometry and physics before natural science, and in later years has taken up music and drawing. Geometry, he says, taught him not only how to draw, but how to write.

For twenty years Fabre was a teacher, but never received more than $300 in yearly salary. Shortly before the belated "jubilee" celebration a few years ago, which brought him publicity, some book sales, and a small pension, Fabre wrote to his more famous neighbor, the poet Mistral, that the family income was $600. For years there was demand for his text-books—"perfect breviaries" of science, Dr. Legros calls them. But text-books have a way of going out of fashion. Fabre opposed Darwin; was more in accord, it is interesting to note, with present popular theories of instinct.

Some of his observations on instinct in insect life have become classic: that marvelous exhibition of maternal instinct, for example, seen in the Lycosa spider, which, with such loving and seemingly intelligent care, exposes its little sac of eggs to the vivifying sun, turning and turning again—only to do the same with a substituted pellet of paper!

A man who doesn't know the cricket's chirp from the katydid's, or the tree-toad's shrill cry from the village tenor, will go down on his knees in the grass before Fabre. More fascinating than fiction are the stories he tells of the orgies of murder and

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cannibalism and sweet amorousness that go on after nightfall in the sleeping fields and the dusty fallows.

What Barrie did for his Scotch mother in "Margaret Ogilvie," Alexander Irvine, Socialist and lay preacher, has tried to do for his Irish mother in "My Lady of the Chimney Corner" (Century). Mr. Irvine's parents were peasants in Ireland, and knew the pinch of famine and death and unrelieved toil.

The family, when Irvine was a boy, lived in a little cabin in Pogue's entry, in the town of Antrim. There were only three rooms, and, counting the "famine child," there were nine children. There were no chairs in the cabin, only a few "creepies" or stools. There was one bed for the parents. The children slept on the floor, or at the top of the ladder under the thatch. There wasn't even a pig—only a hope signified in the waiting sty. Sometimes the broth in the pot was thick; more often it was thin.

But pig or no pig, broth thick or broth thin, there was love in Pogue's entry. And a favorite saying of the mother was that "Love is enough"—a doctrine which in these cheaply cynical days may be a bit unsatisfactory in practise, but which we may hope is still spiritually sound.

There are those who say one shouldn't make "copy" out of one's mother. But this, we fancy, depends upon the mother and the copy. Mr. Irvine has made a record of a singularly bright and beautiful life. His mother was an old woman before she set foot on a bit of green grass, and the floor of her cabin was mud. Yet she seems to have carpeted the world for those around her. She lived to hear her son preach in a church in Belfast; but not to see him graduated from a lay pulpit in a big New York church to the street corner.

But not all men can live the life of a hermit, nor all women stay by their chimney corner. In contrast to these records of struggling and triumphant individualism is the magnificent study and vindication of collectivism furnished by Gerald Stanley Lee in his book called "Crowds" (Doubleday, Page).

Although we are still old-fashioned enough, as Mr. Lee says, to be born one at a time, most of us have to be educated in litters, and live and get our living, and amuse ourselves, in herds. This being the case, it was time for some one to stand boldly forth and, like Mr. Lee, exclaim, "Who's afraid!"—of crowds or their pinching.

When a circus tent was blown down in a cyclone in a small town some years ago, the Wild Man from Borneo escaped with the animals, and, seeking refuge in a neighboring house, above the screams of the frightened women cried out: "Ise no wild man; Ise only a po' niggah!" In similar fashion, Mr. Lee quiets our fears about crowds, and suggests some modern conveniences, in an ethical line, for living among them.

Now that the poles have been discovered, and the skies have been sailed, and making a million is no longer a great affair, Mr. Lee puts forward as the one remaining big adventure in the world worth making, the "best bet," as it were—being good. The idea has novelty, and is being enthusiastically received in unexpected quarters. For its quite audacious idealism, "Crowds" deserves a Nobel prize. Nevertheless, though writing so sympathetically of crowds, Mr. Lee himself lives on a mountain top, where all alone he edits the *Mt. Tom Magazine.*

We pay high rentals for living in this world, whether we live in a New York flat or in the wide country where cornfields are measured not by single rows, but stretch across the prairie landscape as endlessly as the telegraph-poles. We are accustomed to speak of frontiers as vanished, and of all pioneers as dead. Yet, do we know that the foreigners now coming to this country are re-living the hard life of our forefathers?

Willa Sibert Cather places her story "O Pioneers" (Houghton, Mifflin) among Swedish and Bohemian settlers in Nebraska, in a little town, which in the opening chapter is "trying hard not to be blown away." The heroine, who successfully breaks vast acres of stubborn and unruly land to harness, is a Swedish girl. But there is a story within the main story, of a Bohemian girl, and it is her briefly gay little history, ending tragically, that reaches the heart. Miss Cather has employed few of the literary conventions of grasshoppers, prairie-fire, and drought, that usually go with the pioneer story. She seems to have grasped the idea of the essential sameness of the big facts of life, wherever, whenever, and however it is lived.

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The Backhand Prodigal

By Philip Curtiss

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

I COULD not have been more than six or seven years old when I first began to realize that I was a bitter disappointment to my family.

My father was one of the most prominent liquor-dealers in a growing city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and very influential in sporting and fraternal circles. My mother was the daughter of one of the best-known hotel men in northern New York, a blonde-haired, well-dressed woman with a powerful contralto voice, well fitted to make him a loving mate; while my brother, who is now well known wherever the moving-picture flickers its film, and my sister, who is married to one of the most prominent race-drivers in America, were well calculated to bring happiness and comfort to our parents' failing years.

Of all the family I alone furnished to their cup a single drop of bitterness.

To begin with, I was puny and ill-formed. At the age of twelve I was almost six feet high and weighed little more than a hundred pounds; from my cradle, almost, I was obliged to wear thick, magnifying spectacles, while my spindly body, hardly able to support its own weight, was always filled with a fatigue so overpowering that it seemed to act as a narcotic. To my powerful, well-knit father, who could duplicate Abraham Lincoln's feat of lifting a barrel high enough to drink out of the bung-hole, this, in itself, was a disgrace. Length and lankiness were the two things that he positively despised in horses, prize-fighters, and boys; but, as if this were not enough to dampen all hopes of any pride which he might have had in his son, it also became obvious at a very early age that I had a positive passion for learning.

In the more mellow light of after years, when some slight successes in my own line of work have given me optimism enough to be charitable, I can appreciate my father's point of view and, from his own outlook on life, I can well understand the cruel disappointment which pierced him at the increasing realization of the fact that his eldest born was bound to be cultured. Had not three generations of McCabes spent heart, soul, and mind in the single endeavor to bring to fruition the finest brand of canned cocktails known to the American trade? Had not his every leisure moment and that of his father before him been devoted to the effort of rounding to perfection the "Solar" family of trotting horses? Had not all the father-love and homing instinct within him been spent on the trim

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terraces, the old English tap-room, and the marble-topped tables of the "Horseshoe" road-house?

And then must this heritage, this birthright, be squandered and wasted on a son who would scatter his sustenance in Greek? As I look at it now, my heart softens for the firm, puritanical ideas of this old-time father of mine, who was doing only what he thought was his duty. But, at the time, I could appreciate solely the gall and the wormwood of the constant rebukes and rebuffs which constituted my lot during those early days when the will of my father was trying to force me to pleasure and my own plaintive longings were reaching and yearning toward work.

To my dying day I shall never forget one bright, cheery morning when Fritz the bartender was busily polishing the brasswork of the set-barrels; when my mother in a new Parisian hat was joyously extracting money from the till to make a special contribution to the orphan asylum of St. Michael and the Angels; when my little brother and sister were busily fashioning a racing sulky out of two wheels and a broomstick; and I, in one of the few moments of peace which were allowed me, sat poring over the pages of the *Record and Journal*.

Filled with the beauty and vigor of the morning, my father, who had just been sending "Solar Queen" to a new record to wagon, came cheerily into the room and allowed his eye to rest on the family circle. For a minute he frowned as he saw my scholarly occupation and then, willing to give every one the benefit of the doubt on that beautiful morning, his eye lightened and his hand rested paternally upon my shoulder.

"Well, my boy," he said playfully, "every man to his trade. And what are the White Stockings doing?"

If his hand had been encased in mail and

"WHAT?" HE FAIRLY SHOUTED. "READING THE PAPER, AND NOT READING THE SPORTING NEWS? WHAT GOOD IS ALL YOUR BOASTED EDUCATION TO YOU, ANYWAY?"

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his voice a thunder cloud, no greater impression of impending doom could have settled over me. I tried to answer, but my voice faltered and stuck in my throat. I expected every moment a cuff or a kick which I knew was only my due for having been caught in wrongdoing. Guiltily I tried to turn the pages to the baseball news, but my father was too quick for me.

"Then perhaps," he said, "you can tell me how the Merchants and Mechanics stake came out at Detroit?"

This last was too much. I knew I was trapped, and my head dropped into the paper, in sobs. Not quite understanding, for a moment, my father lifted me up and hurriedly grasped the paper. One look and his face became livid.

"What?" he fairly shouted. "Reading the paper, and not reading the sporting news? What good is all your boasted education to you, anyway?"

And thus, after months of stealth and sneaking, my guilt was discovered. I stood disgraced in the eyes of my family. I had been caught reading the book-reviews.

For some time, before my father quite abandoned all hope of me, a few bright rays in the general gloom came through the influence of my mother. For although I had proved myself utterly useless in any honest line of endeavor, her mother's heart still yearned for her wayward son, and she pretended to find some use for my literary tastes in reading the fashion papers, so that, through this subterfuge, my father was for a time somewhat mollified, for he was glad, naturally, to have his wife the best-dressed woman on the Speedway.

This pitifully frail device, however, soon gave way and, when I had passed some eighteen years with never a thought for anything save books, my father, in disgust, gave me five thousand dollars and let me go my own way to college, saying, with a last contemptuous fling as he handed me the check, that he supposed a boy like me would take four whole years to spend it.

In the learned circle of sub-professors and serious students in which I soon had myself established at college I found a recompense for all the starved and hungry years of my soul's existence. It was such a glorious feeling to be in a world where nobody ever made any money, where nobody ever accomplished anything, and where, when any one beat any one else, he went back and proved that he really hadn't done it. Subtly, gradually, under the glamour of this new, flashing life I felt my home ties weakening and, like many another thoughtless boy in my place, I found when I left college that my only thoughts were now for the glad, free life of the classics, and that, with the cruel unthinkingness of youth, I had long since forgotten the loving care and the firm, hard training of my early days in the road-house.

Such ties once broken are hard to resume, and although after I was graduated I made some half-hearted, spasmodic attempts to reconcile myself to the view of my family, inevitably I found the breach growing wider. Fixed in my tastes by my four years of college, I gradually drifted away and settled into the easier path which led to a professorship of Syriac in a small Western college, to the editorship of the *Hellenic Review*, and so, by slow, insinuating steps, to a place where I was recognized brazenly as one of the leading classical scholars of America.

The final step in my degradation came when, as a cruel practical joke, one of my father's friends who had taken Joe Jeanette, the colored prize-fighter, to England, sent him a clipping about my election as a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. After that I knew that a great gulf yawned between us.

Wherever it may lead eventually, however, the way of the transgressor has its own pleasant moments; and one summer, three years after my final break with my family, I found myself pleasantly ensconced in a quiet rural neighborhood, engaged in the compilation of a volume of Greek roots, the agreeable nature of my task being augmented by the assurance of its never being discovered. For not only, out of regard for my family, had I agreed to publish the volume under an assumed name, but also I had resorted to falsehood and spread the impression in my father's circle that I was spending a quiet summer as a recluse at Far Rockaway. Secured, then, from greater interruptions than those of remorse, I had settled down happily and was thoroughly enjoying myself in the variations of the digamma when, one beautiful afternoon, the rural delivery approached and temptation was put in my way.

The temptation lay in a circular from a book collector in which it was announced

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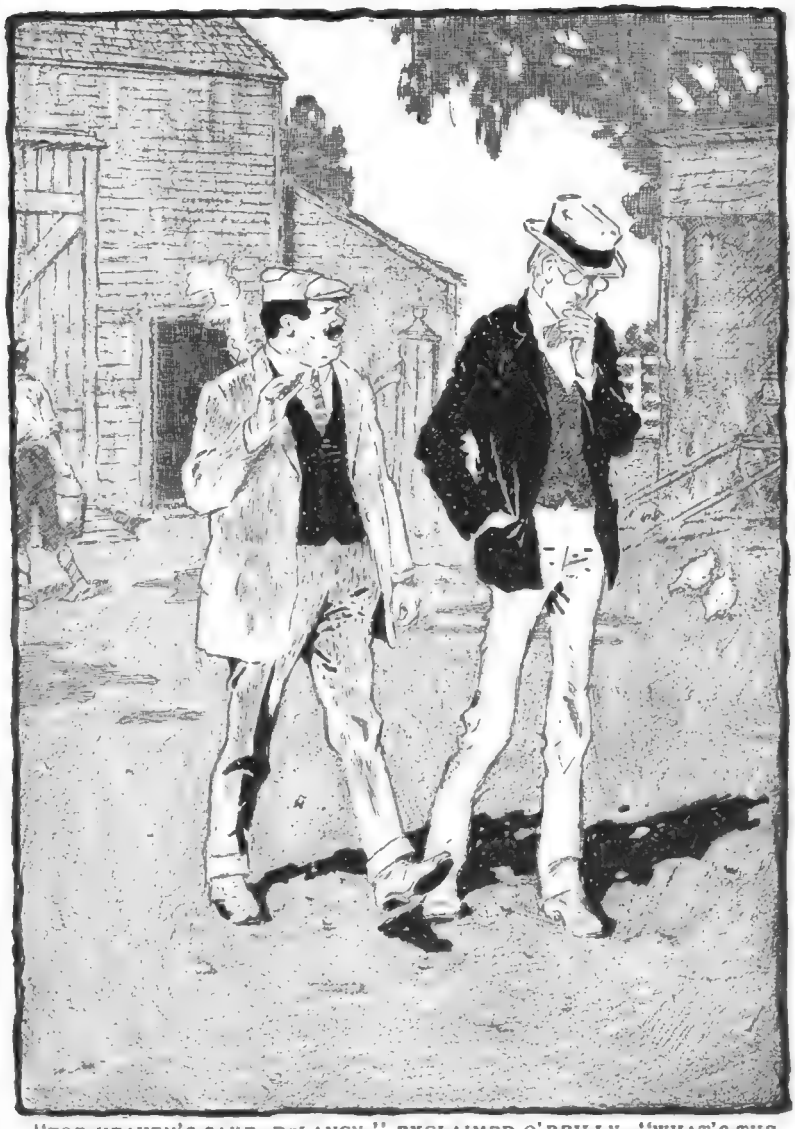
that a special edition of Hellenic derivatives, with reproductions of the original plates, had been obtained by the sale of a well-known library and was now offered to collectors at the ridiculously low price of two hundred dollars.

Sunk as I had been in the obsession of my own waywardness, not until that moment did I realize the depths of my downfall. Now, faced by temptation, I knew that I, the son of old Michael McCabe, the grandson of the owner of "Solar," the eldest born of the best-dressed woman at Long Branch, would beg, borrow, or work for that volume of Greek derivatives. Fortunately, I was obliged to resort to none of these subterfuges to obtain my ends, but was able to accomplish them by the more acceptable method of trickery.



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DELANCY," EXCLAIMED O'REILLY, "WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YE HYPNOTIZED?" "I *HAVE* BEEN," I REPLIED

The opportuneness of the event which enabled me to do this I can not explain except as an instance of that good fortune which sometimes falls to the transgressor. I shall enter into a discussion of its timeliness no further than to state that hardly had I read for the third time the golden temptation contained in the circular when I heard a step on the grass whereon I was sitting and, looking up, saw before me an individual whose plain diamond pin, whose firmly striped clothes, and simple, heavy mustache proclaimed the horse-jockey. For a moment I feared that he recognized me, and I trembled, slightly, dreading an emissary from my father; but his strong, hearty handshake and his kindly offer of a big, black cigar soon assured me that my incognito had not been penetrated and that, to him at least, I was not an outcast.

"They tell me," he began in that clear, pointed diction which has always been my admiration, "that you are a literary man. And Heaven knows I've hunted far enough

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to find one in this wilderness," he added.

I looked at him searchingly for any ulterior motive, for any indication of patronage, but his simple, bluff manner showed none, and I answered quite frankly.

"Philologically, yes," I replied. "Technically, no—for while the term literary, from its very derivation, may be used to cover all forms of endeavor dealing with written or spoken characters, usage sanctions only its adaptation to written and, more restrictedly, narrative diction."

For a moment I regretted that I had spoken so plainly, for his mouth dropped open and he looked at me in amazement. I started to qualify my statements and outline my own position as one that quite frankly claimed only to verge upon letters, but he recovered in time to interrupt me.

"By George," he quite shouted, slapping his thigh in a way that seemed homelike. "By George, but that's bully—and maybe that wording won't flop itself on a showbill. Look here," he exclaimed, coming forward in a sudden confidence, "do you want to make a fat wad of money?"

Three minutes before my soul would have recoiled from the idea; but, at that instant, so deep had I sunk in avarice that I thought not of principle nor of prejudice and, my mouth now as wide open as his, I nodded.

His next words were explanatory. "Ever do any press work?"

Stifling all compunctions, I replied that I had—not greatly stretching the truth, for once I had written a short historical notice on the death of Victor Emmanuel and once again I had penned a review of my volume of Hellenic subscripts, showing precisely where my own book fell short of Steiner's superior work. Such a critical experience, I thought, would well qualify me for what I understood to be the stranger's conception of press work.

"Well, look then, do you suppose you could press-agent a hoss?"

At his words I honestly felt that I could understand the sentiments of the prodigal son when informed that his return would not be uncalled-for. By my own obstinate will had I shut myself off from my home and my loved ones, from their concerns and their desires, and here, out of a clear sky, was a chance to return over the very path by which I had left. I could now serve at one stroke my own love of literature and the interests of my long-lost home. Is it any wonder that I sat in nervous silence and allowed the stranger to go on?

His name, it seems, was O'Reilly—that he told me at the start, after the manner of his kind—and he was interested in a race which was to take place in two weeks between a horse named Nancy Bell and a horse named Queen of the May.

"Mare," I corrected as he said this, not knowing quite why; but as I did so he looked at me sharply and, covered with confusion, I hastened to urge him to continue, fearing lest my identity should be discovered.

This race, it seemed, which was to be held at the county track, was of vital importance because Queen of the May was a local horse, champion of the district and immensely popular, while Nancy Bell was an unknown, but with the best chance of any horse yet appearing to lower the standard of the local champion. From O'Reilly's words I could judge, moreover, that immense sums of money would be wagered on the contest.

"Now what we want of you," he concluded, when he had outlined the general situation, "is to fill all the papers jam full of good press dope about this Queen of the May horse and keep them full until every man, woman, and child in the countryside believes that she is the fastest thing on four legs."

"The obvious conclusion being," I suggested, "that every man, woman, and child will wager every available cent on that horse."

As the reader will notice, my diction had unconsciously improved in this statement, and again O'Reilly gave me one of his sharp, shrewd looks.

"You get me, Steve," he replied. "And if you do that, it's worth two hundred cold plunks to you."

Two hundred dollars—the exact sum required for the book of derivatives! The very mention of the figures seemed to clear my brain like a flash and, more curiously yet, from the very first words of the stranger there had been creeping over me a delicious feeling, as if shades were falling from my eyes, a weight from my shoulders; as if the clouds of a dream were sweeping away. I seemed to see more clearly, to think more sharply. I seemed to hear my own voice

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replying from a distance like that of another person—no, rather, I seemed to have been talking for years in the voice of another and now to know that sharp, new voice for my own.

I have read a great deal about atavism, about prenatal recollections, and to no other causes than these can I ascribe the manner which I now assumed. Gone were the Greek derivatives; gone were the classic delights; quite uncomprehending why I did it, I now found myself wholly absorbed in that one subject of Queen of the May.

It took but a second for this sudden change to sweep over me and, without a break, I found myself following the statements of O'Reilly.

"Now we've spent over two thousand dollars," he was saying, "in advertising with every paper in the county, and they'll take any amount of dope that you hand them. Don't hesitate to lay it on heavy. We want you to give the history of this Queen of the May from the time she was born, and furthermore, if you get a chance to say something nasty about that skate called Nancy Bell, don't hesitate to do it."

I suddenly began to see light.

"I take it, then," I suggested with a queer little smile, very like that which my classes in Greek had once learned to fear when they gave a false quantity, "that you are interested in Queen of the May."

His reply was quite to the point. "Like hell. I'm representing the owner of Nancy Bell."

I feigned surprise. "And yet you are willing to expend vast sums in extolling the virtues of the other horse?"

His surprise suddenly changed to contempt. "You act like a horseman," he replied. "Now why don't you talk like one?"

But I had still one further card to draw from his hand. "You were speaking of emoluments," I began. "Two hundred units of our standard currency, I think you said. Now, while I do not mistrust you, Mr. O'Reilly, I am obliged to act like a horseman, and as you just stated that you were merely an agent, might I ask whose name will be responsible for the payment of this amount on the part of Nancy Bell?"

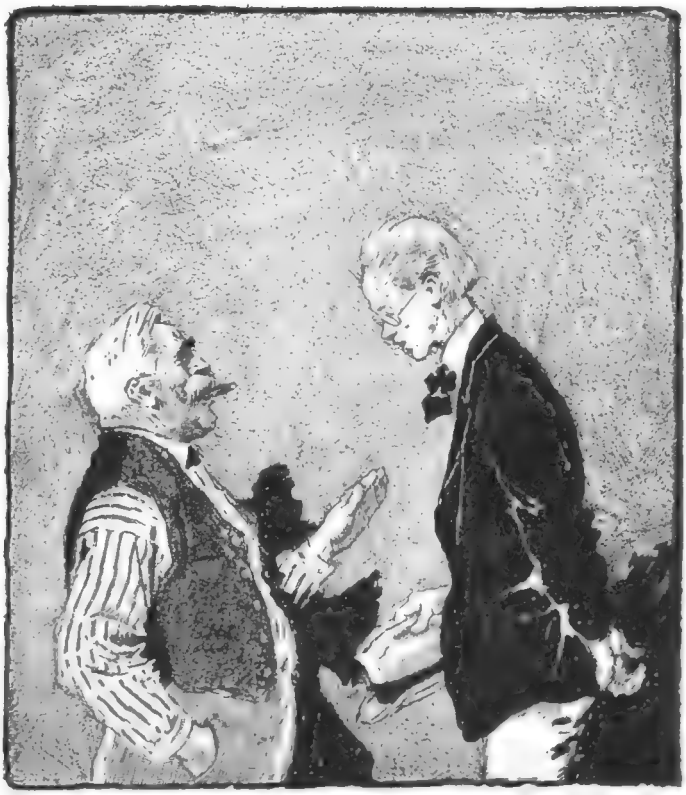
O'Reilly became red in the face. "Whose name? Whose name?" he fairly howled. "The name of Michael McCabe!"

I checked myself just in time. "It is quite sufficient," I replied. "I know him as a man who always covers his contracts."

"And since you're so anxious about names, young man," was the next retort of O'Reilly, "perhaps ye'll be so good as to lend me yours."

"De Lancy," I replied, and the effort was not a great one, for that was exactly the name I had been using to attach to my book of Greek verbs.

"I wish it was a little more American," replied O'Reilly with a tone of regret. "Mr.



BEFORE I VISITED THE TRACK I HAD A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH THE GENIAL OLD OWNER OF QUEEN OF THE MAY.

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McCabe likes good American names around him. But I guess it will do."

"But just a minute," I interrupted with a sudden fear. "Am I to do business with Mr. McCabe or with you?"

"McCabe nothing," replied O'Reilly without hesitation. "Do you suppose he'd gum the whole game by appearing as owner?"

The following morning I entered on the fulfilment of my new duties, and the quiet peace which had fallen over me from my first interview with O'Reilly only continued to grow. Representing myself as a sporting reporter of general interests, I first interviewed the owner of Queen of the May, a genial, good-natured country squire, secured the mare's pedigree, and then, for a week, filled the newspapers with articles which made the already popular animal so much more popular that, as O'Reilly had wished, every man, woman, and child in the county was speaking her name. But still, as Nancy Bell had not yet appeared at the track, in spite of the popularity of the local horse, the odds, do what I might, remained about even, for the cautious country sportsmen had a wholesome fear of the unknown. The fact that the chances did not favor Queen of the May more, greatly worried O'Reilly, and once he spoke to me of it.

"You've cracked up this Queen of the May so much," he suggested, "that everybody knows all about her. Don't you think you'd better begin to rub it into Nancy Bell?"

"You better bring her up here and let them see her," I replied, and the suggestion seemed a good one, for two days later she came.

On the appearance of Nancy Bell, moreover, I found that I should not be obliged to draw on my imagination to be scornful, for a more ill-favored, undersized, stupid-looking brute I had never seen in my life. Her very appearance indeed was an advertisement in derogation, and the night after she arrived the odds were 3 to 2 on Queen of the May, with plenty of money coming both ways—that on Queen of the May from the local horsemen and that on her opponent from strangers who suddenly appeared on the scene. But even this did not satisfy O'Reilly, so he urged me to visit the stable of the newcomer and shove up the odds.

I arrived during a trial which had evidently been arranged with a view to the onlookers, of whom there were many, and, in my newspaper account of the affair, I was again not obliged to stretch the truth when I said that, timed by a dozen watches, Nancy Bell had not come within three seconds of the figure made by Queen of the May on the previous morning. This statement in figures did what my previous generalities had failed to do, and by morning there was money three to one on the local horse and all of it taken. I visited O'Reilly with the news and found him rejoicing.

"I said two hundred dollars," he exclaimed, "but I'll bet that the way you're doing it McCabe will make it a fiver."

I started to hail the announcement with enthusiasm but at the name McCabe I suddenly stopped and, at the same moment, there came over me a feeling like that which had assailed me during my first talk with O'Reilly—a sense of things half remembered from some far-off previous existence. Directly before me stood the ill-favored, undersized Nancy Bell, and something about her, as I looked at her fixedly, aroused within me one of those sweet, elusive memories which I had had so frequently during the past few days and for which I had been at such a loss to account. I seemed to hear voices, see faces, half-forgotten, and at the very same moment there seemed to permeate the whole room a stifling smell of acrid tar soap. I stood for a minute thinking it was real, then walked over and picked up a cake with which a hostler had just been washing the horse. It was odorless.

"For heaven's sake, De Lancy," exclaimed O'Reilly, "what's the matter? Are ye hypnotized?"

"I *have* been," I replied and walked out of the stable.

In the fresh, clear air of the paddock the smell and the memory still haunted me; they followed me through the day; I could taste tar soap in my meals; and the last thing I remembered when I went to sleep was that fresh, harsh, permeating odor. In the middle of the night I awoke and saw before me the whole scene as I had watched it that day—a thin, high-withered bay horse, a surrounding of curry-combs and stable-brushes, a hostler leaning over, wringing a sponge into a pail; but the stable was not the stable at the county track—it

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was that at my own home, and suddenly, like a flash, I found myself repeating a formula—"Tar-Soap, by Soapsuds out of Washtub."

I went to sleep with a laugh.

The next morning was the last but one before the race, and before I visited the track I had a heart-to-heart talk with the genial old owner of Queen of the May. He received my story first with amusement, then with incredulity, and then with rage; but a few representations which I made him conquered the rage and when I left his study I had in my pocket a paper which proclaimed that, in consideration of one dollar and other items, I was now full owner of the black mare Queen of the May—for how long, the paper did not say.

'MICKEY,'' HE CRIED, ''DID YOU REALLY DO IT?''

That night two lanterns were seen bobbing around at the track, suspiciously near the stable of the local favorite; a muffled whinny was heard; and three strange men were seen leading one horse out and another horse in.

The story of the race is soon told. By ten o'clock in the morning the track was thronged with sporting men. By noon the odds which had been three to one on the black horse shifted to five to one for every cent which the strangers could offer on Nancy Bell was gobbled up at any price by the backers of the big black mare, and, at the bell, the local talent was still crying for more.

The little country grand stand was crowded; buggies, surreys, and motors were jamming the infield, while, at the very last moment, as if they had come purely from

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curiosity, there entered in a great red car the smiling faces of my father and mother.

As the horses turned and circled for the start, I took a place where I could watch them—the round, smiling countenance of my mother and the grim, square jaw of my father. I saw the scuffle and dust of a first false start; I heard the shouted "Go," and then the patter of hoofs and the roars of the crowds. With again that strange atavistic instinct, I looked at my watch. The time was 36½ at the quarter—slow, very slow. At the half they were neck and neck, and I saw my father finger his watch-chain anxiously. At the three-quarters, Queen of the May was leading, but suddenly she seemed to slow; she halted, faltered, and Nancy Bell swept under the wire.

The heats were to be best two out of three, but a wave of groans swept over the crowd, while the backers of Nancy Bell, anxious to get every cent on the race, were offering even. As the horses went off again, my father had resumed his composure; and, while the local sportsmen were silent, the visitors were tearing the air with their offers. As Nancy Bell led at the half, I saw, through the corner of my eye, the old country squire collaring every bet he could grab on Queen of the May at four to one with the odds in his favor.

"Go to it, go to it!" I urged him, for with every cent that he placed for himself he was placing another for me.

At the three-quarters Nancy Bell was still leading and the sulkies were hidden in dust when suddenly, out of the cloud, appeared a nose, a whip lifted in the air, a straight black back lunged out, and Queen of the May went across for the heat. One all and the bets back to even.

At the beginning of the third heat I saw my father standing in the motor while my mother was wringing her hands with excitement. I heard the shout of the starter; I saw the black Queen pull away from the other. In a roar they rounded the half; the three-quarter post flashed between them; down into the stretch and under the wire they came, with Queen of the May going like clockwork and Nancy Bell lashed to hopeless defeat.

I had no chance to glance at my father as they finished, for the surge of the crowd swallowed everything. I saw the black mare hustled off to the stables and then, with the country squire, I entered the club-house. They were bringing in the purse money and the bets, great rolls and showers of bills—in satchels, in barrels, it seemed, and, leaning over a note-book, I was hurriedly checking and counting.

Then suddenly there was a hush, a silence; the crowd parted and I felt a presence entering the room. Hurriedly, fearfully, the onlookers were leaving, and I heard a voice thundering over me:

"It's a fake! It's an outrage! Where is the owner of that Queen of the May?"

It was my father's voice and, without looking up, I replied very quietly:

"I am the owner of Queen of the May."

"You're a robber, you're a thief; I'll have you expelled," he was screaming.

"And what is the matter?" I asked.

"That horse is not Queen of the May," he retorted. "She is Blackwood, 2.04¼, and you know it."

"She is just as much Queen of the May as your horse is Nancy Bell," I replied. "Don't you suppose I know Tar Soap, 2.05½?"

Then I looked up and he saw me. He had started to swear; his jaw dropped, and he blanched, but suddenly a look of beatific joy overspread his face. He clapped me suddenly, lovingly, on the shoulder. "Mickey," he cried, "did you really do it? Was it my own darling son that beat me in a horse race and stung me for eight thousand dollars?"

I nodded, and he rushed to embrace me, but I was looking beyond him at the face of my mother. She was holding out her arms and repeating happily:

"My boy! My boy!"

IF some one should ask you if you believe in Socialism, what would you say? Or if some one should ask you what Socialism is, what would you say? . . . . . We thought so. Isn't it about time you really took pains to *know* Socialism, pro and con? Begin on page 629.

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EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by
JOHN PARR

PARABLES OF WEALTH
I

IN THE fertile Valley of First Experiences men scratched the soil with sticks, and Nature, dealing evenly, gave them back only that which the crudeness of their labor deserved. It was so little that only in the seven fat years was there ever enough to eat.

Then one imagined a plow.

That was a wonderful thing—not the plow, but the fact of its being imagined. Like a steam-engine or a wheel turning upon an axle, it had to be imagined in the human mind before it could exist. Where others had noticed that the deeper they scratched the soil the more they got back for their labor, and were taught by that only to work the harder, one intended his primitive mind to invent a better tool, with which the soil could be broken deeper with even less labor than before.

At evening, while the women were grinding food for the daylight breakfast, he called the men together and told them what he could do.

Some were angry, supposing that he had called them from their rest to make a jest. One asked him if he thought himself wiser than the millions who had lived and died without thinking of a thing like that. Others were too weary to listen and, bewildered, went away. The Patriarch, too, who allotted all tasks and was weather-wise, thought it a young man's nonsense and yet was willing to humor possible genius.

"You shall make it to-morrow," he said, "while it rains, as I see it will. At this season we could ill afford to spare you from the field for such play. Mind that you show us day after to-morrow how a plow may do the work of twenty men."

"To-morrow!" replied the inventor. "I shall need one hundred to-morrows, with four men to help me."

At that the assembled men began to groan and slap the ground with the soles of their feet, which signified dissent.

"Impossible!" said the Patriarch. "With what all can do we raise hardly enough to eat. If five turned from honest labor to do this doubtful thing, either they would starve or the rest would be deprived of food. It is impossible."

That has been always the inventor's plight—the lack of food with which to support himself while building the thing he has imagined. In this case, society's plight was that it had no surplus of food to lend him. Where nothing had been saved, there was nothing to lend—unless they would lend him their hunger.

He was asking them to do that. Some were so suspicious as to say that he but pretended to be able to make a plow, in order to avoid doing his share of the common labor.

He reduced his request for assistance from four men to three, and then to two, and at length to one, if he might be allowed one hundred and fifty days; and at last he begged himself to be fed from the labor of

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all the rest that he might make the plow unassisted in a year.

That carried. It was all the community could afford to gamble upon the vague possibility of a labor-saving tool. The inventor was set aside from the field, by general consent, to make the plow while the others toiled with sticks. Many grumbled at having to stint themselves of food. Everybody felt what the inventor ate; everybody else ate less than before. Some rebelled. But the plow got built.

The next spring the soil was broken deeper and in much less time, so that the area of cultivation was easily increased, and the yield that year was amazing. There was more than enough to eat for the first time in the Valley of First Experiences, and much was wasted.

In the second year of the plow, men labored less and fattened more, and so it was increasingly in the third and fourth years; and then in the spring of the fifth year, when they went to find the plow, in the field where it had been left, it lay there a mouldy ruin. The weather had destroyed it.

The people, seeing this calamity, cried out variously:

"Alas, how now!"

"We shall have to scratch the soil again with sticks."

"For this we fed him. He made us a rotten plow."

"Who is to blame for this disaster?"

The Patriarch spoke: "We are all to blame. We have eaten our very plow."

"How could we eat a plow?" they asked.

"It was a great hardship in the first place," he said, "to deprive ourselves of the food the inventor ate while he made the plow. That was saving. It was a new act of self-discipline in the world. When the plow was done it represented three things—imagination, labor, and food, of which the first was food, since without food there could be neither labor nor imagination. Then, when we had plenty, we consumed the whole of it, wastefully, instead of setting aside or saving enough to sustain the labor to reproduce the plow when it should be worn out. The fact that we have no surplus of food proves that we have eaten our plow."

So, to this day, in order that railways may get built and that factories may be manned and that wars may be waged, it is necessary first to provide the food to sustain those who are transferred from the fields to other labor; and when too many men in a short time are transferred from agriculture to other pursuits, the cost of food will rise, and with it the general cost of living, as it has been doing in the last fifteen years.

So also, in the second place, when stockholders take unearned dividends, as they did in the case of the New Haven Railroad, they are eating their plow, and will have to live thinly until a new one can be saved.

TOWARD the end of August, nearly everything else having been settled, EVERYBODY'S wrote as follows about the title of this department:

DEAR PARR:
We are anxious to have the heading for your department drawn as soon as possible. Can you send two or three suggestions for heads from which we can choose one?

To which the reply was:

DEAR EVERYBODY'S:
The several obvious titles, though correct enough, are unavailable. We can not call the department Finance, for that is a word with which people associate the most uninteresting writing there is in the world. We can not call it Economics, for that is a word many people shy at. Let us call it EVERYBODY'S MONEY. That would be a good title for such a department anywhere; in EVERYBODY'S it will be particularly appropriate—a department devoted to everybody's money in an everybody's magazine. If you think money is a limited term, that is only because you think so. Money is the universal test of how economic events react upon the individual. The amount of it one possesses represents his command over goods—whether it is the wage money with which he buys food or the saved money with which he buys a bond. And his share in the distribution of the world's wealth is measured by his command over goods—therefore, in terms of money.

Yours truly, JOHN PARR.

And that is how this department came to be named EVERYBODY'S MONEY. It will cover everything that touches the material well-being of people. It will cover not only what the individual does or ought to do with his own money, once he has saved it, or earned it, but also what other people do with theirs, since the conditions under which the individual invests or spends his will be governed, or will have been more or

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less influenced through a succession of years, by the manner in which capital has been employed in works and in speculation by others.

If the owners and borrowers of capital become extravagant, as they often do, and waste it, as they have done recently, it matters greatly to every one. For one thing, the rate of interest will rise if much capital is wasted, and the selling value of fixed interest-bearing securities will fall, so that a man who puts $1,000 in a four per cent. bond may be able a few years later to sell it for perhaps only $850, the prevailing rate of interest having risen from four per cent. to about five per cent., partly because capital has been wasted on unproductive works.

It matters to everybody if the railways in a few years spend $500,000,000 or $600,000,000 on passenger-terminals, for although passenger-terminals may be beautiful as monuments they do not increase revenues. They have no earning power, and, therefore, the capital invested in them is unproductive. That tends to advance the rate of interest.

It matters to everybody if two or more nations go to war. There will be capital lost, and the rate of interest will tend also on that account to rise.

It matters to any of us how others spend their money. If a great many people spend money for automobiles it means that the automobile business will grow prodigiously, as it has, and that a great deal of labor will be transferred to the automobile shops.

In so far as that labor may have been displaced from agriculture, or in so far as it may have been replaced in its first employment by labor drawn from agriculture, it tends to increase the cost of living, by multiplying the number of persons engaged in manufacture and decreasing actually or relatively the number engaged in agriculture. Everybody has a right to buy automobiles, but also everybody else has the right to know what it means for a great deal of capital to be spent that way.

Any of these effects may be expressed in terms of money, though money but represents the individual's command over goods. Money is a convenience, invented to facilitate the exchange of goods. The wealth is in goods and not in money, as you will see when you think how impossible it would be for people to live if they had nothing but money to exchange. Goods are exchanged; money is instrumental.

Therefore, when this department is called EVERYBODY'S MONEY, it means the same as if it were called Everybody's Goods; but whereas everybody can understand the one, many could not comprehend the other without the explanation.

What else the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE can not comprehend without explanation, anywhere in the length and breadth of this department, they are at liberty to ask about. The aim of the department is to explain, and to make explanations so simple that any one can understand. That has never been accomplished with finance, economics, or money, but that is no sign it never will be.

IN SPITE OF ITSELF

The literature of investments is vast and similar. It runs under such familiar titles as:

How to Buy a Bond,
How to Know a Bond,
How to Distribute Your Risks,
The Difference Between a Bond and a Stock,
The Margin of Safety,
The Business Man's Investment,
The Woman's Investment,
Corporation Bonds vs. Mortgages, etc., etc.

It is more important than interesting, and its omissions are important. You will search it in vain from its remote beginning down to date for two considerations of increasing if not paramount importance, namely:

That unless organized capital is employed in a socially efficient manner it will not be safe, and

That unless it pays a living wage it will not continue to be profitable.

Taking the first consideration, there is now the desperate case of the express companies, whose capital is suddenly imperiled and whose earning power is greatly reduced by the growing competition of the parcels post and by the regulation of express rates downward on the initiative of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The belief accumulated gradually through many years of public experience with the express service that the capital employed in that business was not efficiently employed,

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from the social point of view, or, to put it another way, that it was employed in too selfish a manner; hence the institution of the parcels post to compete with it, and hence the peaceable confiscation of $25,000,000 annually of its earning power by rate-regulation. All the ordinary tests of what constituted a good investment had been met in the express company shares.

As for the second consideration, it will hardly be denied that a corporation unable to show a margin of profit satisfactory to the investor and to pay at the same time a living wage is very liable to have to sacrifice a portion of its profits, as society demands for its employees a higher rate of pay. That corporation has, in a real sense, capitalized in the form of profits a wage below the living standard.

Bear in mind, also, that the standard tends steadily to rise. The minimum-wage movement is gaining headway. In Massachusetts, compliance on the part of employers with society's demand for a living wage is voluntary; it is expected that publicity will make the wage commission's awards effective. In Wisconsin it is compulsory; the wage-commission has the power to enforce what is in its judgment a living wage.

That means a scaling down of profits in industries where underpayment of employees has been capitalized as profits. Beyond that, it means that in the future the enterpriser seeking to interest capital in business must be able to show that he can pay a living wage and yet produce a profit. Unless he can do so, investors will not provide the capital. A business that can not pay both a living wage to labor and a profit on the capital will be avoided.

Thus, the selfish interest of capital in the security of its own profits will demand that wages be paid sufficient to enable employees to live up to a certain minimum standard of comfort and decency.

Such considerations hitherto have been left to the political economists and to moral theorists generally; they have not been thought to enter into the practical domain of finance.

WISDOM IN THE DARK

One of Wall Street's most eminent young private bankers, returning to his office from a directors' meeting at which matters of importance had been transacted, fell in with a financial-news writer, and complained as follows:

"If you could sit at a directors' table with us and hear all sides of a thing discussed, pro and contra, you would understand. We have to be governed by a great variety of considerations; we have to decide; we decide according to our lights. And yet no sooner is our decision announced in a business that has occupied us for weeks than you assume to pass judgment on it offhand—often an adverse judgment. That creates public hostility to begin with, before time has been allowed to show whether we were right or wrong."

To which the financial writer might have answered:

"If you are right, adverse criticism will not matter; if you are wrong you deserve it. And if you gave the public, or your own stockholders, the same information as that upon which you act, instead of announcing merely the decision, criticism might be not only more intelligent but always more just."

IF——

If the investors in the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad had had access to the minutes of the directors' meetings of the last nine years—that is, if they had had all the information upon which decisions had been made—they would know whether to blame Charles S. Mellen, expelled, or the banker-directors, for the grotesque and asymmetrical expansion of capital that has taken place, and the loss of income that they have suffered through the investment of capital in unproductive ways.

They would know whether Mr. Brandeis is justified in demanding that the banker-directors be expelled from office along with Mr. Mellen.

They would know whether or not it is possible for a director to represent the investors unbiasedly when he votes a contract between the railway and his own banking firm. There is a good deal of doubt on that point.

They would know whether an underwriting contract voted by the directors, in which some of them were interested as bankers, was the best contract that could have been made, or whether it was necessary to have an underwriting contract at all.

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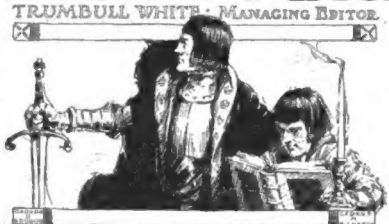
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

TRUMBULL WHITE · MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHED BY · · THE RIDGWAY · · · COMPANY · · NEW YORK CITY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY · · · PRESIDENT · RAY BROWN · · · SEC'Y AND TREASURER



STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

DO YOU tell indecent stories to your family? Do you and your family entertain people who like, and like to tell, indecent stories? Whose conversation is always just a bit off color—but not too much? Who like to make salacious allusions concerning your family's friends? Do you really like to have such people on terms of intimacy with your wife, your daughter, or your son?

Or don't you manage to avoid having them around?

If you are naturally particular about the people who come within your family circle, why aren't you just as particular about the books, and magazines, and newspapers—which have as great an influence within that circle?

Especially the magazines. For they are the most eagerly read, the most entertaining, and hence the most subtly influential.

In large measure, the magazines follow the larger trends of popular taste and emotions. Some lead, it is true; but most of them follow the popular bent.

Just now—in fact, for the last few years—we seem to have been wallowing in a bog of filth. Books, the theatre, the magazines—each purveyor of such public entertainment has tried to outstrip the others in *smut*.

Just smut. Sometimes clever, sometimes artistic even, usually insidious, and often vulgar. But smut, just the same.

It seems almost as if we were about to live up to Shaw's characterization of us: America's official flag should be white—and black on the other side.

But every such tide of public taste and emotion has its ebb. It is now turning.

At any rate, it is true that people are beginning to discover the difference between decency and smut, even when both appear in respectable form and between hitherto respectable magazine covers.

But people are only beginning. Smut is still attractive, surreptitious, *and profitable.*

The *Outlook* says some direct, plain things that need to be said:

"The men who deal with sex problems on the stage or in fiction, not because these problems open up the abysses of human life, but because they appeal to physical instincts and fill theatres and sell editions, are more respectable in station than the owners of houses of ill-fame, but they are in the same business; they are one and all panders, and there is no more infamous class or occupation.

"The talk about art for art's sake, truth to life, daring to face the facts, is pure hypocrisy in the case of men and women who exploit passion for business purposes. . . . . The emphasis on the physical grows more emphatic and audacious, and its object is unmistakable: semi-nakedness is exploited for business purposes; it is a bid for the support of a class in the community who are attracted by indecency so long as indulgence in that taste does not jeopardize their standing as respectable people. Formerly this kind of illustration was confined to semi-obscene journals. If those journals had increased in number, it would have been an ominous sign of lowered moral standards; but the appearance of these illustrations in publications widely read by respectable readers and taken in respectable homes is a much more serious matter; it means that editors and publishers believe that this form of appeal to physical impulses and sex curiosity meets public taste and is an available method of getting business."

Now not *all* the magazines go in for the salacious. There are exceptions.

EVERYBODY'S *is one of them.*

And yet, the other day we received quite a jolt from a clergyman in Kansas who wrote to us, canceling his subscription to EVERYBODY'S. His letter was written in duplicate, and sent to several other magazines. In part it says:

"Neither does one need to be a Puritan or a blue-law advocate to deplore the erotic stories

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and the nude illustrations to which so many of the magazines descend to-day."

We wrote him:

"We are honestly disturbed by your paragraph which deplores erotic stories and nude illustrations with the implication that we have drifted in that direction. We are conscious of no offense. It is startling to find that we are paying a penalty for having published what we do not publish."

His interesting letter in reply discusses the situation throughout the magazine field, admits that he generalized rather carelessly, and says:

"I have offered my wife a pound of chocolates to find similar material in your magazine, and she has *failed*. Hence the apology. Also I discovered Captain Scott, and read it through with great interest, and find I have been hustling over EVERYBODY'S. By way of concrete apology I am adding EVERYBODY'S to an order I am sending in through a local dealer. This correspondence has been immensely interesting and informing to me. I have always thought of editors as high-brow individuals who throw your letters into the waste-basket. Certainly I shall send no more circular letters to a group of magazines."

As you can see from the above instance, we are not wholly disinterested when we want salacious matter eliminated from the magazines. The bad repute of some is inevitably a reflection on all magazines. Undoubtedly a great many people think that EVERYBODY'S publishes smut. But they are people who haven't read EVERYBODY'S.

We are told that it pays to print smut. The audience for that kind of trash, we are assured, is large and eager. And the advertisers come after the large audience. And with the advertisers comes more money for the publisher. And then, more smut—at higher rates to the artistic smut-mongers.

It's a vicious circle. One of the most vicious in this country. And you don't need to be told why.

The unfortunate thing is that smut *seems* to pay.

Please pardon us if we appear somewhat self-righteous and unctuous. EVERYBODY'S has its faults. We know it. We know some of them. Our friends and our enemies keep us posted.

But don't put us down in the smut column. We don't want it. *And we don't want the bigger circulation that goes with it.*

We are getting along very nicely without it, thank you. Our circulation, on the basis of a clean, helpful, entertaining, progressive magazine, is higher now than it has been for years. And steadily going up.

It's going up because there is an ever-increasing audience for our type of work, despite the present popular spasm for smut.

But all this is our personal magazine problem. It is here presented to you simply because we want to be entirely frank in a discussion in which we are directly interested.

This salaciousness hurts us. We might make capital out of it; but we don't want to. If this be unctuous superiority, make the most of it.

But we want indecency in the magazines suppressed because it is *bad*. Because it is *wrong*. We want it stopped, just as we want any public disease stopped. This infection of smut has become a fester on the body politic. It will have to be treated and eliminated just as we're trying to eliminate political graft, corporate oppression, industrial violence—by public opinion and action.

In the particular case of the "scarlet sheets," the remedy is fairly simple and instantly efficacious. Readers and advertisers can shovel all the smut out of them at one fell swoop.

All you have to do is remember that a magazine depends upon its *circulation*.

No circulation—no smut.

As for the men themselves who own and edit the scarlet sheets—well, it does seem that the theologians have been a bit hasty in banishing the old-fashioned hell.

And if it were not for the fact that our federal Constitution prohibits cruel and unusual punishment, we might make a suggestion.

SPEAKING OF CHRISTMAS—

As usual, the publishers of EVERYBODY'S have prepared an attractive Christmas card to accompany subscriptions to EVERYBODY'S sent as Christmas gifts. The card announces the gift and the name of the giver. Send the name and address to which you want the magazine directed, with $1.50 for the year's subscription, and we will make every effort to mail one of these cards so that it shall arrive on the day before Christmas.

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